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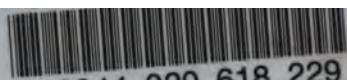
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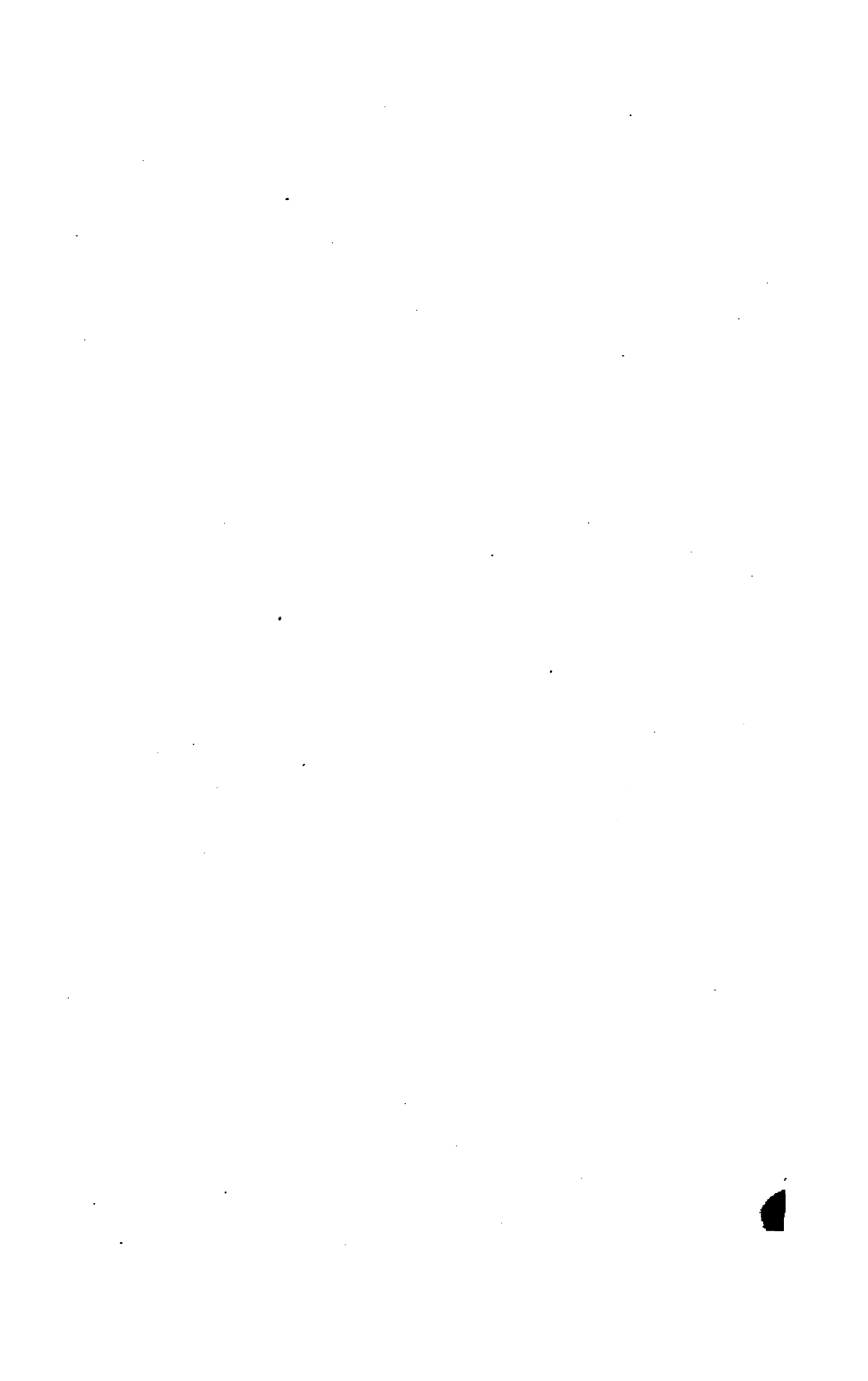
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PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

PENNSYLVANIA AT ANTIETAM

REPORT OF THE ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL COMMISSION
OF PENNSYLVANIA

AND

CEREMONIES

AT THE

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENTS

ERECTED BY THE

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

TO

MARK THE POSITION OF THIRTEEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMANDS
ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE

Old Greece hath her Thermopylae,
Brave Switzerland her Tell;
The Scot his Wallace heart, and we
Heroic souls as well.
The graves of glorious Marathon
Are green above the dead;
And we have royal fields whereon
The trampled grass is red.—Realf.

1906

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University of Michigan
Library

ENTERED ACCORDING TO THE ACT OF CONGRESS, 1906
BY THE COMPILER AND EDITOR,
COLONEL OLIVER C. BOSBYSHILL, Secretary Board of Commission.

HARRISBURG, PA.:
HARRISBURG PUBLISHING COMPANY,
STATE PRINTER.
1906.

ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL COMMISSION

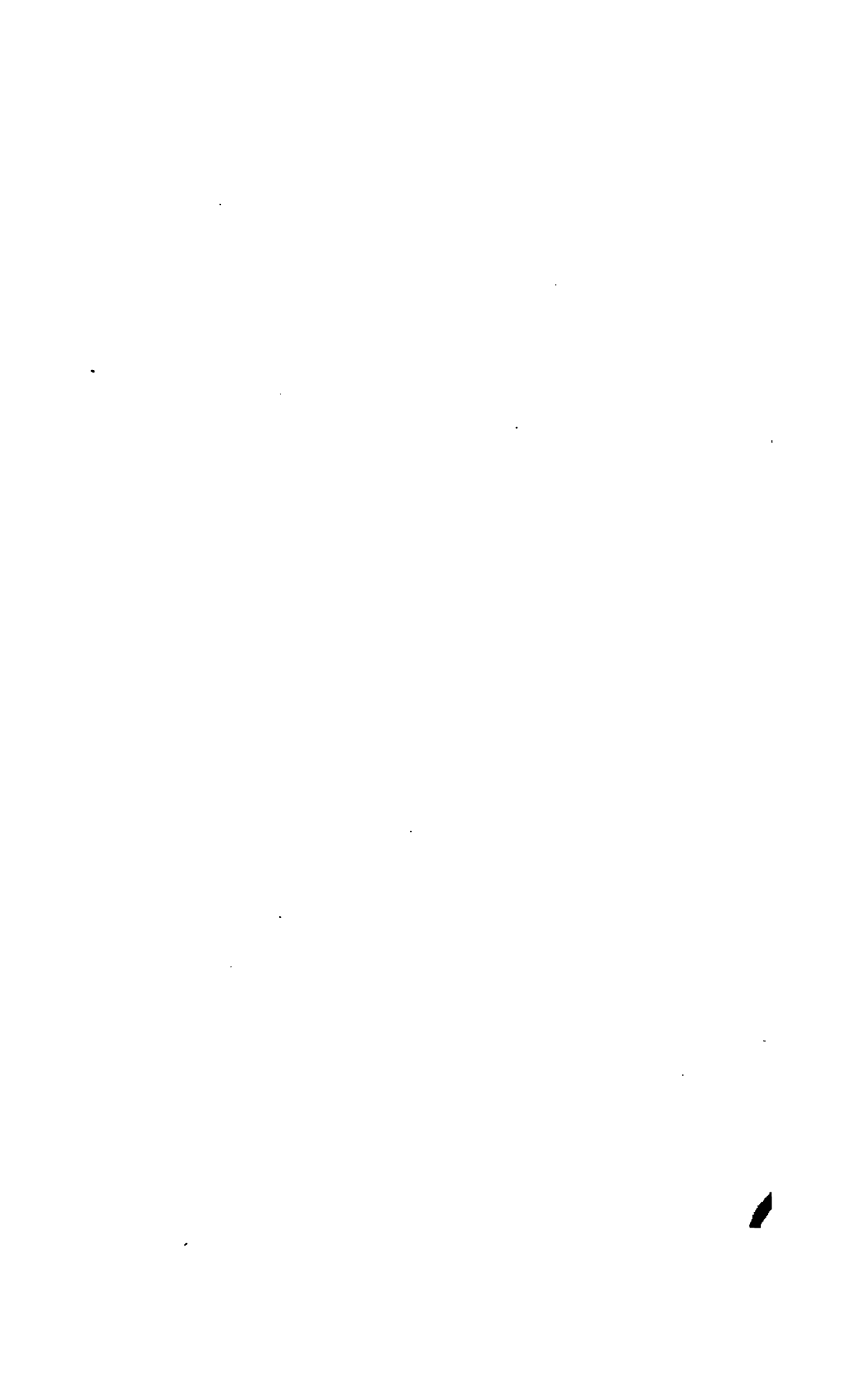
**UNDER THE ACT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY
OF PENNSYLVANIA, APPROVED 14TH APRIL, 1903.**

COLONEL JOSEPH W. HAWLEY, President.

BRIG. GENERAL WILLIAM J. BOLTON.

COLONEL OLIVER C. BOSBYSELL, Secretary.







COAT OF ARMS OF PENNSYLVANIA PLACED ON EACH MONUMENT

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

PREFACE.

OWING to the very generous State appropriation of \$2,500 for each of the thirteen Pennsylvania Commands to whom regimental memorials have been erected at Antietam, it has been possible to secure for every position to be marked a Statue Memorial. The wisdom of such selection presents itself very forcibly as the several battlefields are visited upon which memorials have been placed, and the character and details of the same carefully studied.

The result has more than confirmed this choice, and the thirteen Statue Memorials, with their respective pedestals of granite form a group of Statuary representing with accuracy the uniform accountrements and tactics employed in the Civil War of '61 to '65, which no other Commonwealth has ever attempted to produce on any of the Nation's Battlefields.

The value and significance of such a collection of Statuary in enduring bronze and granite, must appeal to every thinking man. Four bronze statues and nine granite statues with one exception, each seven feet in height (124th Infantry being eight feet) mounted on nine feet granite pedestals of appropriate design, detail and proportion.

Among the statues are three portrait statues—General James Nagle, 48th Infantry, General Benjamin C. Christ, 50th Infantry, in bronze, and Color Sergt. George Simpson, 125th Infantry, in granite.

The balance of the statues are ideal subjects, chosen by the several regimental committees and approved by the Commission, because of their historical as well as their artistic value.

In connection with the details of these thirteen pedestals, it will be noted that on the prominent faces of each pedestal is fastened the bronze State Coat of Arms of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with the words "Erected by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania" thereon, a feature that adds dig-

nity and value to the same, and is due the dear old Commonwealth who has so generously provided for her sons' memory on this, as on many other battlefields.

In describing the several memorials, the name of the artist who was engaged by the contractor to execute the statue work in clay and plaster models is given, but it is fitting to also call attention to the fact that each artist was greatly assisted and advised throughout his labors by Mr. W. B. Van Amringe of the firm of contractors, whose years of experience and interest in this particular line of work, has given him an enviable reputation throughout this country.

O. C. BOSBYSELL,
Compiler and Editor.

**PENNSYLVANIA COMMANDS NAMED IN THE ACT
OF ASSEMBLY WHO WERE ENGAGED IN THE
BATTLE.**

45th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
48th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
50th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
51st Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
100th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
124th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
125th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
128th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
130th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
132d Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
137th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
12th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry.
Durell's Battery of Artillery.





PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

HON. SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER
GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION.

Philadelphia, November 1st, 1905.

To the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

Sir: The Antietam Battlefield Commission of Pennsylvania begs leave to submit the following report of duties imposed upon it under the authority of an act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as follows:

AN ACT

Providing for the erection of memorial tablets or monuments to mark the position, on the field of Antietam, of certain Pennsylvania commands that participated in the battle on September seventeenth, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, but were not in the battle of Gettysburg, and making an appropriation therefor.

Whereas, The following commands, to-wit: The Forty-fifth, Forty-eighth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, One Hundredth, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, One Hundred and Thirtieth, One Hundred and Thirty-second, and One Hundred and Thirty-seventh regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, Twelfth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, and Durell's Battery of Artillery, participated in the battle of Antietam, on September seventeenth, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, but were not at Gettysburg, and have no monuments to commemorate their services on any battlefield, and it is but right and proper that the Commonwealth should recognize their valor by providing monuments marking their position on the field of Antietam.

And whereas, An appropriation for said purpose was made at the session of the General Assembly, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one, but was subsequently found not to be large enough to purchase ground and erect suitable monuments, and the Governor reduced by one-half the appropriation that had been made, giving as a reason therefor the insufficiency of State revenues, and at a meeting of representatives of the different commands interested in said appropriation, held at Harrisburg on the nineteenth day of March, one thousand nine hundred and two, it was resolved that, as ground could not be purchased and monuments erected for the meagre sum then available, nothing be done, and that the next Legislature be appealed to to provide sufficient appropriation for the purpose; therefore,

Section 1. Be it enacted, &c., That the sum of thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby specifically appropriated, out of any money in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purchase of ground and the erection of suitable monuments or memorial tablets of granite, bronze, or other durable material, to mark the position on the field of Antietam of each of the commands of Pennsylvania Volunteers, that participated in that battle and were not at Gettysburg.

Section 2. That the Governor shall appoint three commissioners, whose duty it shall be to act in conjunction with a representative or committee from each of said commands, for the purchase of ground, when found necessary to do so, and in the selection of a site, design, material and inscription, for a monument or tablet to mark the position of each command on the battlefield; and it shall be the further duty of said commissioners to contract for the erection of each monument or tablet, and give such supervision as shall be necessary in the erection of the same, and, when erected and dedicated, to transfer to the Antietam Battlefield Commission of the War Department said monuments or tablets, for care and keeping. The Auditor General shall, upon satisfactory vouchers or statements presented to him by said commissioners, draw his warrants upon the State Treasurer for amounts not exceeding in the aggregate two thousand five hundred dollars for each regiment or command. The said commissioners shall serve without compensation, but have their necessary expenses paid, as also the expenses of the representatives of the different commands, acting in conjunction with them; and the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated for that purpose, out of the moneys in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated; and said commissioners shall make report of their work to the Governor, and file with the Auditor General a verified statement of expenses incurred by themselves and representatives of commands, as aforesaid.

Section 3. That the act of the General Assembly providing for the erection of memorial tablets on the battlefield of Antietam, approved on the eighteenth of July, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and one, and all other acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved—The 14th day of April, A. D. 1903.

SAML. W. PENNYPACKER.

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the act of the General Assembly No. 133.

FRANK M. FULLER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Under the provisions of this act the following gentlemen were commissioned by the Governor on the 25th day of May, 1903, as the Antietam Battlefield Memorial Commission, to wit:

Joseph W. Hawley, Colonel 124th Regiment.

William J. Bolton, Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

Oliver C. Bosbyshell, Major 48th Regiment.

This commission organized on the eighth of June, 1903, by selecting Colonel Joseph W. Hawley as President, and electing Major Frank R. Leib of the 48th Regiment as its Secretary. This organization was maintained until May 17, 1904, when Major Leib, upon the advice of his physician, resigned the Secretaryship and Colonel Oliver C. Bosbyshell was thereupon made Secretary.

Communication was had with the organization of the survivors of the regiments named in the act, and upon the 17th of September, 1903, committees of three from each organization met the Commission on the Battlefield of Antietam, selected the sites for the erection of the monuments and exhibited designs adopted for the same. All of the sites were selected on the avenues laid out and belonging to the Government of the United States, with the exception of the 50th and 132d Regiments. These secured lots facing the avenues which lots were conveyed to the Government. A plot of ground back of the 48th and 51st Regiments and Durell's Battery monuments was purchased by the subscriptions of the organizations and then was conveyed to the Government, so that all of the memorials are erected on Government property.

The members of the Commission were unanimous in deciding upon Statue Monuments to mark the position of the Pennsylvania Regiments, provided satisfactory results could be secured under the amount appropriated. With this end in view, it was deemed best, in order to insure uniformity in scheme and thorough supervision of the work by the Commission, to employ one contractor for the entire work. The Van Amringe Granite Company of Boston, Massachusetts, was selected, as nine-thirteenths of the organizations approved the designs of this company, and the experience it had had

with the character of the work it had accomplished, led to the belief that the best results would follow. Its finished work at Antietam fully justified this action of the Commission.

The Commission's work was not finished until the middle of May, 1905, by reason of the length of time required to complete the granite statue of the 128th Regiment's monument. With this accomplished, it is gratifying to report all of the work carried to a very satisfactory conclusion within the appropriation made by the Legislature. On the 17th of September, 1904, the various organizations assembled on the battlefield and formally dedicated the monuments erected in their honor, and the Commission turned over the same to your Excellency, and you in turn transferred them to the perpetual care and keeping of the Government of the United States. A detailed account of these proceedings accompany this report and is made a part thereof.

In the furtherance of the work much assistance was rendered the Commission by Brig. Gen. E. A. Carman, of the Antietam Battlefield Commission of the War Department, to whom grateful acknowledgment is hereby made. It is likewise gratifying to acknowledge the services and valuable help of Captain Charles W. Adams, Superintendent of the battlefield. We have been helped also by Mr. William B. Van Amringe, President of the Van Amringe Granite Company in the perfection of the designs as well as in the bronze tablet work on the monuments, an item of expense not called for in the specifications, but which he assumed after it was decided to substitute the same instead of cutting into the granite. The additional expense was considerable, but cheerfully assumed by the contractor. Colonel John P. Nicholson, of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, frequently called upon, cheerfully gave suggestions and advice gained in long experience in similar work, and the Commission feels especially grateful for his valuable aid. It is particularly gratifying to testify to the aid rendered by you and the members of your cabinet whenever the Commission called for advice and consultation.

In the consciousness of work well done, reflecting credit upon our great Commonwealth and all who had a hand in

making it possible, the Commission have the honor to subscribe themselves.

Very respectfully,

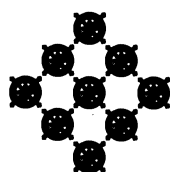
Your Obedient Servants,

J. W. HAWLEY,

WM. J. BOLTON,

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,

Antietam Battlefield Memorial Commission.





PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

COL. JOSEPH W. HAWLEY
PRESIDENT OF COMMISSION

GEN'L WM. J. BOLTON OF THE COMMISSION

COL. O. C. BOSBYSELL
SECRETARY OF COMMISSION

ANTIETAM
PENNSYLVANIA DAY
SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1904.

PENNSYLVANIA DAY.

ANTIETAM, MARYLAND.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1904.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENTS OF THE

45th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
48th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
50th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
51st Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
100th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
124th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
125th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
128th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
130th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
132d Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
137th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry,
12th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry,
Durell's Battery of Artillery,

By the Regimental Associations in the Morning Between the Hours of
9 and 12 O'clock.

**TRANSFER OF THE MONUMENTS TO THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT,**

In the National Cemetery, Sharpsburg, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

**Joseph W. Hawley, late Colonel 124th Regiment
Pennsylvania Volunteers, Presiding.**

**MUSIC, The American Overture,E. Catlin.
Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band.**

**PRAYER, Rev. Samuel A. Holman, D. D., Late Chaplain 48th Pennsylv-
ania Volunteers.**

MUSIC, Star Spangled Banner,Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band.

**TRANSFER OF THE MOUNMENTS TO THE GOVERNOR OF
PENNSYLVANIA.**

Colonel Joseph W. Hawley, President of the Commission.

**ACCEPTANCE OF SAME AND TRANSFER TO THE GOVERN-
MENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**

Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, Governor of Pennsylvania.

**RECEIPT ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES.**

General Robert Shaw Oliver, Acting Secretary of War.

**MUSIC, Grand Selection of War Songs,Ed. Beyer.
Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band.**

ADDRESS

"PENNSYLVANIA AT ANTIETAM,"

Rev. John Richards Boyle, D. D., late 111th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

**MUSIC, America, Audience led by the Carlisle Indian Industrial School
Band.**

BENEDICTION.

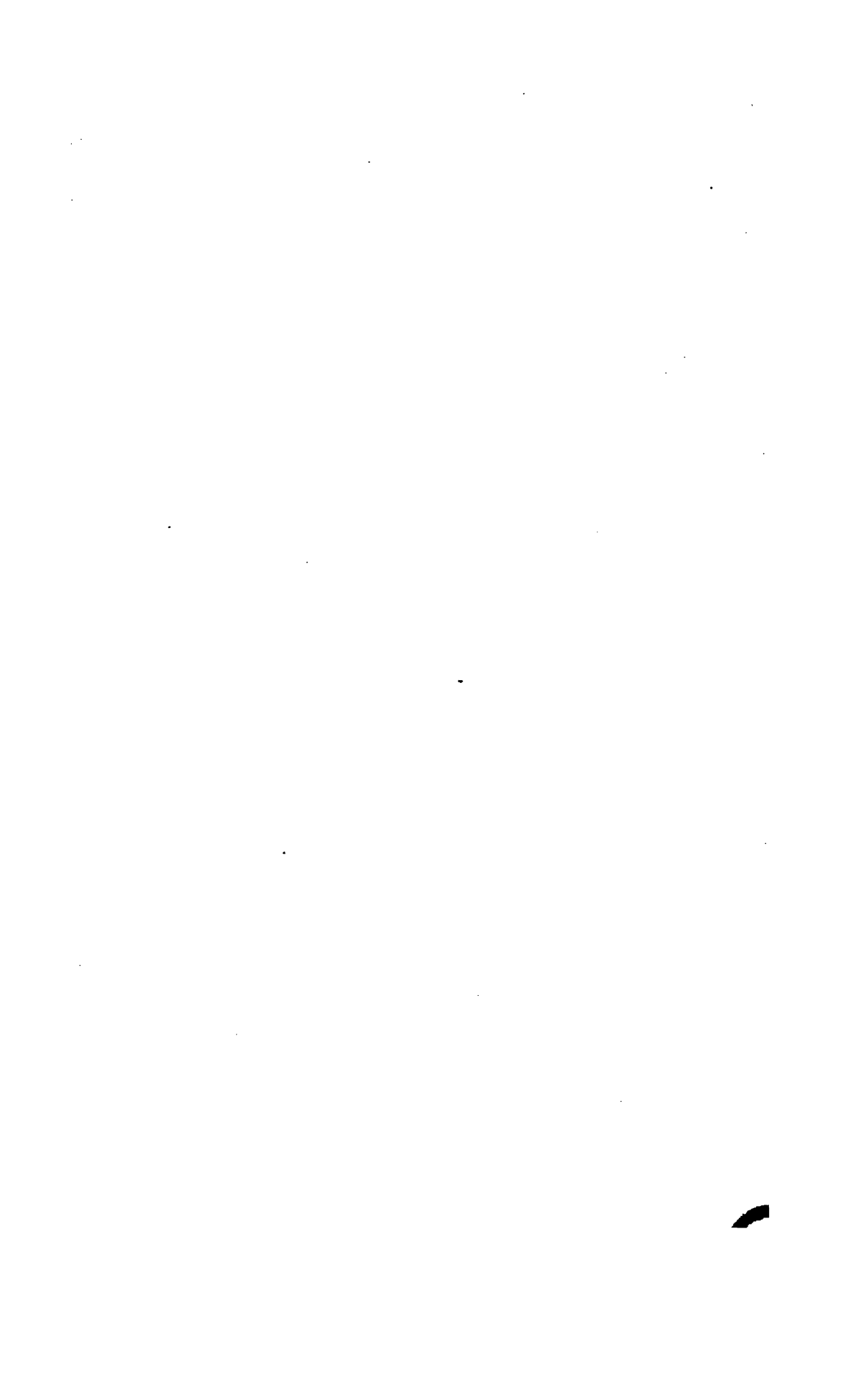
Rev. Joseph S. Evans, Late Chaplain 124th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

**Informal Reception by the Governor of Pennsylvania and Other Dis-
tinguished Guests.**

(17)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.





PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

GEN'L ROB'T SHAW OLIVER
ASST. SECT'Y OF WAR

REV. JOHN RICHARDS BOYLE, D.D.

REV. SAM'L H. HOLMAN, D.D.
CHAPLAIN 48TH PA.

REV. JOSEPH S. EVANS
CHAPLAIN 124TH PA.

CEREMONIES AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENTS.

THE dedication ceremonies of the thirteen monuments erected by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on the battlefield of Antietam, Maryland, took place on the seventeenth day of September, 1904, and was participated in by representatives from each of the thirteen Pennsylvania Commands, honored thereon, the Governor of the State with his staff, the Assistant Secretary of War representing the President of the United States, the Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and thousands of citizens, ladies and gentlemen, drawn hither by their intense interest in the event thus celebrated, the historic services, and the exceptionally fine weather vouchsafed the occasion.

The services at each monument were conducted by the surviving members of the organization honored, between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock in the morning, a detailed account of which follows.

The transfer of the monuments to the perpetual care and keeping of the Government of the United States, took place in the National Cemetery at Sharpsburg at two o'clock in the afternoon, in accordance with the following order of exercises:

The American Overture, by the Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band.

Colonel Joseph W. Hawley, President of the Commission, called the meeting to order, and called upon the Rev. Samuel A. Holman, D. D., Chaplain of the 48th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, who made the following:

PRAYER.

O God, our Heavenly Father! the source of all that is good. We thank thee for the blessing of life and health, for our daily bread, the comfort of home, and especially for the grace and truth revealed to us in thy Holy Word; and we beseech thee, so to implant that word in us, that in good and honest hearts, we may keep it and bring forth fruit, by patient continuance in well-doing.

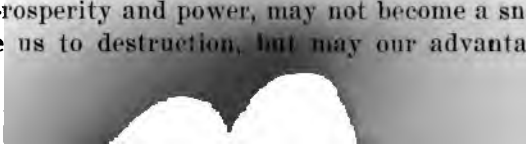
We invoke thy blessing upon us as we now engage in this service of gratitude and honor to the memory of those, who amidst these hills and vales, this day forty-two years ago, here struggled or suffered or died to secure the heritage we enjoy.

As it was thy will, that this nation should be born and its unity preserved, through the painful experience of war, help us, on this hallowed ground to realize what a sacrifice was required and given to establish and maintain the government of these United States. Help us, here and now again to count the cost which secured to us a government whose guardian care protects our life and property; which enables us to engage in the peaceful pursuit of industry and happiness; and, above all, which permits us to serve thee according to the dictates of our conscience.

May the courage and patriotism which animated those who here imperilled or sacrificed their life for the life of the nation, be enshrined in our hearts and be manifested by us in our sincere devotion to the best interests of our beloved country.

Help us to remember also, that thou art the sovereign ruler, not only over the lives of men, but over the destiny of nations and that it is thy word which declares that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and that sin is a reproach to any people." We pray thee therefore, to cause thy righteousness to dwell in our hearts and to govern our lives.

Let thy divine blessing so rest upon this nation, that its unexampled prosperity and power, may not become a snare that shall allure us to destruction, but may our advantages and



opportunities be regarded and employed as a talent to ennoble our people in all that makes a nation truly great.

Graciously own and bless the tribute of praise and grateful remembrance which is offered here to-day by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in these memorials to those who have fought or fallen on this field of strife. May these monuments endure and perpetuate the story of heroism to generations yet unborn.

Help those who shall speak to us to-day. As they recall the struggle on this great battlefield, may they impart to us aright, its lessons of truth and duty. We thank thee for the successful issue of that crisis through which our Country was here called to pass, and grant we pray thee that this nation may nevermore engage in fraternal strife, but may its unity and its civil and religious liberty continue through all the coming years of time.

Grant also health and prosperity to those who have been placed in authority in this land. Especially to the President of the United States; to the Governors of these adjoining Commonwealths of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and to all our magistrates and judges. Endue them with thy grace, to rule after thy good pleasure, to the maintenance of righteousness, and to the hinderance and punishment of wickedness that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life, in all godliness and honesty.

Graciously remember the widows and orphans of those whose valor led them here to die for their Country; and the widows and orphans of their comrades, who since then, have passed away from these earthly scenes. Sustain and comfort these bereaved households in their sorrow and graciously hear us as we commend them to thy fatherly care to provide for their temporal and spiritual wants.

And the survivors of the Army of Antietam, here or elsewhere, as this anniversary reminds them of the day when they were summoned on these fields to face danger and death. May they recognize thy Providence in sparing their lives to witness this hour; and for whatever service they gave their Country in its time of peril, may they find some recompense in the tribute of praise inscribed upon these monuments by

a grateful people. Grant unto them and their families now and henceforth, that which is good for the body and soul.

And the survivors of all that host, on either side, who once contended with each other throughout our Civil War. Remember them all in mercy in their declining years. As they are yet enabled to recall their trials and struggles on the fields of battle; and as they are now permitted to witness the blessings which in some measure as instruments in thy hands they have achieved help them also to see and acknowledge thy sovereignty and grace, in using them to bring good out of evil, through the conflict of war. And as one after another, they are rapidly passing away, and ere long will follow their departed comrades to the eternal world, grant that when the summons comes to them and to us to depart from this life, that we all alike may be prepared to give an account of our stewardship to thee; and through repentance toward thee; and through faith in him, who suffered and died for us all—may we again be united forever in holiness and happiness with thee.

And unto Thee, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, shall be all the praise, for our redemption through Jesus Christ. Amen.


Star Spangled Banner by the Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band.

Col. J. W. Hawley then said:

Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, Governor of Pennsylvania: By an act of the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, approved by you on the 14th day of April, 1903, you were authorized to appoint three Commissioners whose duty it should be to erect thirteen monuments on the Battlefield of Antietam to commemorate the valor of those Pennsylvania soldiers who took part in that battle but had not the opportunity to participate in the battle of Gettysburg, and who have no other monuments to commemorate their services on any other battlefield.

The honor of that appointment you conferred upon General W. J. Bolton, Colonel O. C. Bosbyshell and myself.

We have to the best of our ability faithfully carried out the object of that appointment and have erected thirteen



monuments. The survivors of the various regiments to whose honor these monuments have been erected have this day, with befitting ceremonies dedicated them, and we now ask you as Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to accept them in the name of the Commonwealth and place them under the control of the United States authorities for their future care and protection.

In our contracts with the builders we restricted ourselves to the \$2,500 provided in the appropriation, but the members and friends of the 48th and the 124th Regiments by liberal contributions enabled them to add to the \$2,500 appropriated by the State, the 48th expending \$500 and the 124th \$2,500 additional which has added very much to the beauty of those two monuments.

We hope that your visit of inspection this morning was satisfactory and the monuments erected, met with your approval.

I think I express the sentiment of all of the survivors of the thirteen regiments to whose honor these monuments have been erected, when I ask you as the Representative of our State, to accept their thanks for the liberal appropriation that has enabled them to be represented on this battlefield.

Col. Hawley then introduced the Governor of the State in the following words:

I have the honor to present to you the Governor of Pennsylvania, who on behalf of the State will receive these monuments and pass them over to the United States Government.

HON. SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER: Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a noteworthy fact that that State which was settled by a people devoted to the ways of peace, who taught the doctrine that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," who were opposed in every aspect of it to warfare; who even tried to carry these principles into effect in their dealings with the savage tribes, should have reached its highest distinction in battles both upon sea and upon land. No other State, save Virginia alone, can vie with Pennsylvania in the production of men famous in warfare. The first, as well as the last of the commanders of the armies of the United


States, were Pennsylvanians. The three earliest of these commanders were Pennsylvanians.

We have come from that Northern State to this sister State in the South. The line which separates these two Commonwealths is the most historic boundary line upon the American Continent, and yet it is but an imaginary line. To and fro across it the people have gone and have come until their hopes, their aspirations and their interests are all in common. Pennsylvania does not forget that in the Revolutionary War Ramsey, of the Maryland line, who led the van at Monmouth, was born in Lancaster county. She does not forget that Frederick, that Hagerstown, and many others of your towns, were settled by people who came from within her own borders. She does not forget that your distinguished Chief Justice of the United States, Roger B. Taney, received his education in the town of Carlisle. Nor does she forget, on the other hand, that her own able Chief Justices, Benjamin Chew and Edward Tilghman, and her recent conspicuous Governor of the Commonwealth, Robert E. Pattison, were all born in the State of Maryland. Her people at their demonstrations sing "Maryland, my Maryland," like one of yourselves; and doubtless it occurs that, when you have your demonstrations here, you sing, as does she, the old song of "John Brown."

We have come to a great battlefield of that war, a battle won under the leadership of a distinguished Pennsylvania soldier. The Army of the Potomac, as is recognized everywhere—and it is no discredit to the other armies to say it—was the Army which determined the issues of that struggle. That Army was organized by one Pennsylvanian and was commanded down to the close of the war by another.

But this battlefield, great as it was in its sacrifice of blood, great as it was in its exhibition of military skill, was still more. It has a significance of its own apart and beyond all the other battles of that war. Abraham Lincoln, when he heard the result of this battle, issued his Proclamation of Emancipation, and it was due to what was achieved by the soldiers upon this field that the pall which had hung over the American people for one hundred and fifty-seven years was finally dissipated.

It is my duty, it is an honor as well as a pleasure, repre-



senting as I do the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to accept these thirteen monuments, beautiful and impressive as they are, creditable alike to the Commonwealth and the members of the Commission, whose labors and attention have been given to them, and I transfer them to you, sir, representing the United States Government, with full confidence that they will ever be cherished and cared for as memorials of the valor and achievement of those soldiers from our own Commonwealth, who, in the time of trial of the Government, saved it from destruction.

COL. HAWLEY: President Roosevelt not being able to be present, has requested the Acting Secretary of War, Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, to represent him in behalf of the United States, and receive from Governor Pennypacker the monuments we have this day dedicated. I have the honor of introducing Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, Acting Secretary of War.

General Oliver in accepting the monuments in behalf of the Government said:

At no period in the history of our Civil War were there more gloomy forebodings, more doubts of the success of the Union cause, than in the late summer of 1862. The Union victories of the early months of the year, in the west, at Mill Springs, Fort Donaldson, Pea Ridge and down to the capture of Corinth, had been followed by the victorious march of the Confederates into Kentucky and the retreat of Buell's Union army toward the Ohio. The Union campaign on the peninsula for Richmond had failed and the campaign abandoned. Pope's army had been defeated and driven within the defenses of Washington, and in the first week of September the Confederate army, under General Robert E. Lee, flushed with victory and high hope, crossed the Potomac into Maryland for the first invasion of the North, the professed purpose being to raise a revolt in Maryland, ally it with the Southern Confederacy, sieze Harrisburg, Pa., and demand the recognition of Southern independence from both the Union Government and Great Britain and France.

The more than decimated Army of the Potomac, the shattered battalions of Pope and new regiments from the North, many of them from Pennsylvania, were wisely put under the

command of General George B. McClellan, who marched against Lee, defeated him at South Mountain, September 14, followed him to this field and joined battle on the 17th in the most sanguinary one day's contest of the entire war, and on the night of the 18th Lee recrossed the Potomac into Virginia.

The discussion of the strategy of the campaign and the tactics on this field is beyond our purpose, suffice it to say that both sides, Union and Confederate, did their whole duty as they understood it, and as Americans do everywhere. The immediate result of the less than two weeks' campaign was the defeat of the invasion of Pennsylvania and the expulsion of the Confederates from Maryland.

The secondary results, swiftly following, were far reaching and momentous. Great Britain and France paused in their almost completed arrangements to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and from the fresh made graves on this field Abraham Lincoln put in action his high resolve and gave to the world his immortal Proclamation of Emancipation, the greatest act of the nineteenth century, and one of the greatest acts of all time.

Here America established one of the great landmarks of its history and in the doing of which Pennsylvania contributed its full and generous share. She gave to the Union army its commander, one of her great and loved sons—George B. McClellan—and among his subordinates were Meade, the hero of Gettysburg; Hancock, the "Superb;" the unflinching Brooke, Hartranft, Wistar, Coulter, Baxter, Oakford, Christ, Nagle, Zinn, Hawley and others, many of whose names are household words, and whose deeds are an inseparable part of the nation's history and glory. Of the 152 Union regiments engaged here, forty-three, or more than thirty-five per cent. were from Pennsylvania. Of the 12,410 Union killed, wounded and missing, Pennsylvania gave 2,953, or about one-fourth.

It is well that a State with such a record should come to this field and set up enduring memorials to her sons who so nobly did their duty here.

To you, Governor Pennypacker, to your Legislature, to the Commission, who, under your direction have so well done their work, and to others who have assisted, is due the grati-

tude of your State, of its people, and of patriotic people everywhere, for these beautiful monuments this day dedicated with interesting and pathetic services.

In behalf of the United States, and of the nation, it is with great pleasure that I receive from your hands these memorials for perpetual care and preservation.

Grand selection of war songs by the Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band.

The Rev. J. Richards Boyle, D. D., late Adjutant of the 111th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, was introduced and delivered the follow oration:

PENNSYLVANIA AT ANTIETAM.

Pennsylvania has a right to be heard on every battlefield of the Civil War, for she helped to give them their glory. When the great conflict came she sent three hundred and sixty thousand of her brave sons to the front, and had it been necessary she would have furnished as many more. On every ensanguined field, during those four terrible years, her beautiful blue banner, with its inspiring escutcheon floated beside the still more glorious flag of the great Republic. On every firing line, from the first defiant gun at Bull Run to the last expiring shot of the rebellion at Appomattox, her volunteer soldiery stood like a living Gibraltar against the country's foes. In every battle their blood hallowed the soil. In every military prison they heroically bore sufferings worse than death. Her great War Governor, and his counsellors, consecrated their tireless energy to the Union cause. Her business men devoted their fortunes to it. In the church and the home her God-fearing people prayed for it. One of her sons led the first fully equipped army of the Union into the field. Another of them fought and won on her own soil the magnificent battle that decided the issue. In the ranks, her splendid soldiers compelled first the admiration and then the fear of the foe. Defeat did not dishearten, nor did victory unduly exalt them. Together with their com-

rades from the other loyal States with sublime composure they willingly floundered in the swamps of the Chickahominy or gloriously scaled the rugged heights of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, or triumphantly won at Gettysburg, or jubilantly swung from Atlanta to the sea, or patiently waded the endless morasses of the Carolinas, or respectfully received the surrendered arms of their adversaries at Appomattox and Raleigh, or uncomplainingly died in the trench or on bayonet charge. Pennsylvania is justly proud of the services of her citizen soldiery in the war for the Union. Fully and freely according the most generous measure of praise to the troops of all sister states, she supremely loves and cherishes her own. Therefore on the fields of Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Chattanooga she has munificently reared her memorial shafts to their fame, and therefore through these chosen representatives, our Commonwealth is here to-day.

As Abraham Lincoln said at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here," but it can never forget what our brave men did here. In the great deeds of valor performed on this field on Wednesday, September 17, 1862, the soldiers from Pennsylvania were everywhere conspicuous. A Pennsylvanian commanded the Union Army on that fateful day. That noble Pennsylvania soldier who, less than ten months later was to win the most important battle of the whole war, and become one of the triumvirate of the greatest American captains—George Gordon Meade—commanded first a division and then an army corps, on this ground. The Pennsylvanian who was to achieve the proud distinction of being one of the best Corps commanders in the Union Army—Hancock, "the superb,"—was here. Another Pennsylvanian who was to become a division general, and who, after the war, was to be twice elected to the executive chair of his state—John F. Hartranft—carried Burnside's Bridge at the head of his regiment. One entire division and another brigade of the army, were all Pennsylvanians, and at least eight or nine brigades were commanded by Pennsylvania officers in this battle. In all forty-four regiments of infantry, eight batteries and five cavalry battalions from that state fought here on that day, and fifteen other Pennsylvania regiments were within support-

ing distance. They were in every corps and were posted on all parts of the field, and their aggregate losses were twenty-nine hundred and sixty-four officers and men, or almost exactly twenty-four per cent of the casualties of the entire army. In these casualties forty-three officers were either killed outright or mortally wounded.

It is my responsibility and honor in this hour to outline the service rendered by these troops on one of the most crucial days of the war, and I think this will sufficiently appear in the general resume of the operations which I shall present.

Lee invaded Maryland on September 5th and 6th, 1862 with an army of sixty-one thousand men. He had beaten Pope back from the line of the Rapidan to the defences of Washington, and that officer had been relieved from command, and his army of Virginia merged into the Army of the Potomac, with McClellan again at its head. Lee believed that the hour had come for the final success of the Southern Confederacy. He persuaded himself that he could keep the Union Army beaten, and by the bold and swift invasion of Maryland, so influence the approaching elections in the North, as to compel the United States Government to listen to a proposal for peace on the basis of the independence of the insurgent States. He therefore suggested that Jefferson Davis should publicly and officially demand these terms from the head of his conquering army on northern soil. But the battle of South Mountain, on September 14th, in which his forces were signally defeated, and driven west of the Blue Ridge, shattered his plans, and compelled him either to retreat into Virginia, or risk a general engagement near the banks of the Potomac. He had detached a large force of four divisions under Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry, which result was promptly accomplished, and Jackson's divisions countermarched to Sharpsburg, two of them arriving on the 16th, and the others, under McLaws and A. P. Hill, reaching the field in time for the battle on the following day. Lee, meantime, had withdrawn the remainder of his army from South Mountain, *via* Keedysville to the Antietam line. He posted his entire command west of the Antietam creek, in a strong position, from a point one

mile southwest of the village of Sharpsburg to another nearly two miles north of the town, his extreme left being held by Stuart's cavalry. Below, and about the village, are the Sharpsburg Heights, the highest ground on the field. Toward the north from the town, the Hagerstown turnpike extends to and beyond a crest on which stands a white brick Dunker church, which at the time of the battle, was surrounded on three sides by a thick woods. From this turnpike north of the church the Smoketown road diverges northeasterly, and south of it an ancient sunken road, known since the battle at Bloody Lane, leads eastward at a sharp angle to Newcomers Mill on Antietam creek. Beyond the church, a half mile or less, on elevated and rocky ground, the Confederate line bent backward to the northwest to a point only a few hundred yards from the Potomac river, which at this place makes a deep westward curve to the mouth of Antietam creek. Longstreet's corps, of nineteen brigades, held the right of this line, and Jackson commanding the same number of brigades was on the left—in all more than thirty-seven thousand men. Artillery was skillfully posted at every available point to command the undulating front along the entire line and the hills beyond the creek. The Antietam creek itself winds sluggishly through the field of operations and is crossed by four bridges, the third one of which only, on Burnside's front, assumed any importance in the engagement. But at this crossing the creek is narrow and the hills are sharp and steep.

McClellan had seven army corps in his command, numbering in all eighty-seven thousand men. But of these, the Fourth Corps, under Couch, had been detached towards Harper's Ferry, and did not return until the evening of the 17th, Humphrey's division of the Fifth Corps, did not reach the field until the morning of the 18th, and only a small part of the remainder of the Fifth, and but one division of the Sixth Corps, the latter arriving at ten o'clock, took an active part in the battle. The cavalry, under Pleasanton, supported the horse artillery at the centre. The First Corps, under Hooker and Meade, the Second, under Sumner, the Ninth under Burnside and Cox, and the Twelfth under Mansfield and Williams, fought the battle of Antietam, they having in all but little more than fifty-five thousand men. These corps were posted



UNITED STATES AVENUE, SHARPSBURG, MD.
SHOWING HOUSE USED BY GEN'L LEE FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR

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from right to left in the following order—the First, Twelfth, Second and Ninth, with the Sixth and Fifth behind the centre in artillery support and reserve. The heavy guns and the field batteries were carefully placed in position along the creek hills, and at all suitable points in the line. And by the night of the 16th all the necessary dispositions were made.

McClellan was compelled to attack. His plan was to assail the enemy's left, then his right, and if successful, to deliver a final assault on his centre. It was admirably conceived, and was identical with Grant's plan of battle in November, 1863, at Chattanooga. Had it been carried out, as it should have been, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the help of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Army of Northern Virginia would have been destroyed. But the battle as fought consisted of attacks on the enemy's flanks only, those on his left being made by the First, Twelfth and Second Corps in detail. The centre was never seriously molested, although it was attenuated beyond the danger point by the struggle on Lee's left in the morning, and on his right in the afternoon after Burnside had crossed. On the afternoon of the 16th Hooker crossed the creek near Keedysville, and shortly after two o'clock threw his divisions into line, Meade, with his thirteen regiments of Pennsylvania reserves, having the advance. He met Jackson's troops in a severe skirmish, but no definite results were obtained. At midnight Mansfield also crossed from Keedysville, and with columns closed in mass, took position on Hooker's left and rear, and both armies bivouacked in a drizzling rain on a field which within a few hours was to be indented with their struggling feet and drenched with their blood.

With early daylight Hooker opened the battle. He was in position about one mile north of the Dunker church. His right rested on the Hagerstown pike, with Meade and Ricketts in front and Patrick's brigade of Doubleday's division refused to the right rear, and his left brigade, under Ricketts, overlapping the Smoketown road. Seymour's brigade, of Meade's division, containing the First, Second, Fifth, Sixth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Reserves, under Col. R. Biddle Roberts, Capt. James N. Byrnes, Col. Joseph W. Fisher, Col. William Sinclair and Capt. Dennis McGee, respectively, was thrown

well to the front, with Cooper's battery, the Thirteenth regiment being scarcely one thousand yards from the Dunker church. Hofmann's brigade, containing the Seventh Indiana, the Seventy-sixth and Ninety-fifth New York, and the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania regiments, the latter under Capt. Frederick Williams, of Doubleday's division, was posted to protect the extreme right. As the day dawned Hooker perceived that the rough and wooded crest surrounding and extending north from the church, was the strategic key to the whole field in his front, and his problem was to take it. The position was defended by Jackson's, Ewell's, Hood's and D. H. Hill's divisions, strengthened by Lawton's division from Lee's right, and supported by S. D. Lee's artillery. Doubleday and Ricketts advanced through the open ground and the east woods to a corn field, and were at once furiously engaged. Meade, with Seymour's brigade in advance on their left, held Magilton, with the Third, Fourth, Seventh and Eighth Pennsylvania Reserves commanded by Lieut. Col. John Clark, Major John Nyce, Col. Henry C. Bolinger and Major Silas M. Baily, on his left; and Anderson, with the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Pennsylvania reserves, under Lieut. Col. Robert Anderson, Lieut. Col. A. J. Warner, Lieut. Col. Samuel M. Jackson and Capt. Richard Gustin, on his right, in close support of the advancing line. The east woods was an open grove in which the ground burst into rocky ledges, forming admirable protection to infantry, and from behind these natural rifle pits and from the open field, the enemy delivered a galling and destructive fire upon Doubleday and Ricketts. The smoky air blazed with flame and crashed with exploding shells. In the open the growing corn was cut from the stalks as with knives, and within the woods limbs of trees were torn away and rocks were splintered by the deadly fire. Lawton's troops charged on the supporting Union batteries, but were repulsed with double shots of canister. Meade with his two supporting brigades and his batteries came in between Ricketts and Doubleday, and Hooker's entire corps was in a death grapple for the possession of the all important crest. On both sides of the pike the battle raged with tremendous and increasing fury. Gen. Starke on the Confederate side was killed, Gen. Hartsuff fell severely wounded and Gen.

Hooker himself was borne disabled from the field, and Meade assumed command of the corps. Doubleday was halted and pressed back for a little distance, but Ricketts slowly gained ground until he reached the west of the woods where he held his position firmly until his ammunition was exhausted. He called for aid and Magilton was sent him by Meade. In his division the Eleventh Pennsylvania, Col. Richard Coulter, the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. George W. Gile, the Ninetieth Pennsylvania, Col. Peter Lyle, and the One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania, Capt. James MacThompson, all performed valiant service, Col. Lyle's color bearer dying bravely, and Lieut. Col. Gile being severely wounded. Their losses were one hundred and twenty-four, seventy-seven, ninety-eight and sixty-four men, respectively. Nine hundred and fifty-six men from the eighteen Pennsylvania regiments in the corps had fallen. But Hooker's progress was by this time halted. The lines in his front, reinforced by Walker from Longstreet on the right, were too strong to be broken, and as if by mutual consent a lull occurred in the battle, and on both sides the contending gladiators paused for breath.

At 6.30 o'clock Mansfield had called the Twelfth Corps from its bivouac and marched it forward on both sides of the Smoketown road in support of Hooker's left. Its first division under Williams, and subsequently under Crawford, contained among its other regiments, the Fifth-sixth Pennsylvania, Col. Joseph F. Knipe, the One Hundred and twenty-fourth, Col. Joseph W. Hawley, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, Col. Jacob Higgins, and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, Col. Samuel Croasdale, and in its Second division, under Greene, were the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, Major Ario Pardee, Jr., and the One Hundred and Eleventh, Major Thomas M. Walker, with Knap's and Hampton's Pennsylvania batteries. Two companies of the Zouaves d'Afrique from Pennsylvania were also with Crawford, but without officers, and were temporarily attached to the Second Massachusetts regiment. Mansfield fell, mortally wounded, as he was deploying his command into line, and Williams took the corps. The First division, Crawford, in advance, passed Magilton and Anderson of Meade's division, and came into line to the right,

Knipe's first brigade leading. The Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, now under Lieut. Col. James L. Selfridge, advanced firing as it went, until it faced Ripley's brigade of D. H. Hill's division, which it promptly engaged. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, a new regiment of the same brigade, came into line on the right, but before its formation was completed, its Colonel, Samuel Croasdale, was killed, and its Lieut. Colonel, William M. Hammersly, was wounded. The Major, Joel B. Wanner, succeeded to command, and led it gallantly throughout the action. Its loss was one hundred and eighteen men. The One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania, Col. Jacob Higgins—another new regiment—received its baptism of fire with a cheer, and drove the enemy into the woods on the right of the Smoketown road, capturing some prisoners. It supported a battery until the enemy's fire slackened and then sending out skirmishers under Capt. McKeage, of Company G, it again advanced, and with great spirit delivered its fire in exposed line, until it was called to the support of a second battery. Its Adjutant, Lieut. R. M. Johnston, was mortally wounded, and the regiment sustained a total loss of one hundred and forty-five men. The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania, Col. Joseph W. Hawley, also in the field for the first time, with its right on the pike, received a raking fire from the woods on both flanks, to which it valiantly responded. Its commanding officer was wounded, but it advanced with the division, gaining with it the field northeast of the church. Its casualties included sixty-four men.

By this time it was 9.30 o'clock. General Crawford had been wounded, and Gen. G. H. Gordon had replaced him in command of the First division. At eight o'clock Greene's Second division had come gallantly into the seething conflict on each side of the Smoketown road, to the right of the burning Mumma buildings, and the small Twelfth corps was to its last man struggling to secure the crest that Hooker had been unable to take. The Third brigade, under Goodrich, was detached to strengthen Patrick, and Tyndale's First brigade had the right of the division line and Stainrook's Second brigade the left. The only Pennsylvania troops present with the division were the Twenty-eighth, Major Ario Pardee, Jr., and the One Hundred and Eleventh, Major Thomas M. Walker,

and these veteran commands stood side by side throughout the morning and fought the battle in their front from an unprotected line. Knap's and Hampton's Pennsylvania batteries also were with the division and did noble service during the entire day. The men had leaped to arms before sunrise without breakfast, or even coffee, and advanced over the fields and from the east woods firing, and capturing squads of prisoners. They were still as far from the church as Hooker had been, though further eastward, and had Ripley, Colquitt and Garland in their front, Jackson and Early on the west of the pike to the right, and Hood concealed in the west woods behind the church itself. From their shortened and compact lines these southern troops concentrated on Greene's advancing men a withering fire, but his steady battalions pressed resolutely up the gentle slope, though with greatly decimated ranks. Hampton, Knap, Tompkins and Cothran galloped up, wheeled their batteries into line, and filled the woods about the church with exploding shells. Two sections of Napoleon guns aided the artillery attack until they failed of ammunition and were withdrawn. Still the line advanced toward the pike, and at last the crest so long and so stubbornly contested was beneath the Union colors. But it was not yet yielded. As severe fighting as was possible for desperate men, was still to be done. Stainrook's brigade was now southeast of the church, firing as rapidly as the men could load, and supported by Tompkins' Rhode Island battery. Kershaw's Confederate brigade burst from the woods south of the church, leaped the stout post and rail fence at the pike, and with a wild yell rushed for Tompkins' guns. With fixed bayonets the Twenty-eighth and One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania, and the Third Maryland, awaited them. When they were within fifty yards of the battery, the One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania sprang among the axles of the guns, the cannoneers discharging double shotted canister into the faces of the foe, and with an answering cheer these regiments and the Fifth and Seventh Ohio countercharged against Kershaw's brave battalions. Flesh and blood could not withstand their impact. The enemy's line halted, swayed a moment under the staggering blow and broke to the rear, followed by the commands just named. Up to the fence, across the pike, and into

the woods south of the church, the victorious boys in blue dashed, and facing their lines west and south successfully held their new position during the remainder of the forenoon. It was the most advanced ground gained during the day on that part of the field, and it threatened Lee's whole left flank. If Greene had been permanently supported in it, Lee's left would have been turned and driven from the field. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania captured a battle flag. Its casualties were two hundred and sixty-six and the One Hundred and Eleventh regiment lost one hundred and ten men, out of two hundred and thirty engaged. Its colors were pierced by twenty-five bullet holes; its color bearer was shot; its commandant, Major Walker, was wounded, and it was presented on the field with a flag by the brigade commander, Col. Stainrock. Lieut. Col. Tyndale, commanding Greene's first brigade, was also wounded. All along the Twelfth Corps front the slaughter had been frightful, and especially where the enemy had attempted to cross the pike, the bodies of the slain, as another has said, had fallen in windrows. Lee's left was so disabled that Gen. Jacob D. Cox declares that another concerted movement by our available forces, would have finally crushed it before McLaws or A. P. Hill could have reached the field, and Longstreet admits that such a movement would have penetrated that point to the river bank.

While Williams' successful battle was in progress, Sumner was bringing up the Second Corps on the left and right of the Twelfth. Sedgwick's division was in advance with Gorman's, Howard's and Dana's brigades. In his Second brigade (Howard's) were the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania regiments, under Col. Joshua T. Owen, Col. Isaac J. Wistar, Col. DeWitt C. Baxter and Col. Turner G. Moorhead, which troops were known as the Philadelphia brigade. The division dashed into the west woods in three lines on the north of the church, and found Early rallied behind its outcropping ledges of rock. McLaws also arrived with his fresh Confederate division at this opportune moment, with Walker to support him. Sedgwick drove Early back upon these reinforcements, but was caught on the flank by McLaws and Walker and two concealed regiments under Cols. Griggby and Stafford. Howard's brigade

changed front to meet this attack, but was forced to the right and rear in some confusion. Gorman and Dana, sheltering themselves behind the same outcropping of rock that Early's men had abandoned, halted the enemy for a time, but Sedgwick and Dana were wounded, and before noon the division was retired to Joseph Poffenberger's farm, near which the battle had begun, and where Meade with the First Corps was preventing Jackson and Stuart from resuming offensive operations. The losses of the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania regiments, were ninety-two, one hundred and thirty-nine, two hundred and thirty-seven and seventy-seven, respectively, a total of five hundred and forty-five men from the brigade.

Greene was now alone and unsupported in his advanced position in the woods on the south and west of the church. D. H. Hill, finding the way clear, marched out of the church woods by Greene's left flank, with his own and Walker's division, in front of what was soon to be the Bloody Lane, toward the Roulette house. Sumner, who had accompanied Sedgwick into his fight, did not retire with that division, but hastened to join French's division which, with Brooke's brigade of Richardson's First division, was at this time appearing in Hill's new front. Meantime he signalled to McClellan for reinforcements, and by virtue of his seniority to Williams, ordered the First division of the Twelfth Corps again to charge the pike in an effort to regain Sedgwick's lost ground. This was gallantly done by Crawford's weakened brigades but the weight of the enemy was too great for them. French and Brooke, however, engaged Hill's troops about the Roulette house, and after a desperate encounter, drove them back over ascending ground on Bloody Lane, which afforded them a natural breastwork. Here the brigades of Colquitt, Garland, Rodes, G. B. Anderson and Wright, were closely posted, and some of the most terrific fighting of the day took place. Richardson, with the First division of the Second Corps, came up in good time on French's left and these two commands presented perhaps the most spectacular sight of the battle. From the Roulette house they advanced through the open and rising fields, swinging compactly forward in brigade front, with colors flying as if on parade, and under a murderous fire

they reached the crest of the low hill and faced Bloody Lane. The Fifty-third Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Richards McMichael, and the Eighty-first, Major H. Boyd McKean, were with Richardson, and the One Hundred and Thirtieth, Col. Henry I. Zinn, and the One Hundred and Thirty-second, Col. Richard A. Oakford—the latter new regiments—were under French. With their intrepid comrades, these troops answered the enemy's deadly fire with great precision and effect. As they advanced the Eighty-first, of Caldwell's brigade, and the Fifty-third, of Brooke's, performed excellent and timely service in checking a flank movement against Richardson, and from the finally established lines, these splendid divisions for two hours upheld the final struggle on the right of the field of Antietam. Line after line charged the lane and sortie after sortie was attempted from it. Gen. Richardson and Col. Barlow were wounded, the former mortally. Col. Oakford, of the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania, was killed. Still our lines pressed nearer the lane. Scarcely seventy-five yards separated the furious hosts. As the guns fouled the men wiped out their barrels or snatched up the arms of their fallen comrades and continued to fire without intermission. The Confederate ranks were melting away. D. H. Hill seized a musket and fought like a private soldier to steady his wavering men. Longstreet from the west woods beyond the pike, held the horses of his staff while these officers served a battery as cannoneers. G. B. Anderson fell mortally wounded, and Wright and R. H. Anderson were borne bleeding from the field. Col. John B. Gordon, of the Sixth Alabama, was riddled with five wounds and barely escaped with his life. Ammunition was running low. "Lee's lines," exclaimed Longstreet, "were throbbing at every point." The brigades defending the Bloody Lane were fragmented and exhausted. Some of them contained scarcely one hundred men. The lane itself was heaped two or three bodies deep, and its banks were smeared with blood. It was no longer tenable. By twelve o'clock Caldwell, Meagher and Brooke were in possession of it, and the field near the Hagerstown pike, with its important crest, was ours to within three quarters of a mile of Sharpsburg. But the determined brigades of the veteran Greene had, alas, been forced, for lack of adequate support, from the ground beyond

the pike and the church, which they had so tenaciously held since ten o'clock. The two divisions of the Sixth Corps, under Slocum and Smith, had indeed been ordered into the breach on Greene's right, but only Irwin's brigade, of the Second division, reached his side. These troops did some effective service in which the Seventh Maine regiment, Major Hyde, was especially distinguished. This command charged beyond the brigade lines, with the bayonet, driving the enemy several hundred yards, when it found itself enclosed on front and left by a greatly superior force. Then it closed in upon its colors and fought its way out with a loss of ninety-five men out of one hundred and eighty-one engaged. The Major and Adjutant had their horses shot under them, and no officer of the regiment escaped without bullet marks. Irwin's relief was, however, entirely insufficient, and Greene retired to the line on S. Poffenberger's farm.

Morrell's division of the Fifth corps, about four o'clock was ordered to relieve Richardson's troops in support of the batteries near the pike. The brigades of Griffin and Stockton, of this division, were moved to the right toward Sumner, but while en route were halted by Gen. McClellan personally, and except for some artillery fire, were not engaged. Griffith's brigade contained the Sixty-second Pennsylvania under Col. J. B. Sweitzer and Stockton's, the Eighty-third, under Capt. O. S. Woodward. In the first brigade (Barnes) was the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, Col. Charles M. Prevost, which escaped losses here, but performed gallant service under trying conditions, and suffered severely at Shepherdstown three days later.

Franklin had in the First division of his Sixth Corps, the Ninety-fifth and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania, under Cols. G. W. Town and Henry L. Cake, and in his Second division, the Forty-ninth and One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Pennsylvania, the latter a new regiment, under Lieut. Col. William Brisbane and Colonel Henry M. Bossert, but these commands were afforded no opportunity for positive service during the day, and their losses were inconsiderable.

Later in the afternoon Lee ordered Jackson's troops to attack the Union right, but the heavy artillery fire which was maintained by our batteries, rendered a renewal of hostilities

unfavorable and the movement did not take place. The battle on that part of the field was ended. The casualties of the One Hundred and Thirtieth and the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania, were one hundred and seventy-eight and one hundred and fifty-two respectively. While those of the three corps who had fought on the right, reached the appalling aggregate of nine thousand three hundred and eighty-four men. In addition to these the Sixth Corps lost four hundred and thirty-nine men, of which the casualties in its Pennsylvania regiments were sixteen.

At one o'clock the scene of the battle shifted from the right to the left of the Union line. Burnside was in command on that part of the field, and had with him the three divisions of the Ninth Corps, under Willcox, Sturgis and Rodman, and the Kanawha division of two brigades under Col. Scammon. Five Pennsylvania regiments were in the Ninth Corps, with Willcox and Sturgis, the Fiftieth, Major Edward Overton being in Christ's brigade; the Forty-fifth, Lieut. Col. John I. Curtin and the One Hundredth, Col. David A. Lackey, in Weber's; the Forty-eighth, Lieut. Col. Joshua K. Sigfried, in Nagle's; and the Fifty-first, Col. John F. Hartranft, in Ferero's. Capt. George W. Durrell's battery was also attached to Willcox's division. The corps commander, Gen. Reno, had been killed at South Mountain, three days before, and Brig. Gen. Jacob D. Cox, was at its head.

Burnside's whole force was posted on the east side of the creek near the bridge that has since borne his name. This is a stone structure, about twelve feet wide and more than one hundred in length, with parapets at each side, and is one mile south east of Sharpsburg. The hills on each side of the creek are steep and high, and at the time of the battle those on the west bank were densely wooded. The Rohrburg pike, which crosses at this point, winds down a ravine through the Sharpsburg Heights, and approaches the bridge under the shoulder of these hills from the north. These bold bluffs had part way up their side a stone quarry, which afforded a safe hiding place for sharpshooters, and along their crest a stone fence extended that formed a strong protection to the infantry line. They were defended by Confederate artillery and Walker's and D. R. Jones' divisions of Longstreet's corps, Mun-

ford's cavalry extending the line to the south of the Harper's Ferry road. Toombs' brigade, with skirmishers at the creek, and Eubank's, Richardson's and Eshleman's batteries, in support, directly defended the bridge. Burnside's artillery, consisting of Benjamin's twenty-pound parrott guns, and McMullen's, Clarke's, Cook's, Muhlenburg's, Simmond's and Durell's batteries, were posted opposite, and his infantry was in close support—Sturgis and Rodman being in front, and Willcox in reserve. FitzJohn Porter's Fifth Corps—Sykes' division—connected on his right and guarded the crossing at the Boonsboro bridge.

In the morning the enemy promptly opened a heavy artillery fire on Burnside's position, the reply to which blew up two caissons and silenced the attack. At eight o'clock Burnside was directed to carry the bridge, but he claims that the movement was to await additional orders. At ten o'clock, his order to assault was imperative. He at once threw Crook and Sturgis forward on the high ground facing the bridge, with the Eleventh Connecticut, Col. Kingsbury, deployed as skirmishers, and sent Rodman and Scammon three-fourths of a mile down the creek to find Snively's ford, with instructions to cross and protect the movement from the left. Crook advanced cautiously down the slope, but on entering the narrow, open ground beside the stream, found himself in the centre of a tremendous converging cyclone of musketry and artillery fire. His lines were within easy rifle shot, and as his men bent their heads to the storm and charged toward the bridge they were deluged in the narrow gap, with the concentrated fire of the enemy. Col. Kingsbury, who was a near relative of Gen. D. R. Jones, the Confederate Commander in his front, fell dead on the skirmish line and after great slaughter, Crook found it impossible to reach and cross the narrow bridge, on which was falling a hail of lead and iron. Sturgis hurried forward to his aid with the Sixth New Hampshire and the Second Maryland Regiments of Nagle's brigade, supported by the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Sigfried, the Union batteries covering his advance, but the plunging shot of the enemy, some of which came through the ravine from Cemetery hill, and the centralized volleys of Toombs' brigade, could not be withstood. Nagle's men, unmindful of danger and

odds, made, however, a determined and persistent effort to gain the bridge. With fixed bayonets, at double time, and with cheers, they dashed down the steep face of the hill and over the narrow open ground at its base, in a torrent of fire, reached the bridge, crowded upon it, and almost gained its western end, before the smothering deluge of shot and shell halted their brave advance, and swept them back. Burnside, beholding their repulse and thoroughly aroused, declared that the bridge must be carried at all hazards, and ordered up fresh troops. Ferero's brigade responded, but as only two regiments could be utilized, the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Col. John F. Hartranft, and the Fifty-first New York, Col. Robert B. Potter, were detailed for the heroic task. Approaching the bridge by a shorter and partly protected route, they leaped into the breach, sprang upon the coveted structure, with defiant shouts, and with lungs choked by smoke, and feet stained and slipping in the blood of their fallen comrades, they seized the long contested prize, passed it on a run in a sheet of flame, and rushed into line on its further side. The entire division, with Crook's brigade, quickly followed in double time, and dividing right and left, clambered up the precipitous heights on which the enemy had been posted, drove him from every position, and in a few minutes were firmly lodged on Lee's right flank. But it was now one o'clock. Rodman's division, after a sharp engagement, had effected its crossing below at Snavelly's ford, and promptly joined Sturgis on the left, with Scammon in support. Willcox followed Sturgis and prolonged the line on the right, and all of Burnside's troops were in position on the first ridge beyond the creek. The enemy immediately retired, and the batteries of Durell, Clarke, Cook, Muhlenburg, and part of Simmond's guns, were crossed and posted, and the battle was renewed under new and inspiring conditions. Battalions of the First, Second, Fourth, Tenth and Fourteenth regular infantry, with three batteries under Randol, Van Reed and Tidball, supported by Pleasanton's cavalry had crossed at the Boonsboro bridge on Burnside's right from the Fifth Corps, and the line of the Army of the Potomac was continuous west of the creek in envelopment of the enemy.

Having perfected his formations at three o'clock, Burnside ordered a general advance of his whole line on the heights

and village of Sharpsburg, holding Sturgis in reserve. Filled with enthusiasm and confident of great results, Rodman and Willcox pressed forward and carried the second ridge, which commanded the field. Fairchild's brigade—and Welch's brigade of Willcox's division in which were the Forty-fifth and One Hundredth Pennsylvania regiments, Lieut. Col. John I. Curtin, and Col. David A. Lackey—gained the outskirts of the town, with Christ's brigade—containing the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Major Edward Overton—close behind them, and it seemed as though Lee's right would be driven through the village and doubled up in confusion upon his centre. Victory was clearly in sight and almost in hand. Lee was fought to disaster. If Burnside's progress had continued, if Fitz John Porter had supported it, as he could and should have done, and if Franklin's fresh Sixth Corps had been put in on the right, in conjunction with the other corps, that were holding that part of the field, it cannot be rationally doubted that the Army of Northern Virginia would have been captured or driven into the Potomac river on the afternoon of September 17, 1862. But this was not done. The Union commander was too far away from the field which his victorious battalions was conquering to feel the magnificent opportunity of the crucial hour. The splendid and still effective troops who had won the success of the morning were not called for; Morrell's strong division, part of Sykes', and all of Franklin's corps lay on their arms. The hour so pregnant with tremendous possibilities was unimproved. For the second time that day overwhelming success slipped from our grasp. And just at this moment, as if in retribution for these errors, by a stroke of good fortune, so rare as to be well nigh incredible, Lee's critical emergency was relieved. A. P. Hill's division marched upon the field. It had left Harper's Ferry at 7.30 o'clock that morning, and arrived on the battlefield at three in the afternoon, by a road that brought it in directly on Burnside's left, at precisely the wavering point. The Union lines were quickly disposed to meet the fresh troops. Rodman seized ground on the left, but was mortally wounded while leading his attack. Scammon changed front to rear to protect the right flank. Sturgis was ordered up, following Ferero, and held the enemy back in his front until sunset, fighting at

short range, all his regiments exhibiting great bravery. But the augmented foe was too strong. McIntosh's Confederate battery that the Ninth New York had captured was retaken. Burnside's division could not withstand the impact of the enemy's reinforced line, and about dark they withdrew in good order from their advanced positions to the second line of hills he had taken, where they remained until the 19th. His total loss was twenty-three hundred and forty-nine men. The Forty-fifth, Fiftieth and One Hundredth Pennsylvania did commendable work in Willcox's division, and sustained losses of thirty-eight, fifty-seven and eight men respectively. The Forty-eighth, of Nagle's brigade, lost sixty men, and the Fifty-first, one hundred and twenty.

Thus ended the hard fought and sanguinary battle of Antietam. Nearly twenty-five thousand men had fallen on both sides and the casualties in each army were practically equal. The full fruits of the awful contest were not garnered, but it was the most signal and important victory that the Union arms had to that time achieved. Its results ended for the time Lee's bold project of an invasion of the North, and they astonished and dismayed his generals. Longstreet says of them, "The razing of the walls of Jerico by encircling marches of priests and soldiers, at the signal of long blown blasts of sacred horns and shouts of the multitude, was scarcely a greater miracle than the transformation of the conquering army of the South into a horde of disorganized fugitives, before an army that two weeks earlier was flying to cover under its homeward ramparts." The battle left Lee's army seriously crippled. Generals G. B. Anderson and Branch were among the killed, and Generals Lawton, Ripley and J. R. Jones with others suffered severe wounds. Gen. D. R. Jones, one of Longstreet's division commanders, never recovered from the strain of the day and died soon after. One-third of Lawton's, Trimble's and Hay's brigades were killed or wounded, and all of Colquitt's field officers were either killed or disabled. Jackson, for the only time in his life, was fought to exhaustion and inaction, and was not in evidence in the battle after its early hours. Lee's position in the evening was hazardous in the extreme. He was practically out of ammunition and was hemmed closely in by his victorious foes with

the river at his back. He expected and dreaded a renewal of hostilities on the 18th, and when they were mercifully withheld by the Union Commander, he thankfully and quickly withdrew his shattered ranks across the Potomac under cover of the night.

The North took new courage and hope from the battle. Its loyal people hailed Antietam as the turning point of the war. It was to them as a microcosm of the whole great conflict. As McClellan's brigades and divisions tightened themselves about Lee's legions on that eventful day, drawing their coils closer and closer, in deadly embrace, so the Northern people beheld in their quickened faith the power of the Republic surely closing in upon the Rebellion for death. It was the beginning of the end. Gettysburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Atlanta, Petersburg, were yet to become necessary, but Antietam was the morning star of a new and glorious day of peace and National reconciliation.

It seems but yesterday that these tragic scenes were here enacted, but more than a generation has passed since they thrilled the world with their history. The commanders of these contending armies have gone from us. Every corps commander, on either side, has passed away. Almost every general officer who took part in this battle rests with his comrades who fell upon this field. I know of but three general officers on the Union side—Howard, Dana and Willcox—who remain. The great mass of the stalwart young men who filled these surging battle lines, are no longer mortal. A remnant only of them, bowed and grey with years, lingers on earth. A new generation, to whom the great war is but a tradition, and who can never realize its sacrifices and its horrors, are enjoying the blessings which the valor of these heroes purchased for them and their posterity.

But time, which hurries men away, does not dim the luster of their great deeds, and the work that these men did is the imperishable heritage of the Republic. It remains forever, written upon the flag and ingrained in the national life. To voice this great fact, Pennsylvania comes upon this field to-day. Thirteen of her commands who fought here and elsewhere, with devotion, upon the battlefields of the Civil War, have had, as yet, no visible memorials to mark their service.

Eleven of these organizations were infantry regiments, one was a cavalry battalion, and the other was a battery of artillery. The State that sent them forth, by an act of Assembly and through her duly constituted Commission, has caused these belated memorials to be erected, and to-day, completed and beautiful, they are transferred to the United States Government, to be safeguarded forever. It is a fitting tribute of public respect to brave men living and dead, and I profoundly honor my native and beloved Commonwealth for such a just and worthy recognition of the service of these her sons. I congratulate the Antietam Battlefield Commission upon the ability and care with which they have brought their responsible labors to such a happy termination. I earnestly trust that every other State, whose soldiers fought on this field for the preservation of the Union, will follow her example in this regard, and that very soon a permanent monument will mark the site of every Northern command that shared the glorious scenes of that crucial day of which this is the anniversary. And most of all, I reverently beseech Almighty God that these, and all similar battle-monuments, may teach to our children's children lofty lessons of American patriotism, so long as their chiselled shafts and sculptured statues shall be hailed by the morning sun and kissed by the evening stars.

General W. W. Blackmar, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic being present, Colonel Hawley invited him to address the audience, to which he responded as follows:

Comrades of the Grand Army, Citizen Friends all: This is indeed an unexpected honor, and is not tendered to me personally, but to the two hundred and fifty thousand old comrades of the men whose gallant deeds you have listened to to-day, still living and members of the Grand Army of the Republic. I will not at this time, and following such a magnificent oration, attempt to say anything adequate to this glorious occasion. I merely, and cheerfully and proudly, my comrades, bring you the blessing, the loving Godspeed of two hundred and fifty thousand old comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, whom I have the honor to command.

The Secretary of the Commission read the following letters:

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

47

United Confederate Veterans,
Commanding General's Office,
Columbus, Miss., Sept. 5, 1904.

Oliver C. Bosbyshell,
Secretary, &c.:

I have the pleasure of acknowledging receipt of your invitation to be present at dedication of monuments of Pa. on the Antietam battlefield, Sept. 17, 1904.

I regret I cannot be present. I commanded 5 Batteries near Dunker Church on day of great battle in the morning and in afternoon 12 guns where the National Cemetery now stands. Lost about one-third of my men and horses.

Men who fought so bravely on both sides, certainly feel they were right and patriotic, and the record is an honorable one for the American Soldier, on either side.

With kind wishes,

Yours truly,

STEPHEN D. LEE.

Executive Department,
Annapolis, Maryland,
August 31st, 1904.

My Dear Sir:

His Excellency, Governor Warfield, directs me to inform you that the Honorable Gordon T. Atkinson, Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland, has kindly consented to be present upon the occasion of the unveiling of the Monuments on the Antietam Battlefield, commemorating the Pennsylvania commands engaged in that conflict. Dr. Atkinson will attend this celebration as the representative of the State of Maryland.

The Governor desires me to again express to you his sincere regret that necessary absence from the State at the time of the dedication prevents his being with you on that occasion. As you know, he leaves for St. Louis on September 9th, to be present at the observance of "Maryland Day," at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, on September 12th, and will not return until the 19th or 20th of the month.

Very sincerely yours,

R. V. HART,
Secretary to the Governor.

Oliver C. Bosbyshell, Esq., Secy.,
Antietam Battlefield Commission of Pennsylvania,
P. O. Box 1383, Philadelphia, Pa.

Col Hawley explained that Gov. Warfield was in St. Louis.

The Secretary stated: We have endeavored to find Dr. Atkinson, but cannot find whether he is here. We have written,

but received no information in regard to Dr. Atkinson's whereabouts. I suppose he got tied up at St. Louis.

COL. HAWLEY: Sorry for you, boys. If he had been here and delivered the address the gentlemen on the right hand— (applause and cries of Stewart).

GEN. STEWART: Mr. Chairman and Comrades: After all that has been said on this rostrum this afternoon in the way of oration and address I am sure that nothing can be said by any man that will add anything to the interest of this occasion. I am very glad to be here, and I would have been very glad to have responded to the address of welcome, if the distinguished gentleman of Maryland had been here to deliver it. But we are glad to be here, whether he is here or not.

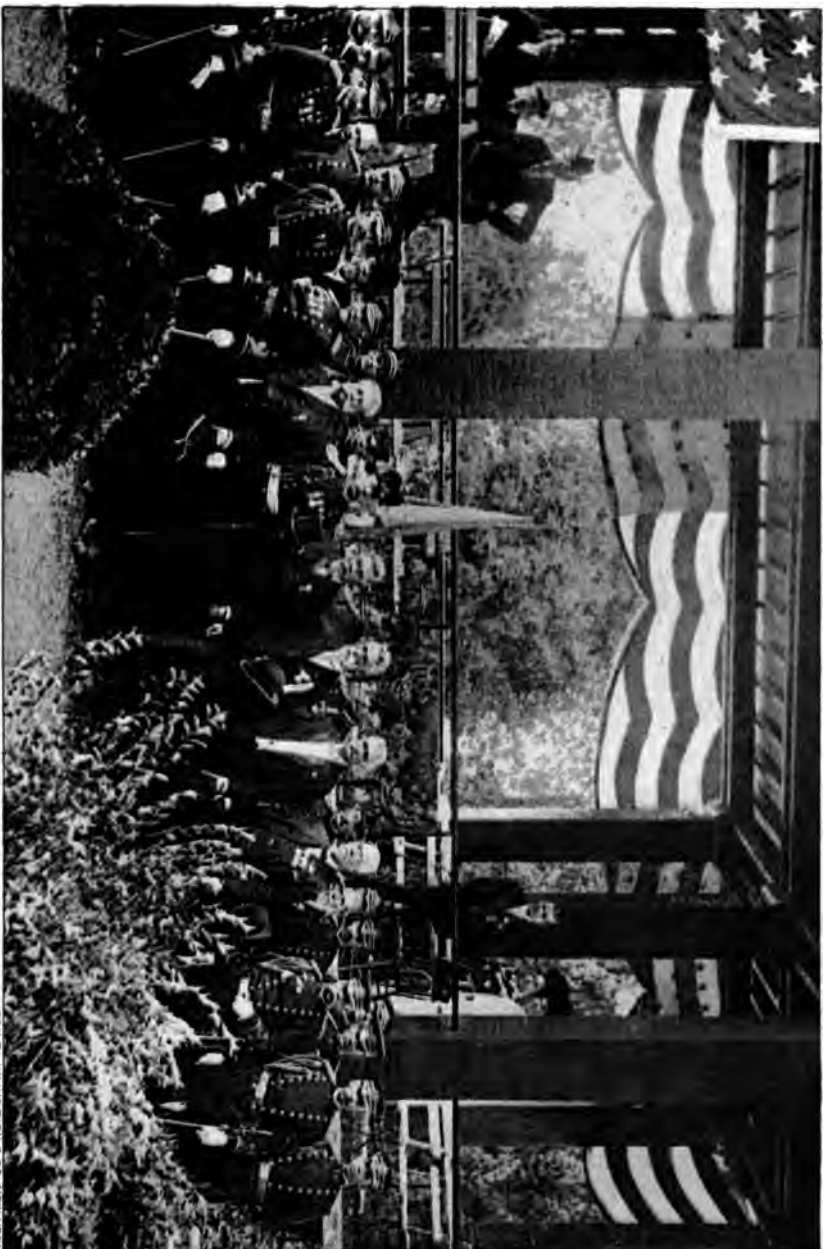
The Secretary added: We have letters of regret from the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Interior, and the other secretaries all send their kind greetings. The mayor of the city of New York, son of Major General McClellan, sends a very delightful letter, with his regret that he is unable to be present on this occasion, and we have letters of that kind from a great many other persons.

The entire audience united in singing the first and last verses of the hymn "America," led by the Carlisle Indian Industrial School Band.

Benediction by the Rev. Joseph S. Evans, Chaplain of the 124th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

God, our Heavenly Father, accept our thanks for this beautiful day, for the blessings we have received, for all the goodness that is manifest to us as we meet here; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit go and abide with us evermore. Amen.

Many of the veterans present took occasion to greet Governor Pennypacker after the ceremonies and the Governor, his staff, and those taking part in the exercises were photographed standing by the pergola used for such exercises.



PRINT, JULIUS BIEN & CO., NEW YORK

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER AND STAFF, AND OFFICIALS AT DEDICATION OF
MONUMENTS, SEPT. 17, 1904
PERGOLA, NAT. CEMETERY, SHARPSBURG, MD.





PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

"TEAR CARTRIDGE"
45TH PA. VET. VOLS.
BRANCH AVENUE AND BURNSIDE BRIDGE ROAD

**FORTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA VETERAN VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.**

THE dedication of the 45th P. V. V. immediately followed the dedication of the 100th P. V. V., the two monuments stand very close together, after the photographs of the men assembled had been taken, the hymn America was sung, then the flag which covered the monument was withdrawn by Miss Minnie Eckert, of Reading, Pa., and three cheers were given for the 45th and the Monument. Genl. John I. Curtin who was Lieut. Colonel of the 45th, and in command of it at Antietam on 17th September, 1862 (and who is to-day the only living officer who commanded a regiment or battery of the 9th corps at that time), presided and called on Col. Austin Curtin, late of the 45th, who offered a prayer.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL JOHN I. CURTIN.

Gentlemen of the Commission, Comrades and Friends:

I should be, and am, thankful at this late day, to have the privilege and great pleasure of standing in the presence of so many of my comrades in arms to receive this handsome monument erected by our State and to be dedicated to the memory of the heroes, dead and living, of the grand, old 45th Regiment, which I had the honor to command in this great battle forty-two years ago to-day.

Comrades: As you all know, our first year's experience in that great war was most peculiar. We were divided up, and, consequently, did not have the benefit of our regimental organization. When we were united and preparing for active service, to which we were looking forward and soon expecting, we again, almost on the eve of battle, sustained the loss of the head of our regiment and also the second in command, Col. Welsh assuming higher duties as brigade commander and Lt. Col. Beaver, about the same time, leaving to assume command of what proved to be the gallant 148th Regiment, with which, as you all know, he made such an enviable record. What was our loss was certainly their gain.

On account of these changes, you found yourselves almost a full regiment, brought together and commanded in your first battle, as a regiment, South Mountain, by one who had but recently been advanced from a captaincy. It was your individual valor, as soldiers, that made our record there. How bravely you made that advance and stood in line of battle as if on dress parade! How valiantly and with what deadly effect on the enemy you fought, until your eighty rounds was exhausted and the old, antiquated Harper's Ferry muskets got so hot you could not hold them! Our loss for the time we were engaged was severe, being about one hundred and thirty-six in killed and wounded.

From South Mountain, in three days, the scene of action was transferred to this bloody field upon which was fought one of the hardest and most important battles of the war. Our Col. Welsh commanded our brigade here as he also did at South Mountain.

Comrades: Whilst we were not placed in a position, in this battle, to become as heavily engaged with the enemy as some other commands who are here participating in these memorable exercises, yet we were here to perform our duty and if we had been given the opportunity, comrades, judging from your record four days before and of the many times afterward, until the close of the war, you would have added still brighter laurels to your noble record.

Let us now pause and give a silent thought to those who were with us here but who were not so fortunate as to escape the casualties of war, who are not permitted to enjoy these exercises with us to-day.

We dedicate this monument, to-day, as a memorial to our noble regiment and a worthy tribute to the individual bravery of the comrades who composed it.

And now, comrades, we have with us one who was in the ranks with us in this battle and who on account of his efficiency as a soldier and unquestioned bravery was promoted to a captaincy.

I have the pleasure and honor of introducing Hon. Reese G. Richards, a former Captain of the 45th Regiment, now a judge, residing in Steubenville, Ohio.

ORATION OF JUDGE RICHARDS.

How beautiful and restful is this place. All is quietness and serenity. The blue sky above us and the green earth beneath our feet speak the language of peace and good will; the forests clothed in rich foliage are vocal with the song of birds. In yonder village the usual avocations of its people are calmly followed undisturbed, and children are at play in its streets. So it is everywhere all over this heaven blessed country of ours. Why then have you and I journeyed to this place? Why have so many others assembled here to-day? It is because this spot is associated with events which have made it hallowed ground. We are here to commemo-

rate deeds of valor inspired by patriotism heroically done for human liberty and the perpetuation of this Great Republic.

Forty-two years ago this was a field of awful carnage. One of the greatest and most sanguinary engagements of the Civil War enveloped these hills and valleys in the smoke of battle, and amid the thunders of the conflict thirteen thousand brave men fell while beating back from the soil of Maryland the legions of secession. A large per cent. of the fallen were sons of the Keystone State. To-day that grand old Commonwealth is here represented by His Excellency, the Governor of the State, and the Monument Commission, to dedicate monuments of granite provided for and erected by her authority to the memory of her gallant regiments engaged in the battle of Antietam. One of those regiments was the 45th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. In the Providence of God, comrades, we are afforded the inestimable privilege of witnessing these ceremonies and in the name and on behalf of the surviving comrades to acknowledge our appreciation and gratitude to our State. I say our State, for, although during the years that have intervened since the war I have lived in the state of Ohio, which I love for her splendid history, the justice of her laws, the freedom and greatness of her institutions, yet Pennsylvania was the State of my youth and early manhood and with her sons it was my proud privilege to serve as a soldier in defense of our common country.

The 45th is a number indelibly impressed upon our memory and sounds as if it formed a part of our individual names. If in the department "beyond the river," they muster in regiments, we will take our place in line with the colors of the 45th. I doubt not that such emotions throb in the hearts of comrades of other organizations with which they were in like manner identified.

The 45th Regiment was composed of companies recruited in the counties of Centre, Lancaster, Mifflin, Tioga and Wayne from July 28th to October 18th, 1861. The regimental organization was affected on the 21st of October, 1861, at Camp Curtin, with Thomas Welsh, of Lancaster county, as Colonel, James A. Beaver, of Centre county, Lieutenant Colonel, and J. M. Kilbourn, of Potter county, as Major. On the day of its organization the regiment was drawn up in line, when the great War Governor of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, presented to it a beautiful flag, and, upon the unfurling of its silken folds, addressed the regiment in words eloquent with the spirit of patriotism and expressive of his unfaltering trust that the 45th would bear that flag under all circumstances in honor; that the credit of the State would never suffer at its hands. Colonel Welsh, on behalf of the regiment, responded in words that welled up from a heart pulsating with emotions of loyalty to that glorious emblem of the Republic; pledged the regiment to the discharge of every duty with fidelity and promised unswerving devotion to the cause of our country and the honor of the Commonwealth.

Can we not truthfully say that the promise so solemnly made was to the utmost redeemed? During those long and terrible years of deadly conflict, when the earth trembled under the tread of mighty armies, and in view of the appalling sacrifice of blood and treasure the world stood in awe,

did not the 45th Pennsylvania hold an honored place among the conquering hosts of the Union? Let the official records be the answer.

In South Carolina, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi are graves of its dead. Of the 1,960 who were mustered into its ranks from first to last 873 were killed and wounded, including 98 brave men who died as prisoners of war in Andersonville, Salisbury, Florence and other prison pens of the Confederacy. On its flag are worthily emblazoned the names of many of the battles of the war, some of which South Mountain, Antietam, Jackson, Mississippi; Blue Springs, Campbell Station and Knoxville, Tennessee; Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and others of the battles fought along that blood-drenched bone-whitened way, from the gloomy depths of the Wilderness through the trenches of Petersburg to Appomattox.

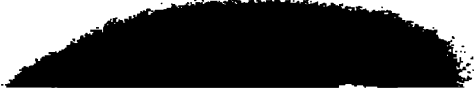
It would require all the time from now to the going down of the sun to tell all the story of the regiment during its almost four years of service; to recount the individual deeds of heroism; of self-sacrifice; of devotion; of patient endurance and of those who gave their lives, a sacrifice upon the altar of their country. The General Government has compiled statistics and published the records and yet these form but a skeleton of the story of the war. The flesh and blood, the smiles and tears are not written; the face aglow with the light of battle or the expression of patient endurance cannot be transferred to the printed page. Upon the tablet of the soldiers' memory is alone the real history of those mighty events.

From the 7th day of December, 1861, until the 21st of July, 1862, the regiment served in South Carolina. On the 9th of June, on James Island, and within eight miles of the city of Charleston, was perhaps the first real test of its metal, when Companies "H" and "I" were posted at some distance in front of the regiment to watch the movements of the enemy and there repulsed the charge of a rebel column of three thousand men headed by the 47th Georgia.

With resolute coolness and grim courage, while lying close to the ground, under command of the company officers, they reserved their fire until the head of the advancing column was within a few yards of their position; then with deliberate aim they poured a volley from their old Harper's Ferry muskets into the enemy, driving it back reeling in confusion. Having re-formed again it came on to meet the same reception. By this time Hamilton's U. S. Battery had taken position and the 76th Pennsylvania had also come to the rescue and the enemy was driven back in utter route, leaving ninety men of the 47th Georgia killed and wounded on the field. An officer rode back to our main line and, saluting Colonel Welsh said: "Colonel, your men have covered themselves all over with glory." The proudest man on James Island that day was Colonel Welsh.

On the 18th of July, 1862, the regiment embarked for Fortress Monroe where it arrived on the 21st, and encamped near Newport-News, Virginia.

In the month of August, 1862, Lieutenant Colonel James A. Beaver severed his connection with the regiment to take command, as Colonel of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. It was with sincere and universal regret that we parted from that gallant officer. His soldierly and gentle-



manly demeanor commanded the admiration, love and respect of the whole regiment and, although separated from us, we still counted him as of the 45th, and his subsequent glorious career as Colonel of his noble regiment, as Brigadier General and as Brevet Major General of Volunteers, was nowhere more appreciated than in his old regiment.

On the 22nd of July, the Ninth Army Corps was organized and took its place in the history of the war, a place unsullied by a single act of dishonor and second to no other in the glory of its achievements. General Burnside was placed in command, a true patriot, a splendid officer, who knew only obedience to the behests of his government and whose magnanimous soul never harbored a feeling of jealousy.

On the 4th of August, 1862, the 45th was assigned to the First Brigade, First Division of the Ninth Corps and from that time shared in its fortunes to the close of the war.

On the 14th of September, 1862, occurred the battle of South Mountain, under the immediate command of Major John I. Curtin, Colonel Welsh being in command of the brigade, the regiment was placed in position with its right resting on the old Sharpsburg road. Suffering severely from the fire of musketry and artillery, the enemy's infantry being posted behind a rail fence near the edge of the wood at that point, the regiment moved forward in perfect order, driving the enemy across an open field where they faced about and took shelter behind a stone wall, the 45th advancing to the old fence abandoned by the enemy and, not more than fifty paces distant, poured withering volleys leveled for the top of the wall. Again a charge was made, driving the enemy in confusion down the opposite slope, leaving behind that stone wall hundreds of its dead and wounded. This was a glorious day for the 45th, but at the loss of one hundred and forty-five of its men killed, wounded and missing. Here fell, among others, mortally wounded, Lieutenant Smith, of Company "I," who was then serving as Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Colonel Welsh. He was a brave officer, a cultured Christian gentleman—his loss was most severely felt.

At daylight on Wednesday, September 17th, 1862, the great battle of Antietam opened and from that time until darkness put an end to the conflict, the mighty struggle went on; the opposing lines swayed to and fro in the writhings of the fearful strife and when night closed the bloody scene, the two armies occupied practically the same relative positions as in the morning, the Ninth Army Corps perhaps being the only exceptions which had, against terrible odds, carried the stone bridge in front of its position. The entire corps was across Antietam creek and held the heights beyond.

In the morning when the battle began the Ninth Corps occupied the extreme left of the army close to the hills on the southeast side of the valley of Antietam. The bridge in front was a substantial structure of stone and difficult of approach on either side. It was the key to the enemy's position on that part of the field. On the western side, occupied by the enemy, the hills rose very abruptly and effectually commanded the eastern approach to the bridge. Here the woods covering these hills were


filled with the enemy's riflemen protected by rifle pits, breast works of rails, rock and timber. The enemy's batteries were also posted so as to enfilade the bridge. Thus the bridge and its approaches from the side occupied by the Ninth Corps was swept with musketry and artillery fire.

At 10 o'clock Burnside was ordered to capture the bridge and move on in the direction of Sharpsburg. The order was obeyed, but not until two heroic assaults had failed and a third which was successful made by Ferrero's brigade consisting of the 51st Pennsylvania, 51st N. Y., 21st and 35th Mass., the two former leading the attack. With fixed bayonets, regardless of the terrific storm of the musketry and artillery fire, they captured the bridge, the other two regiments following closely at their heels, but out of the two regiments in advance no less than two hundred brave men fell in that gallant charge. The enemy was thus driven from what seemed an impregnable position and the whole line of the Ninth Corps then advanced. General Wilcox's Division took position on the extreme right of the line. Colonel Welsh's brigade of Wilcox's Division was on the left of the Sharpsburg road, the 45th occupying the crest of the hills. The fire from the enemy's artillery posted near Sharpsburg and its infantry in front was constant and terrible; the air seemed to be filled with deadly missiles. About 2 o'clock Colonel Welsh received orders to charge over the hills toward Sharpsburg. The order was executed heroically and with enthusiasm. Onward the whole line, right and left, swept until the outskirts of Sharpsburg were reached, the 45th dislodging the enemy from the old stone mill, and on the left Rodman's Division of the Ninth Corps carried the left of the town. The enemy, now relieved from further aggressive movement of our army on its left, the firing there having in a large measure ceased by 3 o'clock, hurried down reinforcements of infantry and artillery, hoping to overwhelm the Ninth Corps. General A. P. Hill's Division of Jackson's Corps, with fresh troops from Harper's Ferry, appeared upon our flank about 4 o'clock and began a vigorous attack to meet which our lines were contracted. The Ninth Corps for a long time firmly withstood the onslaughts of greatly superior numbers of the enemy, but for reasons best known to the commanding general of the army, no reinforcements were sent, although begged for by General Burnside; so that our line was gradually withdrawn to the crest on the west side of Antietam creek. By this time the shades of night had settled upon the bloody scene and the battle of Antietam was ended.

The Ninth Corps on the morning of the battle numbered thirteen thousand, eight hundred and nineteen officers and men. Its loss during the day was two thousand, one hundred and seventy-three killed and wounded and one hundred and twenty missing, making a total of two thousand, two hundred and ninety-three.

On the following day the enemy retired across the Potomac, leaving no less than two thousand, five hundred of its dead unburied upon the field.

But I must refrain from speaking, even in so general a way, of the services rendered by the regiment in the campaigns in which it was engaged. In South Carolina, in the campaign of Maryland in 1862, further than I have already done as to **South Mountain and Antietam**—of the campaign





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"MILLERS MILL" KNOWN AS THE "LITTLE MILL"
EDGE SHARPSBURG, ON BURNSIDE BRIDGE ROAD

in Virginia in the same year—in Mississippi from Vicksburg to Jackson in 1862, which resulted in the capture of the Capitol of that state and driving General Johnson and his army from the Mississippi Valley.

That campaign, in the respect of physical suffering and loss of life, was one of the most calamitous in all the regiment's and the Ninth Corps experience. Many of the strongest fell on the march, overcome by the intense and sickening heat; others from the effects of the malaria that settled like a pall of death around the camps; from the deadly effects of which more than half the men of the corps either died or were for a long time thereafter unfit for duty.

Among the many hundreds of the corps who died from the effects of that campaign was Brigadier General Thomas Welsh—the first Colonel of the 45th. He was a brave and efficient officer; his skill and courage won the admiration not only of his regiment, but elicited the encomiums of superior officers.

Did time permit it would interest us all to recall the glorious campaign in East Tennessee which resulted in redeeming that section from the thralldom and unspeakable cruelties of the Confederacy perpetrated upon that people whose loyalty to the old flag was as immovable as their native hills—or to relate how Longstreet's greatly superior numbers were beaten at Campbell's Station, and at Knoxville, and afterwards driven to the mountains of Virginia.

While in Tennessee at Blain's Cross Roads among the Clinch Mountains, in midwinter, with meagre subsistence, illy clad, a veritable Valley Forge—in the 1st day of January, 1864—four hundred and twenty-six men of the regiment, nearly all of them, re-enlisted for three years or during the war. Under such conditions as I have described the men so re-enlisting took up the line of march over that mountainous country on their veteran furlough. I will here quote what is stated in this connection about the 45th in Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers: "An example of heroic endurance, and patriotic devotion to the flag worthy of imitation was manifested in the conduct of the men on this march. With only a quart of meal, and five pounds of fresh meat per man, and no certainty of obtaining more on the road, barefoot and poorly clad, it required a patriotism as earnest, and a purpose as fixed, to patiently endure the privations and hardships of the march, as to achieve victory in the face of the enemy."

Nor will time permit us to speak of the duties performed, the privations endured, or the courage so signally shown by the old regiment in that greatest of all campaigns, under Grant from the Wilderness to Appomattox.

The regiment entered the Wilderness on the 6th of May, 1864, with its ranks recruited almost to their maximum. By the 18th of June when it reached Petersburg and after the battle of that day it was but a torn and bleeding remnant of its former strength. Colonel John I. Curtin, among others, was severely wounded.

Suffice it to say that during the almost four years of its active service, the regiment never faltered in the performance of its full duty, whether in camp, with its drill and drudgery—on the weary march or in the fiery edge of battle.

The 45th was fortunate in the efficiency of its commanding officers and in their soldierly example.

After Colonel Welsh came Colonel John I. Curtin, who, except in the campaign of East Tennessee, commanded the regiment from South Mountain in September, 1862, to and including the battle of the Wilderness in May, 1864; and while immediately after the battle of the Wilderness to the end of the war, Colonel, or more correctly speaking, Brevet, Brigadier General Curtin, was in command of a brigade or a division, which always included the 45th; his love for his regiment never grew cold nor did his watchful care for its welfare in the least relax.

His unselfish and brave example inspired the men to heroic fidelity.

Whenever or wherever there was danger to be encountered or privation to be endured, he expected and required the 45th to do its part—but he shared in it all. He only commanded to go where he was not afraid to lead. While a survivor of the old regiment remains the memory of General John I. Curtin will be cherished.

Other names occur to me and to you of both officers and men who are identified with the regiment, whose nobility of character, earnest patriotism and unfaltering courage helped to make the regiment's history. Among them, the deliberate and brave Lieutenant Colonel Hill, the cultured and gallant Major Kelsy; the eccentric, great hearted, indomitable and heroic Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Gregg.

Sickness and wounds are among the things incident to a soldier's life. In this connection we cannot forget our ever faithful and skillful surgeon, Dr. Christ. Like an angel of mercy, he administered to alleviate suffering; whether at mid-day or at mid-night, under all conditions, where it was possible, he cheerfully did all in his power to heal the sick and bind up the bleeding wounds of our comrades. For his great services, supplemented as they were by the competent and faithful hospital steward, Meyers, we take this occasion to express for ourselves and our surviving comrades lasting and heartfelt gratitude to both. But I must come to a close.

And now on behalf of the survivors of the 45th, and on behalf of all those in whose veins flows the kindred blood of our comrades gone, I convey, through you, to the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania unfeigned gratitude for this monument, here erected and dedicated to the memory of our old regiment.

Knowing that this and other monuments so erected and dedicated on this ground, consecrated by the blood of those who gave the last full measure of devotion to their country, are in a larger sense dedicated to American patriotism—a patriotism not born of fanaticism, nor yet springing from the soil of national ambition for mere wealth or power, nor for military fame.

American patriotism is not a war spirit—as it was at one time so well and forcibly expressed by Pennsylvania's great War Governor: "Our people are for peace. But if men lay violent hands on the sacred fabric of the government—unjustly spill the blood of their brethren—and tear the sacred constitution to pieces—Pennsylvania is for war—war to the death."

True American patriotism is a conviction based upon sense of what is right. It is belief in and readiness to defend liberty of conscience and lib-

erty of speech; and of the right to own and hold what brain and muscle may earn.

Through all the years of our country's history that kind of patriotism has been woven into every fibre of our flag and makes the stars and stripes as glorious as the mantle of an archangel—beautiful from the hands of God.

These monuments are silent witnesses of the truth and justice of the cause for which the men in blue fought. They teach that this Republic is one nation and not a confederacy of states—a union of states that cannot be severed. That the decrees written in the blood of that great war shall be unquestioned and forever supreme.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

This monument stands at the junction of the road leading to the Burnside Bridge and Branch Avenue, the nearest to the town of Sharpsburg of any on the field.

The old muzzle loading musket of '61 and its paper cartridge ammunition is accurately preserved in the 45th Infantry Memorial, and when the present and future generations of visitors to the field ask, "What is that man doing with his hand up to his mouth," the answer must be "Biting off the end of his paper cartridge before he places the charge in the muzzle of his gun." The introduction of the modern breech-loader and metal cartridge renders obsolete the pose and action sought in this statue to preserve.

The artist, Mr. E. L. A. Pausch, who has been so successful in work of this character, has fully sustained his reputation in his treatment of this subject.

The statue of Westerly, R. I. granite is 7' 4" tall, and rests on a Barre, Vt. granite pedestal 6 feet square at base, and 9 feet high, giving a total height of 16' 4" over all. The pedestal is composed of 3 solid granite blocks, a lower base, a plinth and die or tablet stone. The front panel of the tablet stone or shaft has a fine bronze panel with the following inscription:

45TH PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
2ND BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
9TH CORPS
THE REGIMENT ADVANCED 264 YARDS
NORTHWEST OF THIS POINT
RETURNING TO THIS POSITION LATER IN THE DAY

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM

KILLED	1
WOUNDED	36
MISSING	1
TOTAL	38

RECRUITED IN CENTRE LANCASTER MIFFLIN

TIOGA AND WAYNE COUNTIES.

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

SECESSIONVILLE (NEAR CHARLESTON)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN	SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE
ANTIETAM	WILDERNESS
FREDERICKSBURG	SPOTSYLVANIA
VICKSBURG	NORTH ANNA
JACKSON	COLD HARBOR
BLUE SPRINGS	PETERSBURG
CAMPBELL'S STATION	THE CRATER

WELDON RAIL ROAD

POPLAR SPRING CHURCH

HATCHERS' RUN

ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG

On the right hand side panel a life sized portrait medallion of the Regiments first Colonel, Brigadier General Thomas Welsh is shown.

On the front face of the plinth or second base stone, carved finely in the granite in relief is the Ninth Corps badge.

All exposed surfaces of this pedestal, excepting the washes and hammered margins, is rough quarry faced, giving a very dignified and pleasing contrast of surfaces of the granite, and setting off the finely executed statue surmounting it.







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BRIG.-GEN'L JAMES NAGLE
48TH PA. VET. VOLS.
BRANCH AVENUE

FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VETERAN
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

THE dedication services were held at twelve o'clock noon of the seventeenth of September, 1904, and were attended by some thirty-six survivors of the command, besides being honored by the presence of Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, the members of his Military Staff, and many ladies and gentlemen visitors. The following programme previously arranged was carried out in detail.

PENNSYLVANIA DAY.

ANTIETAM, MARYLAND.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1904.

48TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VETERAN VOUNTEER IN-
FANTRY.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT.

Saturday, September 17, 1904, at 11.30 a. m.
Oliver C. Bosbyshell, late Major, Presiding.

PRAYER

Rev. Samuel A. Holman, D. D., late Chaplain.

REMARKS BY CHAIRMAN AND UNVEILING OF THE MONU-
MENT,

By Cadet Frank Lincoln Nagle, U. S. M. A.
Grandson of Gen'l James Nagle.

ADDRESS

Col. William R. D. Blackwood, late Surgeon.
Singing of "America" by Audience.

BENEDICTION.

In accordance with this programme Oliver C. Bosbyshell, late Major of the Command, called the meeting to order in the following remarks:

Comrades: Acknowledging the great goodness of the Divine Power in permitting me to be in the enjoyment of health, with all my faculties alert, forty-two years after the mighty deeds enacted on this historic field, I am profoundly gratified in presiding over this meeting. This magnificent tribute to the valor of the Forty-eighth made possible through the generous contribution of the grand old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, touches the hearts of the few survivors of the beloved Regiment as no other action of our noble State could do. It emphasizes the fact that notwithstanding the years that have passed the deeds of its citizen soldiery are intensified in the minds and hearts of its people, and prompts this exhibition of gratitude. It tells the present generations of the loyalty here displayed, and teaches future generations that the Commonwealth does not forget the sacrifices made by its sons in defending its interests unto death—a lesson to strengthen patriotic love of State and country—an outward and visible sign of great and glorious principles vindicated by the deeds here performed by the men of Pennsylvania in the shedding of their blood and shattering of their health.

The man the Forty-eighth honors by placing his statue to mark the spot it maintained in the fight, honors the Forty-eighth in turn. The organizer and disciplinarian who brought his command to the highest point of efficiency amongst the Ninth Corps organizations, the foremost soldier of old Schuylkill county, Brigadier General James Nagle, well deserves this meed of praise bestowed upon him.

Let all assembled here renew, with the added fervor of the many blessed years added to our lives, allegiance to that flag the dead of Antietam upheld and maintained.

My duty is not to recite the wonderful tale of endurance through the terrible battle we do honor to to-day—that story has been left to abler hands; but I am to see that these proceedings are conducted in a proper manner.

Rev. Samuel A. Holman, D. D., formerly Chaplain of the regiment offered the following prayer:

O God, our Heavenly Father, Thou are the source of all our blessings, and the sovereign ruler over all thy creatures. As thou dost control the destiny of nations, we thank thee that thou hast placed us under a government which protects our life and property, which has established peace and liberty throughout the land, and which enables us to worship thee according to the dictates of our conscience. These blessings have been secured to us through the courage and patriotism which thou gave to those who imperilled or sacrificed their lives to secure the heritage we enjoy. We come to thee on this battlefield, the scene of bitter struggle, in which those who fought for the unity and integrity of these United States were triumphant; and on this forty-second anniversary of that eventful day, we are assembled here to commemorate the victory which was then achieved. As

we are taught to look to thee for guidance and assistance in the discharge of every duty, we invoke thy divine blessing as we engage in the service of dedicating this monument, erected by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the memory of the soldiers of the 48th Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers, who participated in the sanguinary battle of Antietam. May this monument, with the other memorials which are placed here by a grateful people, endure throughout the coming years of time, and teach those of future generations, who may tread this hallowed ground, that those who suffer or die for their country shall ever be held in grateful remembrance and that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain, we thank thee for the gallant commander who organized this regiment, who led it in the earlier battles of the war, who was commissioned as a General on this field the day it was won, and whose statue now surmounts the monument before us. We thank thee, that he was a brave soldier and a sincere Christian, and that he has left such a legacy of his character to his comrades, to his family and to his country. Graciously remember the widows and orphans of the soldiers of this regiment which we have come to honor. Comfort them by thy grace in their bereavement and minister to their temporal and spiritual wants. Remember in mercy the survivors of this regiment in their declining years. Wherever they are to-day, may they recognize thy providence in sparing their lives through the perils of war; and as they are now permitted to see the prosperity and peace of a united nation, may they acknowledge that they were instruments in thy hands in securing in some measure, the blessings we possess. Ere long they shall follow their departed comrades to the eternal world, grant that they and we, through repentance toward thee and through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, may be made partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Amen.

Major William R. D. Blackwood, Surgeon of the Regiment,
made the following address:

Forty-two years ago, yesterday and to-day, the hills and vales around this historic spot resounded with the whiz of the bullet and the shriek of the shell as two of the greatest armies which till that time had fought, faced each other on the field of battle. Upon the issue of that struggle depended much more than had in any previous encounter a question momentous not alone to the troops engaged, but to the Nation itself. Were the soldiers under General Robert E. Lee victorious (and we have learned, my gallant comrades, to recognize the bravery of our enemy, although that bravery was held in a bad cause), then the fate of two dominant cities—Philadelphia and New York must have been sealed unless through a miracle—they would have been wiped off the face of the earth in the then spirit of the foe. Washington would of course have fallen, and thus losing our Capital the outcome of such a calamity would have gone hard with us through the action of foreign nations. The Southern Confederacy would undoubtedly have been recognized. Many of us may not subscribe to this view—nay, some of my most captious critics may hold that such could not transpire with the Army of the Potomac at hand, but the opinion of able students of war hold to this opinion. Until the struggle at

Antietam had actually begun, and for many anxious hours during the fight the authorities at Washington were largely in the dark as to the aim of the enemy, just as afterward at the so-called "turning point" of the war—Gettysburg—they did not know precisely what the Confederates had in view, and these two battles—Antietam and Gettysburg were fought largely as an accident, although for a time both armies had been marching in parallel lines, and the engagements were brought on more to determine the then situation than to engage in a conflict on ground previously selected by either army. McClellan—"Little Mac," the idol of the army, had now assumed command, and with his great power of organization much was expected from him. In but little over two weeks after the disastrous combat at Groveton—the second Bull-Run, he had now to win or lose the great battle of Antietam—one of the bloodiest of the whole war, and one passed into history as one of the greatest of modern conflicts. Under his reorganization the men were in high spirits—particularly the regiments from Pennsylvania, who believing that the invasion of their state would be a disgrace if permitted to become an assured fact, girded themselves for the fray, and well that it was so, for the real brunt of the trial at arms was borne by the men of the Keystone State.

Time does not admit of generalization—I consider at once the part borne in the immortal struggle by our Pennsylvania men, and not the least of these was the famous regiment formed largely by those who, forsaking their labor far down beneath the surface of the earth crept up from the stygian darkness to the blinding glare of the exploding cannon, shell and mine, and who bore in the four year's fray their full share of all that mortal man could do for the preservation of the land they loved, and the honor of their glorious flag—the flag which knows no stain.

Antietam followed closely after the second Bull Run and South Mountain engagements which were specially hard upon our men, who were somewhat discouraged by the loss of two grand heroes—Kearney and Reno. The opening of the battle was substantially on the afternoon of the sixteenth, when Hooker crossed the creek on the extreme Confederate left flank. Meeting little opposition he established his position so as to be ready for the morning, when something was expected to be doing. Mansfield followed Hooker and established himself about a mile to the rear. Hooker opened early on the seventeenth by an attack upon Jackson, strongly posted in a dense woods. He drove the Confederates back promptly with a severe loss to them, but they took position in another block of timber and an outcrop of rocks scattered over the field gave them considerable protection. Being strong in artillery the enemy was able, soon after Hooker started in to drive him back, together with part of Mansfield's Corps—the General being killed, and Hooker wounded. The tide, however, changed about ten in the morning when Sedgwick reoccupied the ground lost by us during the early hours—in fact, he gained somewhat, and drove Jackson and Hood to the rear. By noon the fight had become quite warm on the centre, when Barlow with his gallant New York regiments had won the sunken road—an important position, and now we know, whether or not we did then that a prompt charge along the whole line would have settled the victory then and there, but it was not done. During the early

part of the day the Ninth Corps had been holding the left of our line, and the action though not continuous was hot at times. McClellan saw that only prompt and decisive work on our part against the Confederate right would avail, hence he ordered Burnside to attack with all his force. It will be remembered that we were on what might be called the eastern bank of the creek which resembles the loosened string of a bow—the Potomac being the bow with its apex at Shepherdstown. The original plan of the commanding General had been to make the attack on both flanks of the enemy at once, and when any apparent unsteadiness was ascertained in their ranks to throw our whole force against the Rebel centre, but unforeseen delays prevented the success of this plan. Adverse comment has been made against the energy of Burnside in his operations against the Confederate left flank, but it is now known that the noble commander of the glorious Ninth Corps was not to blame for any delay, if such there was, because Franklin should have been within supporting distance long prior to the attack upon the historic bridge, but he did not show up till fully four hours after he was looked for, and when the Ninth Corps received orders to go in for the capture of the other side of the field across the creek, it did its work, and did it well. To cross the Antietam one has to traverse a quite crooked road before reaching the bridge, which is about 150 to 175 feet long. It is of rubble stone, having a set of three arches—the general aspect of the structure being in itself an arch supported by the two piers and the long abutments. Room for troops crossing the structure is lacking, because it is not over fifteen feet wide in any part, but the road which runs parallel to the creek on the eastern side is much wider than that. Hence the troops had to decrease their front after getting actually on the bridge, and the attacking force became a column instead of a deployed front in line. The obvious advantage to the enemy is at once apparent. In addition to this the formation of the ground on the western slope was greatly in favor of the Rebels, the land rising sharply to a height of some hundred or more feet. The ascent is over a stony cliff—probably the place was formerly used as a quarry—evidences looking that way. The rocky formation afforded complete shelter to the enemy, and they were in strong force with artillery posted upon the crest—the defenders having some four to six good regiments commanded by Toombs. They claim to have had but two small commands to oppose us, but the fallacy of this attitude is shown by the loss they sustained even giving them the advantages of the works thrown up by nature, for if their story is true, then they lost every man, as the ground after we took it was littered with dead, and more than that number of Johnnies was found by us after we captured the position. The Rebels were brave—but not so brave as all that infers.

The Forty-eighth Pennsylvania before the historic charge, was posted in a corn field, not far above the stream, this field being fenced in with the usual snake arrangement, and a couple of small corn sheds afforded some shelter whilst quiescent, but the descent to the waterside was open and free from cover of any sort. The Sixth New Hampshire and the Second Maryland began the attack upon the bridge, supported by the Forty-eighth, the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and the Fifty-first New York. These regiments drew the attention of the Confederates away from the charging

lines to some extent, but not enough to prevent a galling fire upon the line of attack, and the gallant men were driven back by terrific storms of lead and iron. As soon as the confused troops were gotten out of the way a second attack was made—this time by the Fifty-first New York and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania under General Hartranft—that splendid soldier whom we all loved so well. Instead of charging along the tortuous road he sent the line directly down from behind the position of the Forty-eighth which afforded the attacking men cover for a short while. This time the attack was a success, and the Forty-eighth was close behind the column as it shot over the bridge, and it did its full share in driving the enemy from their pits and works, on the face of the hill and from their tenable position at the crest of the eminence. Had the Rebels stubbornly maintained their advantage it would have taken an army corps instead of part of a brigade to have dislodged them, to say nothing of driving them so far beyond the lines west of the declivity. Having gained the top of the hill the Federal troops were scattered out as skirmishers to a large extent, and for a while the conflict did not partake of more than a duel between the lines—the artillery being quite active, and doing considerable harm to us. Soon after a short rest a New York regiment went in at a charge in our front and established a new line quite forward of the crest, and in a short time the Forty-eighth was slated for another effort. Relieving the Ninth New Hampshire it crawled up the rising ground slowly, aided by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, but the ammunition of this regiment giving out we were placed in front of it, and not long afterward our supply gave out too, and a retrograde movement took us back to the other side of the creek, but as soon as the cartridge boxes were replenished the boys went back to the extreme front and stayed there all night. The Forty-eighth and Fifty-first were supported by Hartranft's regiments, and we looked anxiously for the promised reinforcements which McClellan said would relieve us, but they did not eventuate. On the eighteenth the Forty-eighth was in about the same position as on the day previous, but the firing was mostly that of skirmishing. The battle of Antietam was practically over, and we now had time to look up our losses. The brave boys found many vacant places in the ranks—we had a full share of casualties to prove where we had been, and what we did. The Federal loss was 11,426 killed and wounded—the Confederates somewhat lower—about 10,000. The Ninth Corps fared the worst because of its exposed positions throughout the fray, and from the nature of the ground charged over at the critical points during the engagement. On the nineteenth, the Forty-eighth moved once again over the site of the previous two day's fighting, and marched closely up to the village. At this time the merited and (for ourselves), the coveted promotion of Colonel Nagle eventuated—he won his star as a Brigadier General. Never did a soldier win the distinction through a harder road—for his whole time of service this more than brave gentleman and splendid soldier devoted his every energy to the cause for which he left his home and family, and supported by his gallant men, he won imperishable fame—may his Almighty Father perpetuate his glorious deeds as long as the records of war shall survive to cause others to emulate his magnificent example. To-day we celebrate the attainment of his glory—a glory to him and to us



OTTO FARM, ANTIETAM

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who can never forget his leadership—may the bronze and granite which we now dedicate to his memory remain till time shall be no more on this historical field where so many of our Pennsylvania heroes gave their all to the defence of the land they loved, and the Flag they adored.

Very much might be told about the gallant conduct of the noble men of our "Schuylkill County Miners," in this great conflict—much more than the time allotted to me will permit. But, with so many brave boys around us as we talk, it would be invidious to praise one regiment when others who feel that they were equally good are just waiting for the opportunity to jump on us and to show, beyond the ability of either myself—your dreadfully inefficient representative this time—for you know, my friends, that I never was much of a talker—or those who more ably can present our indutiable claims to doing what saved the day had we not done it, and now that we all are in such a happy frame of mind it would be cruel to take from the other Pennsylvania boys the slightest meed of praise simply to boost our own—no! my comrades—there was glory enough on this day—forty-two years ago—to go round, and to make us all feel that we were the only pebble on the beach, even if we don't say so out loud. The Forty-eighth has the cinch elsewhere—how about that hole in the ground before Petersburg? Didn't the great engineer at the head of the corps of so-called sappers and miners say that we couldn't go fifty feet into that hill-side, and when I laughed in his face, didn't he want to know what caused my risibility? You bet he did, but he didn't learn it just then for having within a few minutes prior to his lucubration come out after measuring the drift I found that we were in precisely two hundred and sixty-four feet, to say nothing about the odd five-eighths of an inch. None of the Keystone troops can share in that arrangement which "raised" more Johnnies for the time being than all their recruiting officers did in a year. And, whilst we are at it, don't you think that some of those soaring Confeds got nearer Heaven on July 30th, 1864, than they ever did since? I do—but as our worthy Chaplain is more of an expert on that question than myself, I will leave the explanation to him—whatever he says about matters of faith and morals goes.

Whilst carrying a message as a volunteer Aide-de-camp from one part of the field to another I met a General officer (whom I think was Ferrero—that paragon of neatness), and in company with him for a few yards we passed a soldier who was ardently hugging a fallen log from one of the revetments of a rifle-pit. Ferrero in a tone of thunder exclaimed—"What are you doing there? Go to your post at once—you so-and-so!" Did he go?—not much. He replied—putting the fingers and thumb of his right hand to his nasal appendage, and wiggling them vigorously—"I don't guess not! yer want ter get here yerself!" As it was hot just then both in the way of temperature and projectiles too, I leave the propriety of the answer to yourselves for elucidation. The General passed, and the Yankee held the pot. Many ludicrous things of this sort could be referred to but I don't care to tire you by extended remarks. As we lay upon the ensanguined sod the melody of that beautiful war song thrilled our souls.

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

"We are tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts—a song of Home,
 And friends we love so dear!

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
 Waiting for the War to cease;
 Many are the hearts looking for the right—
 To see the dawn of Peace!

Tenting to-night—Tenting to-night—
 Tenting on the old camp ground!

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
 Many are lying near;
 Some are dead, and some are dying—
 Many are in tears!

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
 Wishing for the War to cease;
 Many are the hearts looking for the right—
 To see the dawn of Peace!

Dying to-night—Dying to-night—
 Dying on the old camp ground!"

Through the dim vista of years gone by I remember the night when, wearied by the strenuous work of the week just past I lay down to rest, if rest we might, amid the sniping bullet and the murmur of the mighty host, simulating the ever active voice of the restless sea—and when the darkness came I lay thinking of the days now gone, and the maybe anxious to-morrow, adding, it might be, to the ensanguined horrors of the hours just past. The watchful picket trod his weary round, and soon, as though in answer to man's fratricidal fray the artillery on high in fury rent the clouds with bursts of lurid flame; and crashing thunder reverberating with deafening echo through the glen from peak to peak, and rock to rock, shook all the hills afar. Then cutting sheets of pitiless rain hid the wild scene from view, yet, through it all, the wearied army slept. But now, its wild rage spent, the flying storm passed on, and through the lowering darkness pierced the pale rays of the harvest moon, as slowly it rose above the hilly crests, driving before it as it crept adown the crags the shadows, till with flood of silver light it illumined, brighter and brighter, the now brilliant scene in radiant glory, for on each bush and tree pellucid raindrops as they hung were, as by enchantment, turned to myriad glittering jewels, reflecting in their crystal depths the royal zone of twinkling stars above that span the firmament with lambent flame, to light the way from earth to heaven, "Forever singing as they shine—the hand that made us is Divine."

The birds that frightened cowered to the earth as the mighty wind rushed through their leafy coverts now sought again their nest; the startled game which driven from their wildwood fastness by tearing shot and crashing shell amid the battle crept stealthily to their hidden lair to lick the wounds, perhaps received from cruel man in maddening strife; the cricket chirped; the muffled note of horned owl was heard from densest thicket came the plaintive note of gentle dove—a grateful calm o'erspread the land—and still the weary army slept. As thought, now drowsy, flitted through my mind, of weary watchers waiting the dawn of peace—of homes once happy, yet now forever wrecked—of void in loving heart from which the light had fled I was glad for this, at least, that some of those so dear to us afar would, in mercy mayhap, see not the blight and horror of dread war, and as slumber came at last to tired brain I dreamed—

"Then let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled, play;
For some must watch whilst others sleep,
So runs the world away!"

And now when time approaching the span of a lifetime has elapsed since we met in anger upon this fateful ground, let us, Federal and Confederate, thank the Almighty Father who controls the affairs of men that Peace abounds throughout the land from centre to circumference, and that in our united brotherhood we know no North—no South—No East—no West—we are one in all that makes our Nation great.

The close of day is coming on, a gentle stillness falls
Upon the landscape as we gaze—the whippoorwill now calls,
In plaintive note unto his mate—a tender, loving lay,
The silken clouds trend toward the west—the Blue fades into Gray.

Again, the dawn of morning comes, the rising sun appears,
The scene is gilded brilliantly, each bush is hung with tears
Of diamond dew which on them fell before the daybreak new,
The stars dissolve amid the light—the Gray fades into Blue.

Sunset and dawn recur each day and days fall into years,
And life and death are ever here—it may be joy, or tears,
Then let us live as live we should—fraternal, loyal, true;
Past enemies are now our peers—the Gray fades into Blue!

Four decades long have passed away since War engulfed our Land,
Prosperity rules everywhere—our Honor—it is grand;
Then, Comrades of the North and South—clasp hands—forget the fray—
We're brothers now in War or Peace—the Blue blends with the Gray!

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Branch Avenue.

The Forty-eighth statue is of bronze, cast at the foundry of Messrs. Bureau Brothers, Philadelphia, and is an excellent portrait of Brigadier General James Nagle, U. S. V., who was the organizer and first Colonel of this regiment, and commanded the First Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, at this battle.

Mr. Albert T. Bureau, the artist, has faithfully copied the details of features, and uniform of Gen. Nagle being frequently in touch with his sons—particularly Mr. James W. Nagle, who in the uniform his father wore when serving in the Civil War, posed for the model of this statue.

The pedestal for this memorial is composed of three stones, and is 7 feet square at the base, and 10 feet high, and together with the 7' 4" tall bronze statue of General Nagle is 17' 4" high over all.

On the front face of the die stone is a large bronze regiment inscription tablet bearing the following:

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

4TH PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
1ST BRIGADE 2ND DIVISION 9TH CORPS
LOCATION 335 YARDS SOUTH 70 DEGREES EAST

CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM

KILLED	8
WOUNDED	51
MISSING	1

TOTAL 60

ORGANIZED AUGUST SEPTEMBER 1861
MUSTERED OUT JULY 17TH 1865
RECRUITED IN SCHUYLKILL COUNTY

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

NEWBERN	SPOTSYLVANIA
SECOND BULL RUN	NORTH ANNA
CHANTILLY	TOTOPOTOMOY
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	BETHESDA CHURCH
ANTIETAM	COLD HARBOR
FREDERICKSBURG	PETERSBURG
BLUE SPRINGS	WELDON RAIL ROAD
CAMPBELL'S STATION	POPLAR SPRING CHURCH
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE	BOYDTON PLANK ROAD
WILDERNESS	ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG

DUG PETERSBURG MINE

COMMENCED JUNE 25 EXPLODED JULY 30 1864

On the rear panel of the die stone a small bronze tablet recites the following services of General Nagle, to wit:

JAMES NAGLE
ORGANIZER AND FIRST
COLONEL OF THIS REGIMENT

RECEIVED COMMISSION AS
BRIGADIER GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS
ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF ANTIETAM
SEPTEMBER 17 1862

CAPTAIN
COMPANY B 1ST PENNA REGIMENT
WAR WITH MEXICO
COLONEL
6TH 48TH 39TH 149TH REGIMENTS
PENNA VOLUNTEERS
WAR OF THE REBELLION
BORN APRIL 5TH 1822
DIED AUGUST 22D 1866

All exposed surfaces of the pedestal of this monument is fine hammered work. On the second base or plinth stone can be seen the Ninth Army Corps badge in bold relief.





BRIG.-GEN'L BENJAMIN C. CHIRST
50TH PA. VET. VOLS.
RODMAN AVENUE

FIFTIETH PENNSYLVANIA VETERAN VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.

IN the presence of a large number of the survivors of the regiment, the congregation and Sunday school of the Memorial Church at Sharpsburg and friends, the meeting was called to order by General Samuel K. Schwenk, Chairman of Monument Committee.

Prayer, by Rev. A. A. ^{the na.} ~~the na.~~ ^{nia, from} ~~nia, from~~ Pastor Memorial Church, Sharpsburg, Md.:

In the name of the Father and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"From the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts," and may the meditations of our hearts and the expressions of our lips be acceptable unto Thee, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. We acknowledge, Almighty Father, thy wonderful goodness to us as a Nation, as families, as churches and as individuals, but we confess before Thee that we have been justly chargeable with numerous transgressions and omissions of duty, but we come unto Thee, O God, through Jesus Christ, and we acknowledge with earnest repentance and with sincere sorrow all our short-comings, and we are assured in thy blessed word that Thou wilt be merciful unto every penitent one.

We thank Thee, Almighty Father, through Thy Son, Jesus our Lord, for our native land, for America, the land of the free and the home of the brave; we thank Thee for her grandeur, for the productiveness of her soil, for climate adapted to the condition of every one, and we bless Thee, O Father, for our civil and religious institutions, and that whilst the earth remains, seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease. We thank Thee for Jesus Christ, for his mission here upon the earth, that Thou hast established here Thy Holy Church, from which the light of the glorious Gospel shines even into many heathen lands. We thank Thee, Almighty Father, for the blessed Sabbath; we bless Thee for the domestic circle, and we thank Thee for the piety and patriotism of the people of America, that the President of our country is so closely identified with the best interests of the Church of our Redeemer. We thank Thee, our Father, for our independence and for those who laid the foundations of this glorious government, and who secured our religious and civil freedom by cementing the foundations with their sacrifices and with their blood. We bless Thee, Heavenly Father, for these veterans who are here to-day and for their dead comrades who slumber in the dust, who have gone to their rest, unto whom we are indebted for the blessed privileges we enjoy in this land, unto whom we are indebted to-day for this, our

prosperous and united country; God bless them to-day, and may they have grateful hearts that through all the battles of the Civil War Thy hand directed and Thy Holy Spirit guided in keeping them under the shadow of Thy wing, that Thou didst spare them and preserve them unto this day, many of whom are bright and shining examples unto others, many of whom to-day are Christian men, heads of Christian families and earnestly at work in the church of our blessed Redeemer, who are to-day amongst our most prominent citizens, our most upright business men.

Whilst we thank Thee, O Father, for thy wonderful works and for the manifold blessing this land of ours enjoys, we ask Thee to help us realize that behind all our achievements, behind all our progress civilly, religiously and politically is the Lord God Himself. We ask Thee, dear Father, as we stand here in Thy presence to-day and are drawing near to the end of the journey of life, those of us who are now in the twilight and just stepping into the night, help us that we may be a bright example unto the young around us, and grant that the people of this, our land, secure in its privileges by many baptisms, O God, may remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

And now, Father, we ask Thee to bless these veterans, bless their families and the families of all those who not only fought and bled, but died in the cause of liberty, do Thou provide for them, and wilt Thou be near to them in peace, affection and love.

And now Father, may this monument which we are unveiling here to-day stand until the end of time in its present position as a living epistle unto those of us living now and unto unborn generations yet to come, a living epistle of what it cost to secure the glorious privileges which we enjoy, and may this monument ever admonish, even until the end of time, all who may see it of our duty to preserve and defend the liberties that have been secured for us through sacrifice of men and money. And may we be reminded by this monument to do all we can to secure unto those who follow us these same privileges; and may it remind us all of our duty to our God and to his Son Jesus Christ, our duty to our neighbor and our duty to our country.

God bless our homes, go with us through the journey of life, and at the end, when Thou are ready to call us from this world, may we have so lived that we may hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." We ask it all in Jesus name. Amen.

Music by the Choir,—*"The Blue and the Gray."*

ADDRESS OF GENERAL SAMUEL K. SCHWENK.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: Forty-two years ago to-day the two most magnificent armies that have ever been organized and commanded by

able generals, here fought one of the greatest and fiercest battles that the world has ever known. The important fact that both of these armies had been raised in this country largely increased the respect and admiration of all foreign nations for the United States of America.

Although our regiment was but a small factor in one of those great armies, the effective valor and power of an aggregation of such regiments, the noble character of the men who composed them, and the sterling qualities of our fellow countrymen who so stubbornly contested every foot of ground, made it possible for us to assemble here to-day to dedicate a memorial to the heroic deeds of the Fiftieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry of the Union Army, and at the same time gladly meet and welcome the gallant survivors of the Confederate Army as our friends and companions.

The united strength and efforts of any people that can produce two such armies will always be a safeguard of domestic peace and order and friendly relations with all the nations of the earth.

The State of Pennsylvania, from the day of her "great War Governor," that grand patriot and able statesman, Andrew G. Curtin, the "Soldiers' Friend," to the present wise administration of his worthy successor, his noble excellency, Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker, has always generously cared for her soldiers and their widows and orphans, and is now building monuments on different battlefields as visible milestones of patriotic loyalty and devotion, in cherished memory of the heroes who died for their country and as an inspiring guide to generations of the future.

The General Assembly, by an act approved April 14, 1903, appropriated money to erect monuments on the battlefield of Antietam to commemorate the services of the 45th, 48th, 50th, 51st, 100th, 124th, 125th, 128th, 130th, 132nd and 137th Regiments Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, 12th Regiment Pennsylvania Cavalry and Durell's Battery of Artillery.

Governor Pennypacker appointed the Antietam Battlefield Commission of Pennsylvania, consisting of Colonel Joseph W. Hawley, President; Colonel Oliver C. Bosbyshell, Secretary, and General William J. Bolton.

I am happy to testify to their arduous labors, conscientious fidelity, uniform courtesy and excellent ability.

At a reunion of the Fiftieth Regiment at Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1903, the Survivors Association elected the Antietam Battlefield Committee, composed of General Samuel K. Schwenk, Chairman; Captain Henry T. Kendall and Sergeant J. Dorsey Johnson.

Upon the invitation of the Antietam Battlefield Commission, the Committee and Secretary, John Milton Mishler, visited this battlefield September 17, 1903, and selected what they considered the most available site for our monument near the place where the regiment made such a gallant charge September 17, 1862.

After extensive correspondence, repeated consultations with eminent experts and the examination of many designs, the contract was awarded to the Van Amringe Granite Company of Boston, and the statue of General Christ is the work of W. Clark Noble, sculptor, and the Henry Bonnard Bronze Company, founders.

The Committee is most grateful to all of them for unvarying kindness,

patience and courtesy, and particularly to Colonel Bosbyshell, Secretary Mishler, Mr. W. B. Van Amringe and Comrade Henry J. Christ for valuable counsel and assistance.

The figure of General Christ was chosen to surmount the monument because he was our first Colonel, and as Brigade Commander, bravely led us and was wounded at the Battle of Antietam, and because he was an ideal soldier and typical American, loved and esteemed by all who knew him.

The soldiers of the Army of the Potomac by their deeds of valor and trials of endurance, nobly earned the highest tribute of love and gratitude that any nation can bestow. Their heroic services will always stand prominent on the brightest pages of history and they will forever have monuments of glory in the living affections of every true American.

Although hotly participating in many of the most bloody battles of the Civil War, often desperately engaged in hand to hand combats, frequently decimated by shot and shell, and on several occasions cut in two, surrounded by overwhelming numbers and demanded to surrender by an enemy whose fighting qualities were those of our own brothers, the gallant "Old Fiftieth Regiment" was never whipped in battle and never surrendered.

Unveiling of monument, by Mrs. Benjamin Franklin George, daughter of the Regiment.

"Star Spangled Banner," by Drum Corps.

General Schwenk: We are fortunate in having with us today a distinguished soldier and statesman whose name is dear to the veterans of the "Old Fiftieth Regiment." He is the only brother of our gallant old Major George W. Brumm, who was one of the bravest soldiers that ever wore a uniform. We appreciate all the more profoundly his presence here today, because it has only been two weeks since God has deprived him of his life's partner, his noble wife, and we all offer him our profound sympathies and extend to him a most cordial welcome—the Honorable Charles N. Brumm will now address us.

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES N. BRUMM.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen and Comrades of the Grand Army: From time immemorial man has erected various structures in honor of certain individuals or to commemorate events of more or less importance. Many of the most wonderful and substantial of them have entirely disappeared, although the purpose of their erection and the memory of those intended to be honored still live. Some, like the sphinx and pyramids of

Egypt have long survived any knowledge of the purpose of their erection or the person, nation or race that built them. While others have been destroyed or gone to decay and with them all memory of those who built them, as well as the object of their erection has been forgotten. If that is true, the perpetuity of the objects, the commemoration of the persons and the deeds sought to be honored depend more upon the rise and fall of nations and civilizations than upon the material or grandeur of the structure. Hence the monuments we are here unveiling will not pass away with the decay of the matter of their composition, but will be maintained to commemorate the deeds and perpetuate the honor of those to whom they are dedicated so long as the principles for which they suffered shall be revered and the Republic which they saved will live.

Therefore, on this hallowed ground, amid these sacred memories, let us first inquire whether our beloved Republic is entirely safe or whether we are threatened by the elements that have destroyed all Republics that have ever existed. History has truly been said to be philosophy taught by example. Then let us not be afraid of the truth, but see whether we are profiting by the logic of history's example. The history of the past is but a matter of time, the future, a matter of eternity.

The Hebrew Republic thousands of years ago enjoyed the blessings of freedom for five hundred years and under the inspiration of the great Jehovah rose to power and greatness, until they became so intoxicated by their prosperity that they demanded the pomp and splendor of royalty, and finally were dragged from the glittering reign of Solomon the Wise down to their captivity and final dispersion to the four quarters of the globe.

The Republic of Greece lived for centuries amid the culture and perfection of arts, sciences and philosophy until in their luxurious progress they called Phillip of Macedon to allay their internal dissensions, and after Alexander had wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, they became so corrupt, effeminate and dissolute that they fell an easy prey to the Roman Eagles.

The Republic of Rome had conquered the world and had risen to the highest pinnacle of intellectual development and heroic power. Yet Rome fell from the dazzling glory of the Augustan age down to the dismal depths of the dark and middle ages.

From the advent of the Son of God man struggled for political and religious liberty through centuries until our fathers gave us this great Republic of ours. Therefore it is well that we take warning on such occasions as this, that are supposed to make indelible impressions upon our minds, to think of and reflect upon the dangers that are always threatening Republican institutions.

Our fathers subdued the wilderness and the savages. Twice they conquered the proud Albion armies whose tread had made the world tremble. Twice they humbled the British navy, the mistress of the seas that they might enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Yet after their wonderful achievements in peace and prosperity, they became so absorbed in commercialism and so indifferent as citizens that they failed to abolish slavery in their own midst. They could not harmonize their discordant elements, nor subdue their sectional jealousies and were unable to estab-

lish a united national Republic. They were on the verge of destruction on the Louisiana Purchase, French Spoliation, Tariff and other questions creating various lines of cleavage along all angles of the compass, and finally, after all statesmanship, diplomacy, compromise and concessions had failed, the advocates of slavery and State sovereignty appealed to the arbitrament of the sword and tried to destroy the government our fathers had patched up. After the most terrible internecine war of the world, our rebellious brothers were subdued, slavery was abolished, the question of State sovereignty was settled, and by the intermingling of the blood of the soldiers of all the states, our Republic was cemented into a solid, indivisible national government which has become the leader of nations, largely directing international diplomacy, shaping the policy of the world and, by its example, blazing the way to a higher civilization.

Though we are now unequaled in financial and productive resources, and invincible in war, yet we must not forget, that, while our flag is an emblem of power and a symbol of glory, the brightness of its stars, the purity of its azure field, the beauty of its stripes and all its great attributes can only be maintained so long as it represents truth, liberty, equality and justice, and that if, like citizens of other Republics, and like our fathers, we become lured into indifference as to our rights, carelessness as to our duties, selfishness and dishonesty as citizens, and into corruption as officials, our Republic will fall and the line of cleavage will not be limited to geographical divisions, for fraud, bribery and corruption of the citizens or public officials will permeate and taint the whole system. Therefore, the purity of the ballot box, the sanctity of the elective franchise and the honesty and loyalty of the public official must be maintained as the most sacred trust ever bequeathed to mortal man. Hence, he who betrays these trusts should be declared guilty of high treason and spurned as a leper and crushed as a viper. Then will the memory of deeds here performed live to the end of time, and as our posterity in ages to come will scan the great events that have influenced the progress and regress of civilization, none will be recognized as more productive of grand results, nor accorded greater honor than the occurrences of the great American Rebellion, and in its history the battle of Antietam will ever be ranked as among the most important. Therefore we are here on this, its forty-second anniversary, to pay the last tribute that the survivors of the thirteen Pennsylvania organizations will in their collective capacity ever be able to contribute in honor of the heroic deeds and wonderful results produced on this eventful field.

I know I voice the sentiment of every comrade of our Grand Army when I express their heartfelt thanks and high appreciation of the kind remembrance of them by the State of Pennsylvania in presenting, and the nation in accepting the care of these memorials.

As you have favored me with the privilege of representing the survivors of the gallant Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment in the unveiling of this monument, let me assure you that I appreciate the honor, and thank you with all my heart, and I only regret that my best efforts will fall far short of expressing my feelings. I was so closely associated with your regiment by ties of friendship and blood that I feel almost like one of you as fond recollections crowd upon me. I remember when Lincoln the Great issued

his first call for 75,000 troops for three months, Benjamin C. Christ—God bless his memory—an honored citizen of Minersville, Pennsylvania, was among the first to respond to that call and assisted in organizing the Fifth Pennsylvania three months regiment, in which among others were four companies from Schuylkill and two from Berks counties. Mr. Christ was made Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment. After the regiment was mustered out, Colonel Christ was commissioned by the Governor to recruit a regiment for three years, the nucleus of which was composed of many officers and men of the old Fifth. When the new regiment was about to be mustered in, and the flag indicating its number was presented to it, our great War Governor, Andrew G. Cutrin, said "As your record in the Fifth regiment was so honorable and speaks for itself, I would take naught from it, will add naught to it, and will name this the Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and while it leaves as the last of the first half hundred, I know it is in good hands and will be among the first to do honor to the State and the Union."

As to how well it earned and justified that confidence, is best answered by its glorious record, part of which I shall recite.

On the second of October, 1861, the regiment left for Washington, D. C., composed of three companies from Berks, two from Schuylkill, two from Bradford, and one each from Lancaster, Susquehanna and Luzerne counties. In a few weeks you were ordered to South Carolina, and embarked on the Steamer Winfield Scott, which, in rounding Hatteras Reefs, sprang a leak, began to sink and was given up for lost by its officers and crew, who were about to abandon the ship. But the boys of the Fiftieth were made of stuff that would die, but never give up or abandon anything while they could hold onto it, or fight for it, so they manned the pumps, bailed the ship with pork barrels and other vessels, and by their fortitude and grit, these land lubbers saved the ship, put to blush the old tars, scored their first victory, and exemplified that tenacity which won for them the proud distinction of never having been whipped nor driven from a single position as a regiment.

Upon your arrival at Port Royal the beginning of November, you assisted in the capture of the Sea Islands of South Carolina and Georgia, and replanted Old Glory in the State where it had first been hauled down at Sumpter. You then helped to take a large portion of the main land, and established a permanent base of operation from which the enemy were sorely harassed during the whole Rebellion.

On July 10th, 1862, you left Beauford, S. C., and arrived at Newport News, Va., on the 12th, and were assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps, your gallant Colonel being appointed Brigade Commander.

I now refer to a history of the regiment written by your Adjutant, Lewis Crater.

At Gainesville, Virginia, August 28th, entering the engagement with the drum corps playing the tune, "The Red, White and Blue," the men took up the words and sang it with an ardor that seemed to steel every heart and strengthen every nerve for the conflict.

Outnumbered and outflanked, Reno and Heintzleman were falling back

before the fierce onsets of Jackson's advance, hence at a late hour on the evening of the 30th, the regiment marched from the field with as much composure as from a drill ground.

September 1, at the battle Chantilly, the Fiftieth Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Brenholtz, being part of Stevens' Brigade, was one of the first regiments engaged. During the engagement rain descended in a deluge, the thunder was deafening, the lightning was blinding, yet these were surpassed by the more destructive fury and vengeance of the human combatants.

On September 14th, 1862, at the battle of South Mountain, Md., amid the shrieking of the bursting shells, there came rushing down the mountain side a confused mass of men, with blanched faces, terror depicted upon their countenances, nothing could stop them. Old soldiers only know how trying it is to be marched into a place which others have tried to hold, and could not, especially when the party driven out are known to be brave and true; and by deeds of heroism and valor, in former engagements had acquired a reputation to be envied.

The Fiftieth Regiment never refused to go where it was ordered; though beholding the Eighth Michigan in utter rout, and though it seemed like marching into the very jaws of death, it took the position pointed out by General Wilcox and held it, notwithstanding it was subjected to that dreaded artillery cross-fire, and whilst undergoing that trying ordeal, it seemed as though men were bound one to another, arm to arm and shoulder to shoulder.

Looking to the left, little coils of smoke arising indicated that the Rebel army was starting on its mission of destruction, as one man the regiment fell prostrate on the ground only to rise up again with the same mechanical precision when the missiles had passed, and so time and again the action was repeated. It was the cool self-possession of the regiment and its uniformity of action that saved it from annihilation. The conduct of the Fiftieth on this occasion may have been equaled by other regiments, but surpassed by none.

General Cox said to Colonel Overton that day, "You had the most important position in the army," and afterwards highly complimented the regiment for its service. He was present when a staff officer came to Wilcox, saying, "Cox was hard pressed and wanted two regiments immediately." Wilcox turned to him and said "Take the Fiftieth over, it is better than two ordinary regiments." By this order the gallant old Fiftieth went to protect the left of the army just in time to receive and repulse a determined charge to turn that flank. The enemy suffered a heavy loss, several hundred of his dead and wounded remaining on the field behind them. The regiment was at intervals engaged until nine o'clock in the evening, and was in line under arms all night. September 15th and 16th, the advance and fighting continued.

Wednesday, September 17, 1862, a day that will forever be famous in history, the regiment moved at seven o'clock A. M., toward Antietam creek. At one o'clock, the Brigade under a heavy fire crossed Antietam creek (Burnside's Bridge), marched to the right and formed in brigade front under the crest of the hill. General B. C. Christ was in command,

and with more bravery than prudence, holding a flag in his hand to draw the enemy's fire, willing to risk his own life to shield his men, and facing the command, called out in a stentorian voice, "Attention Brigade; Forward." The whole line was expected to move simultaneously forward, but the troops on the left, not keeping up with the pace of the right, a gap occurred, and to avoid being outflanked, the Fiftieth had to lie down and wait for them to come up, and for half an hour was exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's batteries. Here the gallant Captain James B. Ingham, of Company "K" and eight others were killed, and Colonel Christ, Major Overton, Sergeant Samuel Schwalm, William Hesser and forty-four others were wounded, and three were captured.

The enemy was driven from his position, and the regiment halted behind a fence on top of the hill. At twilight the Brigade withdrew below the crest of the hill near Antietam creek, and remained under arms during the night.

Thursday, September 18th, the Brigade moved to the crest of the hill. Company "A" of the Fiftieth, under Lieutenant Schwenk, was sent out as skirmishers, and was pitted against the celebrated Palmetto Sharpshooters of South Carolina. Every man in the Company fired over 100 shots. They drove back the enemy's line of skirmishers, and frequently saw them carrying away men on stretchers, without losing any of their own men. Lieutenant Schwenk was promoted to Captain for "gallant and distinguished services in the battle near Sharpsburg."

The regiment was encamped at Antietam Iron Works for a short time, then passing into Pleasant Valley, was transferred from the First to the Second Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps, and detailed on picket duty at Point of Rocks. October 29, 1862, the troops forded the Potomac river with three feet of water. Marching thence via Waterford, Va., Gaskins Mills, Ricketstown, Salem, White Sulphur Springs and Rappahannock Station, the Fiftieth regiment was placed on duty as rear guard of the Army of the Potomac, and continued in that service until the army arrived at Falmouth, Va., November 19, 1862.

General Burnside having been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, concentrated his forces in front of Fredericksburg, where the regiment took part in that great battle December 11, 12 and 13, 1862, deployed as a picket and skirmish line to guard the ground and serve as the connecting link between the Grand Divisions of General Sumner and Franklin. February 13, 1863, the regiment was sent via Aquia creek to Newport News, Virginia, where a month was advantageously spent in drilling, and the Fiftieth attracted much attention for its precision and uniformity in executing the commands.

March 22, 1863, the regiment was sent with the Ninth Army Corps by boat to Baltimore, Md., and thence by rail to Parkersburg, West Virginia, going from there by steamer down the Ohio river, and arriving at Covington, Ky., March 27th for duty in the Department of Ohio, serving at Camp Dick Robinson, Stanford and Somerset, Kentucky.

June 4, 1863, left Somerset, marching to Nicholasville and then proceeded by rail via Cincinnati, Ohio, to Cairo, Illinois, and by boat on the Mississippi river and Yazoo river to Haines' Bluff, Mississippi, and encamped near

Milldale to take part in the Vicksburg campaign, the Ninth Army Corps being especially assigned to prevent General Joseph E. Johnston's army from attacking the rear of General Grant's army and raising the siege of Vicksburg.

When the surrender of Vicksburg had been agreed upon, July 4, 1863, General Sherman with the Ninth Army Corps and other troops moved toward the Big Black River to meet General Johnston's army, and came in contact with them near Jackson, July 10th.

The Fiftieth Pennsylvania and Forty-sixth New York were posted on the Canton road, General Sherman finding that the enemy held a naturally strong position, improved by a line of earth works, awaited the arrival of heavier artillery and ammunition before attacking.

On the 13th of July, 1863, a reconnoissance was ordered for the purpose of developing the enemies position and its forces. A gallant advance was made, during which the enemy's formidable batteries made free use of schrapnel, cannister and shell upon our troops, and Lieutenant Colonel Brenholtz fell mortally wounded.

Col. Brenholtz was one of the most gallant soldiers that ever drew a blade. He was one of the officers of the old Fifth, and while in it I learned to know him well.

The campaign in Mississippi was especially severe in its effects upon officers and men. The excessive heat, the malaria that settled like a pall of death around the camps upon the Yazoo river, the scarcity of water and its bad quality, and the forced marches told fearfully upon all. Water which the horses refused to drink, the men were obliged to use in making coffee. Fevers, congestive chills, diarrhoea and other diseases attacked the troops. Many sank down upon the road-side and died from sun-stroke and sheer exhaustion.

In an order issued by General U. S. Grant, he said "The endurance, valor and general good conduct of the Ninth Corps were admired by all, and its valued cooperation in achieving the final triumph of the campaign is gratefully acknowledged by the Army of the Tennessee.

"Major General Parke will cause the different regiments and batteries of his command to inscribe upon their banners "Vicksburg and Jackson."

Having driven back Johnston's army and occupied Jackson, the Ninth Army Corps returned to its former camp at Milldale, July 23d.

August 10, 1863, the Fiftieth Pennsylvania and Forty-sixth New York embarked at Haines' Bluff on the steamer "South Western;" arrived at Cairo, Illinois, August 20th, and going thence by rail via Cincinnati and Nicholasville, encamped at Crab Orchard, Kentucky, August 26th.


September 10, 1863, the regiment, with the Ninth Army Corps, took up the line of march for Knoxville, Tennessee, via Cumberland Gap. Less than one hundred men and officers were all that were fit for duty. Arriving at Knoxville, September 26th, the regiment on October 8th, was hurriedly ordered to Blue Springs as a supporting force to a portion of the Twenty-third Army Corps, where it was hotly engaged October 10, 1863.

The enemy had taken up a strong position, and about 4,000 of the Twenty-third Army Corps, under Colonel Carter, had for about eight hours tried to drive them back, and finally reported to General Burnside

that they could not disdodge them. The General ordered them to make way for our Division, and we drove them right under their batteries, and could we have had thirty minutes more day-light, we would have captured at least half of their force. The Division won quite a reputation in the affair, and were complimented in General Orders. Returning to Knoxville, October 15th, the regiment, October 20th, proceeded to Loudon and then back to Lenoir Station, where they erected winter quarters. November 14th, General Longstreet, with 20,000 men crossed the Tennessee river at Hough's Ferry, and the Division was hurried to the front.

It now became a matter of some consequence as to who should first reach Campbell's Station, a point where the Kingston road intersects with the Loudon road. The race was an exciting one. Colonel Hartranft, with his Division, was only fifteen minutes in advance of the enemy. Here the decisive battle of the campaign was fought, November 16, 1863. The enemy more than doubled Burnside's forces, and yet we held them in check for seven hours. The Fiftieth was in the front on the right for four hours, and sustained a heavy artillery fire at short range over half an hour. Colonel Christ says: "A portion of the Twenty-third Corps, on my left, broke, but rallied again and came up very nearly to their former line, my men did not waver, although I was obliged to change position three times in order to prevent a flank movement on the part of the enemy. When we finally retired it was under a combined infantry and artillery fire, over an open plain for about four hundred yards before we could get cover." Mr. Woodbury, in his history of the Ninth Corps says: "The attack commenced about twelve o'clock by a furious charge upon our right, where Colonel Christ's Brigade had been posted. The Rebels came on in columns of attack, hoping to crush in our right flank by the momentum of their assault. Our lines wavered a little, Colonel Christ rapidly changing front, and though his Brigade was somewhat attenuated, it could not be broken. The desperate charge of the Rebel host was handsomely and successfully repulsed. Never did troops manœuvre so beautifully and with such precision. The conduct of the officers and men was beyond all praise, and the battle of Campbell's Station will always be proudly remembered by those of our troops who were fortunate enough to participate in its scenes." After a tedious night march the troops reached Knoxville at three o'clock A. M., November 17th, having been marching and fighting without sleep since November 14th, and at once commenced digging pits and throwing up entrenchments for a siege that brought them great trial and privation, and lasted until December 5, 1863.

On the 29th of November, at early dawn, the enemy charged on Fort Sanders; the Fiftieth held position just to the right; a small detail of the regiment was sent to assist the garrison in repelling the charge. The attack was made with great impetuosity and sustained with unflinching valor, but was repulsed with terrible slaughter. The anxiety attending the siege was keenly visible on all countenances, but one could plainly discern the determination of holding out to the bitter end. This feeling all possessed; not a man in the trenches but said, "We would hold our position." All seemed to share the noble commander's idea, "If Grant can destroy Bragg, it is of no great consequence what becomes of ourselves."



Longstreet, finding it unsafe for him to remain longer, withdrew his forces during the night of the fourth of December.

Colonel Christ says, in a letter to his son, Harry Christ, who was afterwards an officer of the regiment, under date of December 24, 1863. "I assure you we have been roughing it of late, lying out night after night in the rain on the wet ground, sometimes without fire, when it was so cold that it was impossible to sleep. The sufferings endured while at Blaine's Cross Roads and on the march over the mountains back to Nicholasville, Kentucky, were equally as great as those endured by our forfathers at Valley Forge."

Nothing could more exemplify the patriotism of the regiment than its re-enlistment January 1, 1864, under the circumstances in which it was placed. Having been on short rations since the siege of Knoxville, destitute of clothing and many bare-footed. Over two hundred miles from his base of supplies, in the middle of winter, constantly harassed by the enemy, neither General Burnside nor the Government could be blamed for the condition of affairs, hence the great question after re-enlistment was how to put the men in condition to march back to Nicholasville, Kentucky, the snow being about six inches deep and weather extremely cold. To protect the feet of the shoeless on the homeward march, shoes were made from raw hides, many of these however, had to be abandoned during the first days march. The heat from within and the melting snow made them stretch so as to be almost useless, hence many threw them away and wrapped their feet with such clothing as could be spared. To add to our distress we were nearly perishing with hunger. The weather, part of the time, was so cold that the thermometer registered zero.

I had handed to me a return of the inspection of the One Hundred Pennsylvania which was just the same as that of the Fiftieth, its proportions being almost identical. Out of 297 men inspected, there were without underclothing 150, more than one-half; without shoes, 108; without blankets, 24; without overcoats, 164; without socks, 223—almost every man without socks—without pants, 85; without coats, 47; yet in this condition the gallant Fiftieth did not hesitate to re-enlist until the end of the war.

The regiment broke camp at Blaine's Cross Roads, January 12, 1864, arrived at Camp Nelson, Nicholasville, Kentucky, January 21st, where the men were fitted out with much needed clothing, blankets and provisions. Remained at Cincinnati, Ohio, waiting for pay, from January 23rd to February 2, and reaching Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, February 4th, the entire regiment was granted furlough February 5th, to go home and return March 8th, and then was quartered at Camp Curtin until March 21st, when it was sent to Annapolis, Md. Having been recruited to the minimum standard, and fully organized and drilled, the Fiftieth was, April 21, 1864, assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Army Corps, with Colonel B. C. Christ commanding the Brigade.

April 23d, the Ninth Army Corps moved from Annapolis, and passing through Washington, was reviewed by President Lincoln, April 25th, and then encamped near Alexander, Va. April 27, the march was resumed, going over the old Bull Run battlefield April 28th, rested at Warrenton

Junction a few days, and May 5th crossed the Rapidan river at Germania Ford, enroute to the front, and formed in line of battle near the Wilderness Tavern at three o'clock in the afternoon.

At the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, the enemy were driven backward until the ammunition was nearly exhausted, when Lieutenant Colonel Overton sent Sergeant J. V. Kendall back to the Brigade Commander, Colonel B. C. Christ, to ask for a fresh supply of ammunition, but there was none to be had. The request was made the second time, when word was sent back, "Hold your ground at the point of the bayonet." Colonel Overton did hold his ground, but at the cost of seventy men killed and wounded."

Captain S. K. Schwenk (who was afterwards honored by being promoted to General), in command of Company A, in a letter to the Miners' Journal a few days after the engagement, says: "The regiment was engaged in the hottest of the fight at the Wilderness, and drove the enemy in good style to his rifle pits, which he was compelled to leave during the night."

In pursuance to an order given by General Meade to General Burnside, to select two of his best regiments to protect the rear of the army in moving from the field, the Fiftieth was selected as one of the two, and was closely followed by the enemy's cavalry.

On the ninth of May, 1864, while moving along the Fredericksburg road, it came upon the enemy at Ny river, and was immediately engaged. General Wilcox, Third Division, drove the enemy across the river.

Col. Christ's Brigade, with Romer's and Twitchell's batteries of artillery, was immediately thrown across the river and posted on a slight eminence about a quarter of a mile beyond, the Brigade was attacked while there by a considerable force of dismounted cavalry and a Brigade of Infantry, during which the Fiftieth charged up a steep ascent and routed a force of the enemy greatly superior in numbers. Mr. Woodbury says: "The Third Division and especially Col. Christ's Brigade, won this position in a very creditable manner, but at the cost of 188 killed, wounded and missing. Though the loss of the Division was comparatively light, that sustained by the Fiftieth was extremely heavy in killed and wounded. In the battle of Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, the Fiftieth took a conspicuous part and suffered heavy loss.

Sergeant James H. Levan, who was afterwards Captain, and who is with us to-day, of Co. "C," writing to his brother under date of May 21, 1864, says: "The first I knew of us being surrounded was when I heard someone say: 'Surrender, you Yanks, its all up with you.' I looked up and saw a terribly big officer swinging his sword over my head. It was now every man for himself, however, I found the Captain of Co. 'B' and the Lieutenant Colonel with some eight or ten men. We had just taken position when Captain Brumm came up with our flags, both Color Sergeants having been captured and the flags were in Rebel hands. Captain Brumm deserves great credit for retaking them. Just then General Wilcox saw us there, and said 'boys, you have done nobly,' and proposed three cheers for us. Our loss during that engagement was about 180."

Captain H. A. Lantz, in a letter to his wife, dated June 1, says: "We

are moved from three to five times a day and night, when we throw up breastworks or deep rifle pits, which means work, march and fight day and night. Though the work required of officers and men was the most arduous, it was performed without a murmur. Notwithstanding the regiment had lost fully 330 men killed, wounded and captured during the month, the very best feeling was exhibited, from the fact that all felt that some progress was being made, and that the end of the Rebellion was drawing near."

At Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864 the Fiftieth had been cut in two and a part under Captain Schwenk, had been reported captured, but they had fought their way out, and were fighting on the right of the line, where Captain Schwenk, assisted by Lieutenant Blood and Adams, of the Twentieth Michigan, and other officers, had rallied and formed about 700 men, of the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, First, Twentieth and Twenty-seventh Michigan, and One Hundred and Ninth New York, and made a gallant bayonet charge and drove back the enemy into his rifle pits.

Col. Overton, with Captains Yeager, Lantz and Brumm, and Lieutenants Wiest and Hiney, at four o'clock in the afternoon were sent to their support, and joined them with the rest of the regiment that had not been killed, wounded or captured.

At Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, the Fiftieth was in the thickest of the battle under command of Captain Schwenk, who was severely wounded by sharpshooters, while walking along the front of the line trying to save his men from exposure to an enfilading fire from the enemy's batteries. Captain Yeager succeeded him in command.

Mr. Woodbury, in reviewing the events of the five weeks ending with June 12th, says: "Almost every hour witnessed a combat at some point. It is true, the advance was slow and every mile was marked with brave blood. Positions which could not be successfully assailed without vast expenditure of human life, were turned by those flank marches in the face of an enemy, which under the head of unskillful men are sure to result disastrously, but which, when made by men of genius are as successful as great battles won." In all these operations the Fiftieth participated in a manner to reflect honor upon its officers and men.

When the flank movement was made in the night from Cold Harbor, trouble was apprehended, and it was supposed the enemy would follow up. The Fiftieth alone was selected for the rear guard.

Mr. Woodbury says: "Colonel Christ's Brigade secured a position about midway between our first position of attack and the enemy's line. From this point all efforts of the enemy could not push our tenacious troops. They held on in the midst of a murderous fire, which sadly thinned their ranks, but could not break their spirit.

Mr. Lossing says (Vol. III, page 337): "That night the enemy drove back the Ninth Corps." Mr. Swinton asserts the same fact. Page 510). Whatever may have been done on other parts of the line, the Third Division retained the advanced position it had gained. The Fiftieth Regiment was not moved one step backward.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from the battlefield, says: "I cannot help paying a passing compliment to the gallantry and

coolness of Colonel Christ, who handled his men in the most admirable manner. His quick eye scoured the battlefield, and where the enemy seemed the most determined and where our men needed assistance, he quickly dispatched his regiments. He amply redeemed the fortunes of the Third Division, and it is to be regretted that his success was purchased at the price of a painful wound. A bullet struck him in the side of the head just behind the left ear and traversed about three inches of his skull."

The severity of this day's engagement will be appreciated from the fact that our Brigade changed commanders three times, and the next day (19th of June) it was discovered that only 150 men and six officers (the Lieutenant Colonel, one Captain and four Lieutenants) were left for duty.

Lossing says: "When the Brigades of Wilcox and White came up, Hill hastily withdrew, however, not without making a desperate effort to hold his ground. The rifle pits built by the Fifth Corps were in the hands of the enemy in our immediate front, and to retake these was now the duty of our troops.

The command "Forward, Double Quick!" having been given, our line wavered for a minute or two, and then like a mighty wave of ocean, swept everything before it. The rifle pits were retaken after a desperate hand to hand fight. In our immediate front we found the Forty-seventh Virginia Regiment, the colors of which were captured by Sergeant Charles E. Brown, of Co. "C." The number of prisoners captured by us considerably exceeded our own number. Sergeant Brown was afterwards made Captain, and was awarded a medal of honor by Congress.

Entering the engagement of May 6th (the Wilderness) Co. "F" with about fifty men, under its brave Captain G. W. Brumm (who was wounded June 18th, while leading his men in the charge on the enemy's works), its number had so diminished that on the 19th of August but five men were left to enter the battle, three of whom were killed and one wounded, leaving only one man, Patrick McManus."

Captain Brumm, in his report of this engagement, says: "I cannot pass over the valor displayed by the men of our regiment. Having but a single commission officer with them, being outflanked by the enemy, Sergeant Brown and Commissary Sergeant Crater, who rallied quite a number of the men, and holding their position until ordered back by an Aide-de-Camp. The greater part of the regiment was rallied by myself and withdrew in good order.

On April 2, 1865, the right wing of the 50th was engaged and participated in the charge in front of Petersburg, Virginia, during which a number were killed and wounded. At half past four o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, the flag of the First Michigan Regiment was placed on the Court House, the Fiftieth was either the second or third Regiment to enter the city. Soon afterwards, we were sent across the Appomattox to take charge of everything in that section. Scouts were at once sent out, who secured quite a number of prisoners, cannon, etc. Major Schwenk, who commanded the Regiment, during the engagement, reported having captured twenty-two cannon, three flags and about 1,000 prisoners.

I will now read a letter from O. B. Wilcox, Brevet Maj. Gen., U. S. V., who commanded the Division, and at different times, the Ninth Army Corps:

Madison Barracks,
Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.,
October 11, 1863.

The Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers first came conspicuously under my notice at the Battle of South Mountain, 14th of September, 1862. It had just come out of the scathing fire of Chantilly, and the Second Manassas, as a part of the Second Brigade of the First Division, Ninth Army Corps. On this day, September 14th, Major Overton commanded the Regiment and Colonel Christ the Brigade, and here was performed the double feat of changing front under a heavy fire and checking an incipient panic. This was done well and gallantly under the cool bravery and good management of Colonel Christ and Major Overton, and during the rest of the fight supporting General Cox's Kanawa Division, from that day forward the Regiment was known at my headquarters as "Old Reliable."

At Antietam, when the long impatiently expected orders to advance were brought, the Regiment dashed forward in the most gallant style, and deeply shared with the whole Division the orders for recall, after we had cleaned our own front, and thought we were in sight of Lee's Headquarters wagons.

Again in the Battle of the Wilderness, Ny River and Spottsylvania, the long siege of Petersburg, and the fight for the Weldon Road at Globe Tavern, the Fiftieth shone conspicuously.

The success of Ny River was one of the brilliant little episodes of the War. Our Division, mainly Christ's Brigade, had gained a position overlooking the road by which the rebels in large numbers, supposed to be Longstreet's Corps, were moving. It was at once a saucy and imprudent position, with a river behind us, and was twice charged and the chargers repulsed with great determination. In this affair Captain Samuel K. Schwenk, with four companies of the Fiftieth, made a fine bayonet charge at a critical moment, which probably saved the day, as the enemy had almost gained the crest of the hill. It was an honor, however, which the 17th and 20th Michigan and 79th New York came into share, although not at the point of the bayonet. This the bayonet charge, was the peculiar glory of Schwenk and his little Battalion of the 50th.

At Spottsylvania, when the enemy made their grand charge on the left of the army, which my Division had the honor to hold, the 50th had to fight their way hand-to-hand through overwhelming numbers, in order to save their colors, which they did successfully, though with bloody losses.

On the 18th of June, 1864, in the charge in the Suffolk Railroad cut in front of Petersburg, the brave "old Roman," Col. Ben. Christ, was severely wounded, at the head of his Brigade, but all through the rest of the war, as up to this time, the officers and men of "Old Reliable" maintained the enviable reputation they gained in front of South Mountain, Brenholtz, Overton, Schwenk, Brumm, Telford, Adjutant Lewis Crater, Quartermaster John S. Eckel, Captains Daniel F. Burkert, Samuel F. Bossard, Gordon Z. Dimock, Charles Parker, James B. Ingham, George A. Yeager, Henry E. Cleaveland, Henry A. Lantz, Charles C. Brown, James H. Levan, George V. Myer, Jacob Paulus, Henry J. Alspach, Henry Brodt, Henry T. Kendall, and John A. Snyder, and Lieutenants Samuel A. Losch, Edward F. Wiest, Samuel Hess, Wilbur H. Wilcox, Benjamin R. Lyons, John H. Herring, William H. Blanchford, Henry J. Christ and Edward A. Wilbur, and a number of others particularly distinguishing themselves.

Very respectfully,
(Signed)

O. B. WILCOX,
Brevet Major General U. S. Vol's.

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

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The engagements of the gallant Fiftieth were thirty-four actual battles:
Casualties.

Engagements.	Date.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Port Royal, S. C.,	Nov. 7, 1861,
Beaufort, S. C.,	Dec. 6, 1861,	1	1
Port Royal Ferry, S. C.,	Jan. 1, 1862,	2	2
Pocotaligo, S. C.,	May 29, 1862,	2	11	13
Farquhar White Sulphur Springs, Va.,	Aug. 24, 1862,
Bull Run, Va. (2d),	Aug. 29, 1862,	5	17	6	28
Centreville, Va.,	Aug. 31, 1862,	4	14	6	24
Chantilly, Va.,	Sept. 1, 1862,	7	32	1	40
South Mountain, Md.,	Sept. 14, 1862,	2	2
Antietam, Md.,	Sept. 17, 1862,	9	31	40
Fredericksburg, Va.,	Dec. 11, 12 and 13, 1862,	1	1
Siege of Vicksburg, Miss.,	July 4, 1863,
Jackson, Miss.,	July 10 to 17, 1863,	1	1
Blue Springs, Tenn.,	Oct. 10, 1863,	2	2
Hough's Ferry, Tenn.,	Nov. 14, 1863,
Lenoir Station, Tenn.,	Nov. 15, 1863,
Campbell's Station, Tenn.,	Nov. 16, 1863,	1	3	4
Siege of Knoxville, Tenn.,	Nov. 17 to Dec. 5, 1863, ..	3	6	9
Wilderness, Va.,	May 6, 1864,	10	58	1	69
Ny River, Va.,	May 9, 1864,	5	56	61
Spotsylvania, Va.,	May 12, 1864,	20	46	114	180
North Anna River, Va.,	May 25, 1864,	1	2	3
Bethesda Church (Shady Grove), Va.,	June 1, 1864,	2	2
Cold Harbor, Va.,	June 3, 5, 6, 7, 1864,	7	12	1	20
Petersburg, Va.,	June 17, 18, 1864,	9	23	32
In rifle pits before Petersburg, ...	June 19 to July 29, 1864, ..	8	11	19
Explosion of Mine,	July 30, 1864,	1	16	2	19
Weldon R. R., Va.,	Aug. 19, 1864,	8	9	20
Pegram's Farm (Poplar Grove Church),	Sept. 30, 1864,	2	3	7	12
Hatcher's Run, Va.,	Oct. 27, 1864,	4	4
Garrisoned Fort McGilvery, Peters- burg, Va.,	Nov. 30, 1864 to Mar. 24, 1865,	2	4	6
Fort Stedman, Va.,	Mar. 25, 1865,	2	2
Assault on Petersburg, Va.,	Apr. 2, 1865,	1	1	2
Miscellaneous wounded and killed on picket, etc.,	8	1	9
		113	373	141	627

And now in conclusion, Comrades, let our earnest prayers be, that when the muffled drum beats the final tattoo at the grave of the last surviving veteran of the War of the Rebellion, and the trumpet at the resurrection sounds the reveille on the eternal shore of peace, may our republic be so firmly planted on the everlasting rocks of virtue, liberty and equality as to assure its perpetuity forever and aye. Then may its blessings be extended to all mankind and its glory outlive the decay of matter.

As our Government is about to accept the guardianship of these symbolic monuments, it thereby pledges itself to preserve and restore them from time to time during the life of the republic, that they may ever proclaim to the

world the heroism and the sacrifice of the noble martyrs who fought for the Union on this bloody field of battle, and will ever be object lessons by which our posterity will be reminded of the sinful cause and inhuman purpose of the rebellion, the terrible penalty of treason and the invincible power of the Republic. May they also bear testimony to the gratitude of the Republic for its loyal defenders, its kind forgiveness and complete restoration of its erring children, and contribute to its glory and stability in its onward march, until man's capability of self-government will be established, the great problem of life solved and all the world recognize the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

The history of the Fiftieth is so pregnant with great and heroic events and so full of noble actions of individuals, that it would be impossible on an occasion like this to name more than a few of the most important ones. I feel that the roll of honor of the officers that were killed should be included, which are as follows:

Captain Parker,	Lieutenant Kellogg.	Captain Ingham,
Colonel Brenholtz,	Captain Cleaveland,	Lieutenant Heine.
Captain Lantz,	Lieutenant Lyons,	

Music, "Nearer My God, To Thee." Choir, Sunday School and Drum Corps.

General Schwenk: Comrades, this number is not on our program, but it is in the hearts of all of the survivors of the Regiment, and as the last commanding officer of the Regiment, President of the Survivors Association and Chairman of the Antietam Battlefield Monument Committee, I desire to express the thanks of all concerned to Comrade John Milton Mishler for his patriotic services in the necessary preparations for the erection of the thirteen Pennsylvania monuments on the Battlefield of Antietam, but peace has her victories as well as war, and I call upon Comrade Dampman to tell us of a notable instance:

D. W. Dampman, My Dear Comrades: Once more I am glad to be with you. How it cheers my heart I can not tell. Just forty-two years ago many of you were here on neighboring hills and fields engaged in bloody battle, but to-day you have assembled in peace to talk that part of the battle over which history cannot tell, but before going into details of battles fought by our comrades we have another duty to perform, pardon a few remarks regarding a comrade well known to nearly all of us and who is present with us here. We recognize in him a man of sterling qualities, a true comrade and a faithful friend, one who has devoted many hours of time, when


he should have been resting no doubt, communicating with comrades and others for the benefit of the old soldier or his family. On many occasions he has solicited transportation from his employers (contrary to rules) to visit comrades in distress or to make some advanced arrangements for our reunions. His untiring efforts to build up the Association of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania Survivors must be acknowledged. His hand is never raised to strike but every ready to help. His kindly patience under adverse circumstances and conditions is admirable; the hospitality of himself and entire family has been demonstrated, as many comrades here can testify. The latch string of his home hangs out in welcome to the old soldier of the Civil War, especially those of the grand old Fiftieth Pennsylvania. Therefore as a tangible expression of our appreciation of his valuable services to this Association, I, on behalf of the Association, present Comrade John Milton Mishler, our secretary and treasurer, this beautiful gold badge.

(Pins badge on Comrade Mishler.)

Wear it, Comrade, over a heart so loyal and true,
A token of respect and love we have for you,
A mark of pride, with pleasure we give it to you,
An emblem of friendship ever so true,
A badge of the Fiftieth, when dressed in blue,
Fought hard for Old Glory, Red, White and Blue,
A medal of gold with colors true,
So keep it, Comrade, it belongs to you.

J. Milton Mishler: Mr. President and Survivors of the Fiftieth Regiment Association: I return my sincere thanks for the present given to me. While I have known for quite a number of years that I was rather closely watched, especially by my better half, and while I occasionally read in the paper that some people are tagged and shipped from one part of the country to another, I never before thought it was necessary to tag me.

I have always been willing to do my duty by my comrades. Probably some of you fellows think I bulldoze you a little bit in helping to build up the organization, but I believe I can honestly say to you to-day that the Fiftieth Regiment Survivors Association is one of the best, if not the best, in the United States to-day, and for your kindness in assisting to



build it up and also for this very beautiful present I return you my sincerest thanks.

General Schwenk: Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, one of the gallant members of the brave 48th, kindly proffered to write a poem for this occasion and to recite it, but he was unexpectedly called to Oklahoma and detained there and we have not the pleasure of seeing Captain Crawford, nor of hearing his poem to-day.

During the Civil War the Fiftieth, known as the "Old Reliable," and the One Hundredth Regiment, known as the "Roundheads," were near neighbors and had always shared each others comforts and privations, and as a substitute, by permission, we will have a poem read which had first been written for the "Roundheads," and we simply substitute the "Old Reliable," because the history of the one is practically the history of the other.. I have requested Captain Henry J. Christ, the son of our old beloved commander, to read the poem.

(Captain Christ:)

THE "OLD RELIABLES" REUNION.

It seems to me that every year
A lot of whiter heads appear;
It seems that as we onward go,
Some cherished footsteps feebler grow,
And furrows come 'neath locks of gray
Where none were seen but yesterday.

But when I think that since the gun
Rebellion fired in Sixty-one,
O'er forty years have fled, I know
Why locks are white and steps are slow.
Your ranks to-day are not as strong
As when in youth you marched along
The dusty road, to rattling drum
And lusty shout, "We come! we come!"

I need not here in humble verse
The story of your deeds rehearse;
They're written in that mighty tomb,
Which freedom treasures in her dome;
Where each immortal historic page
Glow with the valor of the age.

Old Carolina's sacred sod
Amid the smoke of war you trod,
South Mountain's name is on your shield,
And Fredericksburg's immortal field;
Blue Springs and Jackson, Knoxville, too,
And red Antietam shine for you;
'Neath Vicksburg's ramparts held by foes
You plucked a crimson battle rose.
To-day the Wilderness doth spread
Its shadows o'er your gallant dead.

At Spotsylvania, in the wood,
A wall of stone the "Old Reliables" stood.
Bethesda and Cold Harbor form
The edge of Petersburg's dark storm,
And linger in your memory still
Old Poplar Grove and Squirrel Hill.

These are not all the fields you won
With trusty bayonet and gun,
Nay, other stars adorn your wreath—
You won them on the field of death.

To-day the summer gladly weaves
For you her crown of golden leaves;
The cannon's rut with dew is wet,
There's rust upon the bayonet;
The saber of its strength is shorn,
The blades of peace are blades of corn;
The plowshare turns the yellow mold.
The year to-day is growing old.
And so are you who marched away
With young hearts ready for the fray.

Where are the comrades, tried and true,
Who marched beside you clad in blue?
Where are the boys beloved of yore
Who came from battle nevermore?
I ask the warm and balmy breeze
That kisses Southland's orange trees;
I ask the rivers as they run
Thro' land of shade to seas of sun.
Methinks that e're my words are fled
I hear the roll-call of your dead;
Methinks I hear each gallant name
Proclaimed by Freedom's trump of fame.

They sleep in long and ghostly lines
Beneath Virginia's spreading pines;
They've pitched their tents forevermore
Among the sands of Ocean's shore,

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

And over many a gallant's breast
 The Southern bluebird builds her nest.
 These are the comrades who to-day
 Are sweetly dreaming far away—
 These are the boys of camp and march
 Who rest beneath the starry arch.

'Though they are dead to-day, I know
 You see their forms as long ago;
 You feel again the hand you took
 Perhaps beside the bloody brook,
 And said "Farewell," whilst far and wide
 Around you rolled the battle tide;
 You hear and feel, despite Time's flow,
 The voice of "Bill," the hand of "Joe."

God rest your hero dead whom fame
 Has proudly linked to Country's name;
 Sweet memory weaves for them to-day
 A never fading wreath of bay;
 We lay upon each stormless breast
 A love which many years have blest;
 The years that come will only prove
 How deeply flows the tide of love,
 And once a year the flowers will fall
 Upon the hallowed graves of all.

We welcome all who gather here
 To grasp the hand of comrade dear—
 To greet the well remembered face
 And recollection's paths to trace.
 Back to the past your thoughts return,
 Deep in your breast old camp-fires burn;
 You're living o'er the midnight march
 Beneath the star-bespangled arch—
 The lonely guard by ghostly bridge,
 The weary tramps o'er rugged ridge.

The river waded in the morn,
 The cautious raids on field of corn—
 The battle through whose smoke and fire
 You bore the flag of your desire,
 And crowned it with affection's wreath
 Made holy by your comrade's death.

You did not fight and bleed in vain,
 O men who stood on hill and plain.
 We gave to you in Sixty-one
 The fairest banner 'neath the sun.
 You kept its stainless honor bright,
 You rallied 'round it in the fight;

And when from your last battle plain
In triumph you come home again,
You brought us from the fields of war
A flag without a missing star.

A few more years and one and all
Will answer to death's bugle call;
For evermore your flags are furled,
Such flags! the envy of the world!
And larger grows the silent camp
Which honor guards with stately tramp,
Think not that you have ceased to march
Beneath the heaven's starry arch.
Though frosted by the hand of age,
You're marching still o'er history's page,
And down the corridors of time
Forever in this glorious clime
Imagination oft will see
"Old Reliables," sons of victory!

Music, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," Choir.

Reading of Farewell Address to the Regiment, General
Orders No. 25, August 2, 1865. By the Adjutant, Captain
Lewis Crater.

Headquarters Fiftieth Penna. Vet. Vol. Infantry,
Harrisburg, Pa., August 2nd, 1865.

General Orders,
No. 25.

Officers and Soldiers of the Fiftieth Regiment: The great work is finished. By your gallantry in action and steadfast devotion in the service of your country, you have won a glorious victory, an honorable peace and an illustrious name.

The tendrils that have wound around our hearts and held us together in stronger than fraternal affection, are about to be severed. The ties that have so closely bound us as companions in war, will ever unite us as friends in peace.

The story of the old regiment, with the incidents of the past four years, will always be remembered and cherished with the memory and virtues of our noble comrades whose remains are mouldering in ten different states.

Your deeds of valor and trials of endurance, with the achievements of thirty-two battles, will brighten many pages in the annals of your country's fame.

Future ages will bless you as the defenders of American liberty; nations will honor and respect you, and posterity will praise your names for the invaluable heritage you have so well preserved.

You will be welcomed to your homes to enjoy the advantages of the government you have so faithfully protected. In civil life guard carefully what you have gained and so well sustained in battle; let moral goodness and integrity characterize your course, and a grateful people will bless you and a proud nation justly claim and reward you as her most deserving citizens.

With sincere thanks for your uniform courtesy and cheerful co-operation in the performance of mutual duties, fervent prayers to Almighty God for your happiness and prosperity through life, and warmest sympathies for the bereaved families of the heroic dead, your Lieutenant Colonel bids you all farewell.

SAMUEL K. SCHWENK,

Lieut. Co. and Brevet Brig. Gen. Commanding Regiment.

OFFICIAL:

LEWIS CRATER,

1st Lieutenant and Adjutant.

Music, "America," Drum Corps, Choir, Sunday School and Audience.

Benediction, Rev. A. A. Kerlin.

Music, "Dixie," Drum Corps.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Rodman Avenue.

The Fiftieth Infantry is represented by a fine portrait statute in bronze of General Benj. C. Christ.

This Statute depicts the General on the field of battle during action with field-glass in hand, observing the movements of his own troops and watching the enemy. The treatment is particularly fine, especially in the drapery of coat. The artist, Mr. W. Clark Noble, furnishing a fine example of an alert and dignified commanding officer in action on field of battle. This is declared to be as fine a bronze portrait of General Christ as can be obtained. The preparation of the model was supervised by Mr. H. J. Christ, a son of the General, and by his comrade in arms, General Samuel K. Schwenk.

The granite pedestal of four solid pieces shows a decided contrast in surfaces, the two lower bases being rough quarry faced, with hammered margins, supporting a handsome die stone and cap of fine hammered surfaces.

On the front face of die stone may be seen the record of the Regiment at Antietam in a fine bronze panel, as follows:

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

93

50TH PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
9TH CORPS
COLONEL BENJAMIN C CHRIST

CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM

KILLED	8
WOUNDED	46
MISSING	3
<hr/>	
TOTAL	57

RECRUITED IN BERKS SCHUYLKILL BRADFORD
SUSQUEHANNA LANCASTER AND LUZERNE COUNTIES

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

COOSAW	SPOTSYLVANIA
POCOTALICO	NY RIVER
SECOND BULL RUN	NORTH ANNA
CHANTILLY	BETHESDA CHURCH
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	COLD HARBOR
ANTIETAM	PETERSBURG
FREDERICKSBURG	THE CRATER
VICKSBURG	WELDON RAIL ROAD
JACKSON	REAM'S STATION
BLUE SPRINGS	POPLAR SPRING CHURCH
CAMPBELL'S STATION	HATCHER'S RUN
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE	FORT MCGILVERY
WILDERNESS	FORT STEDMAN

ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG

On front of the second base is the Ninth Corps badge, with all its unique details accurately worked out in relief. The square of the lower base of this pedestal is six feet and height nine feet, making a total of 16 feet 4 inches over all with bronze statue.

FIFTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.

BRANCH AVENUE.

THE dedication services held by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, at the monument erected in its honor, began at 12 o'clock noon and was attended by the survivors and a number of its friends, as well as honored by the presence of Governor Pennypacker and staff. Comrade John Brunner, President of the Regimental Association, called the meeting to order, making the following remarks:

Comrades and Friends: We have come together to-day upon this historic spot—the field of Antietam—where, forty-two years ago, the Fifty-first Regiment of the Pennsylvania Infantry Volunteers, in defense and perpetuation of the union established one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, earned a victory, a decisive and brilliant victory in the affairs of the Civil War and one which time can never dim.

We have met to dedicate to the memory of her dead heroes the monument erected by Pennsylvania in commemoration of one of the war's great conflicts in which the sacrifices made were not in vain, but rather served to bring together in closer union a country at that time divided against itself.

It is a glorious privilege to participate in these exercises, to be present at this event; and this tribute of Pennsylvania, while modest in itself, stands as a mute but ever mindful appreciation of Pennsylvania for her heroes.

Comrade George W. Foote, late of Company C, will lead us in prayer.

After the prayer President Brunner introduced Col. Chester N. Farr, of Philadelphia, who delivered the followinig oration:

Survivors of the Fifty-first Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, Ladies and Gentlemen: Standing by this monument I am reminded of the day seventeen years ago, when General Hartranft dedicated another memorial on the spot where he led you in the most brilliant of your many feats of arms. Two years from that day we were called upon to mourn his death. I think it altogether fitting that upon this occasion, and especially upon this field, we should pay our tribute to his memory. He was a born soldier. His steady nerves were never shaken by the shock and turmoil of battle and his eye and judgment never deceived or disturbed by the ever changing conditions of the field. He possessed in very high degree the first essential of generalship, the power to form correct conclusions from the fewest possible data and the slightest and most casual indications. Intellectually slow, but, like a slow moving river, deep and strong, he was roused by the exaltation and demands of the battlefield into intense mental concentration



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"SKIRMISHER"
51ST PA. VET. VOLS.
BRANCH AVENUE





PRINT—JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

BURNSIDE BRIDGE, ANTIETAM

and activity. The sound of the cannon attuned all his faculties, and, as he himself said, he thought best under fire. A strict disciplinarian, but ever just and kindly, men submitted to and followed him because they knew that the sacrifices he asked were never causelessly or needlessly made. A man, so quiet, so reserved and self-contained, that when one met him in the ordinary walks of life one was not conscious, except by the simple dignity of his bearing, that one stood in the presence of a heroic soul which rose naturally and easily to those emergencies in which common men fail.

The Fifty-first was his favorite regiment. He felt that he had impressed it with his own soldierly qualities and had the same confidence in it as that with which he had inspired in it with himself. It is not my purpose to attempt a detailed history of the regiment but to sketch as briefly and vividly as I can its character as a military unit.

A charge is the culmination of a soldier's career, and to have made a successful one is the proudest boast of the warrior.

The excitement of the advance, the tension of the momentary struggle on the perilous ridge of battle, the exultation when the opposing line gives way or the flag is planted on the ramparts, appeal vividly to the imagination and lend themselves to song and story as the most dramatic incidents of war. One can scarcely recall a battle piece or a poem in which the charge is not the central and controlling idea. It was the fortune of the Fifty-first to make one such charge in the crisis of a great battle. If it had been made earlier it would in all human probability have converted a simple check of the invader into his complete overthrow. Antietam bridge might then have been as famous in history as the one that Napoleon always apostrophized as "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," or that rude bridge that spanned the flood where was fired "the shot heard 'round the world."

But, while the battle was not decisive in a military sense, its results were far reaching and momentous. There can be no doubt in the mind of one who reads the diplomatic correspondence of that time that after the disasters of the Peninsular and of Pope's campaigns, England and France were inclined to recognize the confederation of Southern states, and were deterred from doing so only by the check that their military successes met with on this field. And it is also memorable as the event on which Lincoln had predicated the issue of emancipation proclamation. The soldiers who crossed the bridge over this hitherto unknown creek on that bright morning forty-three years ago carried liberty as well as victory on their bayonets and crossed the line between the old and the new.

But, while martial virtues are most strikingly displayed in the charge, they are perhaps more solidly exhibited in holding a position for hours under circumstances calculated to shake the resolution of the commander and weaken the nerve of the soldier.

As that other commemorates more especially the first, this monument stands for the other title to glory and honor. It marks the spot where for many weary hours, without nourishment and with almost empty cart-ridge boxes, in momentary expectation of attack by superior forces of fresh troops, the regiment lay grimly resolved to defend with the bayonet if necessary the advantage it had gained. Its energy and courage were

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

They heard the Colonel breathless ask,
 "Men, will you undertake the task?"
 A moment's thought, brave hearts were there,
 And through the battle-clouded air

A thousand voices spoke as one,
 The answer "Yes!" And what was done
 We know, you know who suffered there;
 Men to your country's records dear.

Remnant of those who fought and fell,
 Who stormed the bridge and held it well.
 Oh, it was fearful! carnage dire
 Fell with the rain of rebel fire.

But on you went, through cover slight
 Of Roemer's guns, to footway fright
 Across the bridge, and win the day
 For boys in blue against the gray.

For Union, liberty and right,
 For peace in which we all unite,
 For millions bound in iron chains,
 For God's own purpose, spurning pains.

That every moment broke your ranks
 With volleys fierce as Satan's thanks.
 'Though you had freedom's vantage ground,
 A blood-wet pathway there you found.

Over the dying and the dead,
 You marched determinedly ahead:
 You reached and stormed Antietam Bridge,
 You took and held Antietam Bridge.

The Pennsylvania Volunteers;
 The Fifty-first! Ah, scalding tears
 Were shed for those whose lives that day
 Were given for victory away.

While tender, watching, pleading prayer,
 Coupled with unremitting care,
 Nursed back some loved ones, wounded sore,
 To later comfort; we deplore

The heavy cost for glory paid;
 The stains of blood were slow to fade;
 And with a century one-fourth sped,
 We hourly mourn our noble dead.

Soldiers, who keep with breath-beats warm,
 The laden souvenirs of that storm;
 Who carry scars indelible,
 To those who stood and those who fell.

Be equal honor; for no space
Of buried years such scenes efface.
Here, on this bridge, across this stream,
You see again the tempest gleam.

And these calm hills, with sunshine flecked,
To you are dark with retrospect.
We see the landscape autumn clad;
A silver creek that seems half glad.

To pass the shadow when we stand
And ripple on through Maryland;
Arches of stone well set with time,
Low parapet around which climb

Some stray and dusty wilding vines
The simple fields and boundry lines;
The turf unbroken, sod and trees,
Bannered with nature's mysteries.

A tranquil prospect, unconcerned
By what we of its past have learned.
Æolia on the autumn air
We hear of common sounds our share—

The hum of labor, twit of birds,
The peaceful interchange of words;
The footfall of a passing steed,
Vibrations which we scarcely heed.

You hear again the battle din,
And Hartranft's "Charge!" to fight and win;
The boom of cannon, burst of shell,
Tumult the years cannot dispel.

And later, sadder sound than all,
The cry of comrades as they fall.
You see, what our eyes never may,
The scene you thought had passed away.

The smoke of battle seems to rise
Again beneath these arching skies;
The storm repasses fearful dire;
You feel again the deadly fire.

And with fixed bayonet advance
To take of victory the chance;
To take the bridge. But peace is here,
Days of North and South are clear.

A reunited nation, free,
Compacts anew with liberty;
The tattered colors softly touch;
If e'er you loved them over much.

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

You still loved right and justice more;
Wave, triple flag, from shore to shore;
No North, no South, no East, no West,
We are as one by God's behest.

The land, once red with judgments just,
Blooms as a rose of perfect trust.
Forgiveness opens blossoms wide,
Forgetfulness will root beside.

And we, a nation tried in fire,
Will reach a level broader, higher,
Longer than bridge or shaft can stand;
May our's be Freedom's favorite land.

Men are the implements of fate,
With which the All-Wise, soon or late,
Works out whatever is to be.
Blessed are those whom destiny
Allows to count their service done,
Their bridges taken, victorious won.
'Twas yours to act. Our slight refrain
Is nothing for your mead of pain.

Although we as a nation lay
Our thanks about your feet to-day;
God bless you, with the best of cheer,
And may our last bridge-way be clear!

In the great battle King's review,
May you be near Him, loyal, true;
The Fifty-first at His right hand,
Faithful unto His least command.

The soldiers of His august will,
Where marshaled hosts no longer drill;
Where Heaven and light and peace are one;
Your best commission, His "Well done!"

Miss May R. Bolton then recited the following poem:

Along the valley's narrow gorge
The morning mist outspread,
While rifle-pit and breastwork strong
Frowned grimly overhead.
The sluggish stream that only served
To slake the thirst of kine,
Was soon to see a drearer sight,
When men were formed in line.

Along the crest a flash of fire
Breaks red against the sky;
Along the hillside's narrow slope
Comes back the quick reply.

Ferrero dashes up in haste,
His countenance aflame,
"The Fifty-first must storm the bridge!"
'Twas thus the order came.

"Sir bayonets!" Over Hartranft's face
A calm, strange smile was seen,
The red blood flushed his dusky cheek—
His dark eyes all agleam.
Sturgis and Crook in vain essayed,
And others yet may try;
And now the gallant Fifty-first
Must storm the bridge or die.

Bright flashed the sword their leader drew—
"Charge!"—like a simoon's blast.
The Fifty-first 'mid shot and shell
Dashed on—the bridge is passed.
The beaten foe in wild retreat
Is flying o'er the ridge.
Huzza! Huzza! The Fifty-first
Have stormed Antietam's bridge.

O, men of Pennsylvania,
Along your bloody route
Lies many a comrade dull of ear
Who may not hear you shout;
But o'er your country's wide domain
A pean grand shall burst;
A nation's accolade be thine,
O gallant Fifty-first!

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Branch Avenue.

The Fifty-first Infantry statue is of granite and represents a "skirmisher" pushing his way through the forest and underbrush, expecting every moment to uncover, perhaps, some hidden enemy, yet uncertain from which direction the attack may come. The "forward or pushing through" movement of this figure is finely brought out, and the anxious determined face of the soldier is shown to great advantage. Mr. E. L. A. Pausch, the artist, here gives one of his finest examples of modelling.

The pedestal consists of five solid stones lower base, plinth, die stone of two pieces and cap stone. The square of lower base stone is 6'-0" and

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

height 9 feet, making a total of 16'-4" with granite statue. This pedestal is entirely original in its conception and treatment, with its rough quarry-faced lower base, surmounted by a fine hammered plinth, with wide scotia wash, which in turn supports the rough quarry faced die stone, with its four unique corner pilasters, which runs from the rough-faced treatment at their bases to exquisitely carved capitals at the top.

On top of this rich die stone is a beautifully proportioned cap stone, fine hammered, and with the Ninth Army Corp badge sharply cut in relief on its face. On the front face of the die stone, between the rough faced pilasters is placed in the sunk panel, formed by said pilasters, a bronze tablet bearing the regiment's record at Antietam, as follows:

51ST	
PENNSYLVANIA	
VOLUNTEER	
INFANTRY	
2ND BRIGADE 2ND DIVISION	
9TH CORPS	
LOCATION 385 YARDS SOUTH	
70 DEGREES EAST	
<hr/>	
CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM	
KILLED	21
WOUNDED	99
<hr/>	
TOTAL	120
RECRUITED IN MONTGOMERY	
NORTHAMPTON UNION CENTRE	
LYCOMING AND SNYDER	
COUNTIES	
BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN	
ROANOKE ISLAND	
NEWBERN	CAMDEN
SECOND BULL RUN	
CHANTILLY	
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	
ANTIETAM	
FREDERICKSBURG	
VICKSBURG	JACKSON
CAMPBELL'S STATION	
KNOXVILLE	WILDERNESS
SPOTSYLVANIA	
NORTH ANNA	COLD HARBOR
PETERSBURG	THE CRATER
REAM'S STATION	
WELDON RAIL ROAD	
HATCHER'S RUN	
ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG	

On rear face of the same die stone, in bronze, may be seen a most interesting and historically correct representation of this regiment's charge across the famous Burnside Bridge, said to be one of the best pieces of bronze bas-relief work in this country. The whole composition of this pedestal and statue is one of the finest on the field.



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"CHALLENGE"
100TH PA. VET. VOLS.
BRANCH AVENUE

ONE HUNDREDTH PENNSYLVANIA VETERAN VOLUNTEERS INFANTRY.

A number of the survivors of the One Hundredth Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers gathered around the monument erected to its honor early on the morning of September 17, 1904. Captain John C. Stevenson, secretary of the regimental organization, called the meeting to order and introduced Captain W. H. Underwood, who delivered the following address:

It was Lord Byron who said that "a thought is capable of years." So in this sense we are able to say that nobleness of action, which after all is only thought in motion, lives on through centuries, and exhibits a beauty that becomes fairer and dearer to the memory of men. This simple truth embraces the true quality of heroism, and gives honest endeavor and the courage of noble convictions an immortal value. In the town of Winchester, England, a statue of King Alfred was unveiled in 1901. This monument was erected to the memory of the first great soldier, the first King, and, perhaps with more significance, the first great teacher of the English race. The sublimest thought connected with the building of this memorial consists in the fact that it represents the power and influence of a man who lived more than a thousand years ago. The stones of Alfred's statue represents more than a mark of gratitude, or a tribute from his own countrymen. The solid granite stands for lessons of duty and of sacrifice that have cemented every department of national life; for an inspiration which has moulded the hearts of all English speaking people for ten centuries.

The exercises of to-day are identical in spirit with those which occurred in Winchester on this occasion of the anniversary of Alfred's death. The monuments which we see erected over Antietam's field are not designed merely to indicate a territory that was once the scene of a terrible and bloody conflict. It is not a place that we have come to celebrate, but an army which numbered thousands of men of Alfred's mind and purpose. The monuments, here, are to the thoughts of men; whose covenants to right and to honor were kept faithfully to the end. Robert Louis Stevenson writes of visiting the old cemetery of Edinburgh where his soul bowed in reverence to those martyrs of religious persecution whose covenants, he says, were signed on the grave stones above them. Beneath the ground about us are heroes whose names are legion. They rest in one common grave, over whom the eye of the Almighty God is keeping virgil, and who alone knows each comrade from his brother.

The usefulness of the soldiers who fought or died upon this battlefield did not fade away in the shadows which closed that memorable 17th day

of September, 1862. The example of zealous devotion and noble sacrifice which that hour engendered became a living and indestructible element toward higher conceptions of life and of duty.

Forty-two years ago the light which dawned above the crest of the Blue Ridge mountains revealed a beautiful valley green with meadows, groves and waving corn. But lo! the valley is rife with soldiers, and marshalled there upon the opposing banks of the famous Antietam creek are the two greatest armies that have ever carried the standards of war. And there in the early morning began one of the most appalling and destructive battles in the great War of the Rebellion. So much has been written about the campaign under McClellan that the details of such battles as South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg are fixed indelibly in the memory of both young and old. "Was the battle of Antietam waged a day too late for Union success?" "Was General Sumner indiscreet in making his advance?" "Did the Confederates hold most of their ground?" These are questions which will always furnish material for study and reflection. One fact, however, is paramount in the story of Antietam. It will live as long as these mountains of Maryland stand or the history of war endures. It is the magnificent courage and the unfaltering endeavors of the Union men in face of the severest assaults of the enemy. Not until evening did the fighting cease, nor did the sounds of cannonading along the Antietam creek die away. The valley which the sun had greeted so fresh and green, was red with blood. The leaves hung torn from the trees, and all the banks and hillsides were furrowed with shot and shell. The murmur of the river and the evening wind was mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying.

The quiet which succeeded that dreadful day has lasted now over 40 years. In the meantime, some of our regiment who survived the perils of war have come here to Antietam to review the incidents of the battle and in doing this remind one of the picture which is given in the poem of Goldsmith of

"The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and showed how fields were won."

But, comrades, we have lived to read the meaning of the great struggle in a brighter and more glorious scene. The forty-two years have extracted the dross and have left us the pure gold. Christian civilization has received a rich heritage in the valor and nobility of heart which influenced the soldiers on this battle ground. So, to-day, the beautiful and good is being celebrated by all the regiments who fought here. These monuments will indicate to coming generations that there were heroes in the days of 1860 and 1865, who recognized a duty and counted the cost of defending the great principles of justice and truth a glorious service to God and humanity.

The battle of Antietam was notable on account of the strength and endurance which reposed in the private soldiers. I think, my comrades, you have realized the truth of this assertion, again and again, in your remin-

iscenses of that day. The student who investigates the plan of action and the movement of the troops, will also appreciate the tremendous strain which the individual soldier was obliged to endure. The divisions of the Union Army engaged in action successively, the plan being to attack the enemy first with the corps of Hooker on the extreme right; then with the Ninth Corps on the left, and when these operations seemed successful to advance upon the Confederate center. Thus the battle began, and as the various corps of the Union soldiers pushed forward into action, they were only to find themselves surrounded by the strongest regiments of the Southern army. When a brigade marches into an exposed position and receives a steady fire from the front, the flank, and rear, it is then the issue depends upon the bearing and excellence of the individual soldier.

At 3 o'clock came the command for the Ninth Corps, including our own gallant regiment, to advance against Sharpsburg. Our right wing was successful, and capturing a Confederate battery on their way, they even reached the Southern suburbs of the town. The left wing was hard pressed under the assault of the enemy and was obliged to fall behind. The gap between our wings widened and, in the meantime, the enemy's lines were re-inforced. Such odds were too heavy for us, and the final and severest misfortune came, when the Confederate division under A. P. Hill struck General Rodman in flank, killed him, and caused his division to break. The fighting of that afternoon engagement was terrific and here again the very preservation of the Union forces may be attributed to the matchless pluck and splendid spirit of the privates in rank. The boys of the Roundhead regiment of Pennsylvania may well feel proud of their part that day. We have the warrant for such pride in the words of the Confederate General himself, who in writing of the occasion, said, "I was not a moment too soon; the Federals had broken through Jones's division and were in the full tide of success."

This anniversary day of the battle of Antietam brings us together to dedicate our monument to the One Hundredth Pennsylvania regiment. It seems peculiarly appropriate that the committee who superintended the building of this monument have chosen to crown the column of stone with the statue of a private soldier. It is a just tribute to the true hearted soldiers of the rank and file as well as the gallant commanders who led us into battle. Besides, it symbolizes in a very accurate and beautiful way, the full significance of war. In the private soldier I seem to see typified the union of purpose, the union of valor, and the union of probity, which gave to this war the benediction of God, and, to our own cause, a glorious victory. Among all nations and throughout all time the soldier, who endures the throes of warfare for the sake of his home and his conceptions of liberty and justice, should merit universal esteem.

"Doomed to go in company with pain
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
In fact of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower."

Comrades, we dedicate this mounment, first to the One Hundredth Regi-

ment and the soldiers of her ranks who proved themselves to be true champions of virtue and right. We dedicate this monument to the coming generations of the North and South, now jointly in an inseparable Union, trusting that these noble sons of our land will read here, in outline, the important lessons of duty, of government, and of humanity. We dedicate our monument to peace,—that peace which only this war could provide; which was bought with tears and suffering, and which peace, we pray the Everlasting Father and Prince of the World will in his mercy keep forever brooding o'er us all.

The exercises ended with the singing of two verses of the hymn "America," when the comrades joined with their fellow comrades of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, in the dedication of their monument, which stands close to that of the One Hundredth regiment.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGIMENT
(THE ROUNDHEADS).

By J. C. STEVENSON, Sec. of Association.

When the tocsin of war was sounded in April, 1861, and President Lincoln called for 75,000 three month's volunteers, among the first to respond was Dr. Daniel Leasure, a citizen of New Castle, Pa., whose military training especially fitted him for such service. Within three days after the call he had two full companies enlisted, and within a week they were tendered and accepted into the service as Companies F and H of the Twelfth Regiment, commanded by Col. Campbell, of Pittsburg, Company F was commanded by Captain Ed. O'Brien, who had been a member of the "Irish Greens," from Pittsburg, during the Mexican war, and who later in the war of the Rebellion served as Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel of the One Hundredth and Thirty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

These companies of Lawrence Guards were composed of first-class young men from the town of New Castle and surrounding neighborhood, and their conduct was such as to win the favor and attract the attention of the people of Maryland and the government officers about Washington. About the termination of the three months' service Captain Leasure visited the Secretary of War and asked permission to organize an independent United States regiment.

The state had already filled her quota and there seemed to be no chance just then to get in as state troops. The Secretary asked him: Can you bring out a full regiment of as good men as compose those two companies guarding the bridges out on the Gunpowder?" The Captain replied: "I have no other kind to bring." "Well," said Gen. Scott, who was present

in the Secretary's office at the time, "we will call them 'Roundheads.'" This complimented Secretary Cameron, who prided in being a descendent of the old English Roundheads. The commission was granted, and in a few weeks Col. Leasure had a full regiment in Camp Wilkins, at Pittsburg awaiting orders.

On the 31st of August, the officers and men were sworn into the service of the United States, and on the 2nd of September a dispatch was received from the Secretary of War, directing Col. Leasure to bring on his "Round-head Regiment" which he did, reporting to the Adjutant General in Washington, on the 4th. The regiment was assigned to Gen. Casey's command, and encamped north of Georgetown, on Kalorama Heights. In a few days tents, clothing and arms were drawn, and drilling and training for the sterner duties which were to come after commenced. Within a month the regiment was noted for its proficiency in movements and especially for its skill in target practice, many of the men being trained from their boyhood to the use of the squirrel rifle. The six week days were faithfully spent in teaching the "fingers to fight" and in training the muscles for war, while the Sabbaths were as sacredly observed for rest and worship as while at their homes.

On the 10th of October Col. Leasure received orders to report to Annapolis with his regiment, remaining there, quartered in the Navy Yard, until the 19th, when they embarked on steamers joining the Sherman-Dupont expedition, which made the first landing on the "sacred soil of South Carolina," on the 7th of November, at Port Royal, midway between Charleston and Savannah. During the trip there was a terrific storm on the ocean, and nearly every one on board was sea sick. The regiment landed on Hinton Head Island on the morning of the 8th of November, where it remained until the 7th of December, when it was taken on the Broad River, about eighteen miles to the beautiful little city of Beaufort. During the month the regiment remained on Hilton Head, they did a great deal of hard work, unloading the vessels, building wharfs and fortifications, as well as picketing the island. The terrible effects of the storm while on the water in connection with the hard work and loss of sleep, caused a great deal of sickness and many deaths. Hardly a day passed but some one of the regiment was laid away in "Pine Wood Cemetery." On Thursday, November 28, there were four deaths in the regiment.

One, however, Orderly Sergeant Benjamin S. Stewart, of Company A, was by accident. A number of unexploded shells, which had been thrown on the island during the bombardment of the forts on the day before we landed, had been gathered up and kept as relics and he, curious to know how much powder one of them contained, had taken out the plug and was pouring out the powder, knocking it against another shell to get it all out, when it exploded in his hands, tearing him almost to pieces. He lived about one hour perfectly conscious, and met his fate like a Christian hero. The duties of Beaufort island were not so hard. In fact some of the picket duty, when a squad of fifteen or twenty, took possession of some deserted mansion and had the colored people do all their washing and cooking for them was rather pleasant. The chances for extras to government rations were very good. Oysters and fish, as well as sweet potatoes were plenty,

and by May the fields were covered with dewberries of the very best quality. Northern Yankees had come in and occupied the deserted mansions and filled the storerooms with their wares, and things could be bought as low as in the northern cities. Occasionally a raid would be made against the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, about eighteen miles farther inland, but no fighting of any consequence occurred until June, when an advance was made against Charleston, via Stone inlet and James Island. Part of the regiment landed on the lower end of the island, about seven miles south of Charleston, and on the 3rd of June had a brisk little skirmish, losing five killed, six wounded, and Captain Cline, Co. F, and 21 men prisoners. On the 16th there was a general advance made against "Tower Fort" about the middle of the island, and on the road to Fort Johnson, which was situated on the upper end of the island nearest Charleston. In this engagement the regiment lost sixteen killed and thirty-one wounded.

The weather was very warm and wet, the island low and marshy and the labor unloading artillery, ammunition, etc., so great that when the regiment left the island on the 4th of July there were not 300 men fit for duty.

Returning to Beaufort they had just gotten their tents unloaded at the Smith Plantation when orders were received to come north.

On the 18th of July the regiment landed and went into camp at Newport News, where the Ninth Army Corps was being organized, under General Burnside. Two weeks later they moved to Fredericksburg, and stripping for fight boxed up all extra clothing and stored it in a wareroom in that city, where it was afterward burned. They then started to reinforce General Pope who boasted that his headquarters were where his headquarters ought to have been and who had just achieved a splendid victory at Cedar Mountain. The lady nurses in the hospital as well as the brass band and printing press, were all condemned as luxuries and sent home.

From this time until they reached the defences of Washington, on the night of the 2nd of September, the regiment knew no rest.

On the night of the first anniversary of their enlistment, August 28, they slept on the historic battlefield of Bull Run, and the day following participated in one of the bloodiest battles of the war, in which they lost over one-half the number engaged in killed and wounded. Among the killed and mortally wounded were Captains Templeton, Brown and Van Gorder, and Lieutenants Rayen and Spence. Among the wounded were Col. Leasure and his son, Major M. M. Dawson and Lieutenants John P. Blair and Thomas H. Curt. The entire loss was sixty-four killed and nearly two hundred wounded.

At Chantilly, on the 1st of September, the regiment was engaged again and did excellent service in checking Gen. Jackson in an attempt to get possession of the road between Pope's army and Washington. In this engagement the regiment mourned the loss of a number of their own men, as well as that of their ideal soldier, Brigadier General Isaac I. Stevens, who commanded the division.

On the 14th of September at the battle of South Mountain, the regiment was engaged again, losing twelve killed and thirty-seven wounded. Among the latter were Lieutenants Book, Co. E, and Montford, of Co. A.

In the battle of Antietam the regiment acted as skirmishers and met with small loss.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, December 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, they were among the first to cross and the last to re-cross the river but were engaged as pickets and met with no loss.

On the 10th of February, General Burnside, having at his own request been relieved of the command of the "Army of the Potomac" the regiment with the corps was taken to Newport News where they received new supplies of clothing, etc., and about the last of March were taken west to Kentucky, Burnside having been given the command of the department of the Ohio, embracing Kentucky and Tennessee. After two months soldiering on the neutral soil of that state, they were taken with Stevens' and Reno's divisions of the corps under General John G. Parke to reinforce Grant at Vicksburg.

The services performed at Vicksburg consisted in keeping back Johnson, who was raising an army in the rear of the city in order to attack the besiegers and raise the siege. As soon as the beleaguered city surrendered, which was done on the 4th of July. General Parke's troops, with a division under Sherman started for Johnson's army, which retreated as far as the capital of the state, before offering battle.

At Jackson, the 2nd Michigan being the skirmishing regiment for the division did all the fighting, driving the Johnnies out of their camp. Johnson, finding himself in close quarters, burnt and destroyed what he could not take with him and fled, the regiment following some distance, tearing up railroads and burning cotton. After the Jackson campaign they returned to their former camp at Milldale near the Yazoo river, where they remained until the 1st of August. This was one of the most disastrous campaigns to health in the war.

A month later the entire corps, or all who were able to go, started for East Tennessee, marching via Cumberland Gap, and reaching Knoxville on the 2nd of October. On the 10th of October a battle was fought at Blue Springs in which some rebel cavalry was routed, after which they settled down for the winter at Lenoir, twenty-three miles southwest of Knoxville. About the time they had comfortable houses built, Longstreet's corps made its appearance driving them into Knoxville, where they remained prisoners of war, furnishing their own rations, which were very poor both in quantity and quality, for nearly a month, they preferring this to going to Richmond.

On Sabbath morning, November 29th, eleven of Longstreet's best regiments made a charge on Fort Saunders which was defended by about eight cannon, and probably 100 men. After more troops were run in, just previous to the attack, among them was Co. A, of the One Hundredth, who right gallantly defended the northwest corner of the fort. The enemy actually climbed up the sides of the fort planting three battle flags on the parapet, but were knocked back into the ditch by the boys of Company A, who lost two killed, Isaac Garretson and Aaron Templeton; also four or five wounded. The rebel loss in this engagement was terrible, amounting, according to their own reports, to 128 killed, 458 wounded and 226 prisoners, three battle flags and 600 stand of arms. The entire Union loss did not

exceed 30 killed and wounded. A few days after this the siege was raised and the regiment followed the retreating foe as far as Rutledge, but subsequently fell back to Blain's Cross Roads, where about four-fifths of the regiment re-enlisted for another three years, and on the 12th of January, 1864, started for home on veteran furlough.

The sufferings experienced during this campaign for want of food and clothing, and the march of nearly 200 miles over the mountains in mid-winter, reminded the boys of the stories they had read of Valley Forge.

After their furlough, being recruited again to a full regiment, they joined the balance of the Ninth Army Corps at Annapolis, Md., and participated in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac from the Wilderness to the evacuation of Petersburg. At the Wilderness, on the 6th of May, Colonel Leasure's Brigade consisting of the Third Maryland, Twenty-first Massachusetts and One Hundredth Pennsylvanian, were assigned to General Hancock's Corps, where they performed a flank movement between the lines that was extremely hazardous. A few minutes after this reconnaissance, Longstreet's Corps charged on Hancock's lines, capturing both the first and second lines of works, causing a perfect panic and rout of the troops on that part of the line, when Colonel Leasure, seeing the situation, quickly formed his brigade and as he passed along the line said: "Now boys, show them what the Anchor and Cross cannon mean," and without waiting for orders made a counter charge re-capturing both lines, a large number of prisoners and several battle flags.

At Spotsylvania on the 12th of May, the regiment made several charges, losing 42 killed and about 150 wounded. Among the latter was Colonel Leasure, who was leaning against a small sapling, watching the effect of the firing of the men who were lying in line in front of him, when a cannon ball struck the tree against which he was leaning, cutting it off above his head and stunning him so badly that he had to leave the field. He was taken to the hospital and was never able to resume his command.

The regiment was again engaged at Cold Harbor, on the 2d of June, and lost a number of killed and wounded; one of the killed, Lieutenant D. I. Gilfillan, of Company F, was a young officer greatly beloved and was acting adjutant at the time. On the 15th of June, they crossed the James river, and on the 17th, participated in the attack made on the Rebel lines around Petersburg, losing a number of men. Among the killed was Captain Lee Morrow, of Company H, Lieutenant Colonel M. M. Dawson was mortally wounded and died in the hospital June 30th.

The next serious engagement in which they participated was on the 30th of July, and known as the "mine explosion" in which they lost twenty-two killed, forty wounded and a number of prisoners. Among the killed and mortally wounded was Major Thomas J. Hamilton, who was in command of the regiment; Captain Walter C. Oliver, of Company B; Adjutant S. G. Leasure and Lieutenant Richard P. Craven, of Company K; all first class officers. Quite a number of prisoners captured here were taken to Danville, Va., where they succeeded in overpowering the guards and after nearly two months of starving, hiding and marching they succeeded in reaching the Union lines in East Tennessee.

After the "mine butchery" the regiment was sent to the rear of the



line, near the Weldon R. R., where on the 19th and 21st of August and also on the 30th of September and 20th and 27th of October they were engaged, losing some in each battle. It was in the last of these, near Hatcher's Run, that Lieutenant James S. Stocking lost his arm. During the time the regiment occupied this part of the line, the time of those who did not re-enlist expired, and they were honorably discharged.

About the 1st of November the regiment returned to their former position in front and directly south of the city, occupying a portion of the line between Forts Haskell and Stedman, where they remained, doing advance picket duty all winter, and where the pickets had to be changed at night, it being dangerous to show one's head above the ground. While here a number were killed and wounded, victims to the unerring aim of the Rebel sharpshooters.

In February and March about 400 recruits, mostly drafted and substitutes, were sent to the regiment. Some of them were first class men, but generally foreigners.

On the morning of the 25th of March, before daylight the Rebels effected a break in the Union lines, between Fort Stedman and the Appomattox river, throwing a large force behind and with Fort Stedman; at the same time advancing along the line of works, occupied by the One Hundredth Pennsylvania Volunteer Veterans, nearly to Fort Haskell, capturing or driving all before them. The right of the regiment took shelter to the rear of some rifle pits and in a clump of timber near the cook houses, while the companies on the left ran into Fort Haskell, from which position they poured a destructive fire into the victorious but hungry Johnnies, who, finding plenty of sugar, coffee, bread, meat and clothing in our tents went to plundering. Before the battle commenced General McLaughlin, the Brigade Commander, was captured, and soon after Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Pentecost was mortally wounded, leaving Major Maxwell, the highest in rank in immediate command. Just at daylight, he, with a small party, consisting mostly of the One Hundredth, with a few officers and men of the Third Maryland, Twenty-first Massachusetts and Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, made a charge down the line, recapturing Fort Stedman, a large number of prisoners, including two Colonels and several battle flags. The credit of this was given to General Hartranft's Division of new troops, who arrived on the ground twenty minutes later, and took charge of, and counted the prisoners.

In this engagement the regiment's loss was twenty-one killed, fifty-seven wounded and thirty or forty prisoners who were almost immediately paroled and returned to their companies. On the day of the final assault, April 2nd, the regiment did not have much to do and had but few hurt. On the 3rd it entered Petersburg, and a few days later moved to Wilson's Station, on the South Side R. R., where it remained until after Lee's and Johnson's surrender, when it was brought back to Washington, participated in the grand review, after which it was taken to Harrisburg, and on the 24th of July, mustered out of service. All the officers of the regiment at this time had served an apprenticeship, carrying muskets, and nearly all had spent the first year of their service as privates. Colonel Maxwell enlisted as Second Sergeant, Company E; Lieutenant Colonel Wilson, as Cor-

poral, Company H; Major Bard, as private, Company A. The regiment was particularly fortunate in its own officers, as well as those of higher rank placed over them. Colonel Leasure's cool, deliberate judgment, but prompt action, had made the Roundhead Regiment what it was in war, and is now in history.

Lieutenant Colonel Armstrong, who had seen service in Mexico, was also a fine disciplinarian and did much to bring the standard in drill up to the highest mark, while Chaplain Brown was a Roundhead to the core, and, although he carried no weapons, was in the front in every fight, sharing in all the dangers, perils and hardships of the private soldier; and in this way winning the confidence, admiration and love of every man in the command. There were other equally brave and competent officers and hundreds of just as good men in the ranks, but space prevents further personal mention.

Among the gallant commanders immediately over them, were:

Brigadier General I. I. Stevens, killed at Chantilly. Major General Jesse L. Reno, killed at South Mountain. Brigadier General O. B. Wilcox and Brigadier General Edward Ferrero.

The regiments brigaded with the One Hundredth were the Forty-sixth and Seventy-ninth New York; the Forty-fifth and Fiftieth Pennsylvania; the Second, Eighth, Seventeenth, Twentieth and Twenty-seventh Michigan; the Twenty-first, Thirty-sixth, Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Massachusetts; the Third Maryland, and the Fourteenth New York heavy artillery. The Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders and the One Hundredth Pennsylvania Roundheads were long known as the twin regiments, and from the first night spent together on Kalorama Heights in '61, to the day the Highlanders left at the end of three years' service at Spotsylvania court house were fast friends. A single incident will illustrate:

On the 9th of May, 1864, just after we crossed the Ny river, the Seventy-ninth boys, whose time had expired a few days previous, but who did not get mustered out when on the move, being permitted to go where they pleased, had left their own brigade and came to spend their few remaining days with their old friends, the Roundheads, from whom they had been parted during the campaign. Colonel Leasure, in forming his command, discovered that his line of battle was too short to cover the enemies front and form a junction with the Union troops on the left. Colonel Morrison, seeing the difficulty, volunteered their assistance. Riding back to where his own gallant Scots were lying in safety, he said: "Colonel Leasure wants us to fill that gap in his lines. Attention! right shoulder, double quick, march!" In they went with a cheer. The enemy was driven back, but not without the loss of several of their number killed and wounded, among the latter was their brave, true-hearted and noble commander. It seemed so much worse for any of them to be killed and wounded after three years of hard, faithful service, and at a time when they should have been on their way home.

Equally brave and heroic fraternal services might be related with reference to other regiments connected with the Roundheads who always feel honored that they were permitted to be the associates of such men as were the followers of the grand and noble Burnside.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Branch Avenue, near Burnside Bridge Road.

The statue selected by the Committee of the One Hundredth Infantry is perhaps one of the choicest on any battlefield, and its execution reflects great credit on both artist and contractor.

The subject is called "Challenge," and shows the private soldier shortly after a severe engagement, assigned to picket duty, while his comrades try to secure the much needed rest. In the cool of the night he has thrown his cap to the ground and hearing footsteps (whether friend or foe he knows not) he stands at "ready" and challenges those approaching—a moment of tense anxiety met with courage of the young American volunteer. This statue has already taken its place in the front rank of bronze statuary in this country and redounds to the reputation and ability of W. Clark Noble, the artist, who executed it.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more appropriate pedestal, both in design and proportion than the one selected for this beautiful bronze statue.

This pedestal has five stones, two bases, a plinth, a die, and overhanging cap stone. Every face is fine hammered. The plinth stone carries on its front face the Ninth Army Corps Badge, and the usual bronze panel occupies a conspicuous place on front of die and contains the following inscription:

100TH PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
2ND BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
9TH CORPS
LOCATION 495 YARDS NORTH
79 DEGREES WEST

CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM

WOUNDED	7
MISSING	1
TOTAL	8

RECRUITED IN LAWRENCE WASHINGTON
BUTLER BEAVER MERCER
AND WESTMORELAND COUNTIES

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

COOSAW	SECESSIONVILLE
LEGAREVILLE	SECOND BULL RUN

CHANTILLY

SOUTH MOUNTAIN

ANTIETAM	WILDERNESS
FREDERICKSBURG	SPOTSYLVANIA
VICKSBURG	NORTH ANNA
JACKSON	COLD HARBOR
BLUE SPRINGS	PETERSBURG
CAMPBELL'S STATION	THE CRATER
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE	WELDON RAIL ROAD

POPLAR SPRING CHURCH

HATCHER'S RUN	FORT STEDMAN
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ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG

The lower base is 7 feet square, and contains on its face in bold raised letters the word

ROUNDHEADS.

The total height of the memorial, including the bronze statue is 17 feet 4 inches.







PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

"THE INFANTRYMAN"
124TH REGT. PENNA. VOLUNTEERS
STARK AVENUE AND HAGERSTOWN PIKE

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO ONE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEERS.

AT the dedication of this monument nearly one thousand persons assembled. The occasion was honored by Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker and Staff, the Battlefield Commission and other distinguished visitors. Joseph W. Hawley, of Media, Pa., Colonel of the regiment, and President of the Survivors' Association, presided, carrying out the following programme:

PENNSYLVANIA DAY.
ANTIETAM, MARYLAND.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1904.
124TH SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

The Monument of the 124th will be dedicated and unveiled at 9.30 A. M.
The Ceremonies will take place at the site of the Monument
on Starke Avenue and Hagerstown Pike, near
the Dunkard Church.

JOSEPH W. HAWLEY, Colonel of the 124th, and President of
Survivors' Association, Presiding.

PRAYER—Rev. Joseph S. Evans, Chaplain of the 124th.

ADDRESS—Robert M. Green, Chairman of Monument Committee and
Vice President of Survivors' Association.

UNVEILING—Mrs. J. M. Thompson, Daughter of Col. Joseph W. Hawley.

"AMERICA," Singing by Audience.

PHOTOGRAPH—Survivors of Regiment.

Camp Fire and Business Meeting of Association on Saturday evening.
Time and place to be announced at Dedication of Monument.

Prayer by the Rev. Joseph S. Evans, of West Chester, Pa.,
former Chaplain of the regiment:

Eternal and ever-blessed God: We approach the Throne of Grace, this day, with feelings of deep gratitude and thanksgiving. As we stand upon this hallowed ground, we come with vivid memories of thy goodness to us in the past.

We gratefully praise thy holy name that we can ascribe to thy protecting care, our preservation from the shafts of death, on the dark day of the fierce battle's strife, when numbers of our comrades gave their life blood that our glorious nation might live. We praise thy name that the sacrifice was not in vain. We praise thee for the sweet blessed peacefulness of our surroundings this day. We thank thee for the joy that thrills our hearts as we gaze upon our beautiful flag, the emblem of peace throughout this great nation, and the wonder and admiration of the nations of the world.

We beseech thee, O God, to bless and keep this great nation as in the hollow of thy hand. Rule and overrule in all that pertains to the peace and welfare of the people. Be pleased to guide by thine unerring wisdom, those who make and those who administer our laws, that peace and prosperity may be the portion of this nation in all the future.

And now we come with tender memories of the past to invoke thy special blessing upon us, as we dedicate this monument to the memory and honor of those of our comrades whose life blood stained the hallowed ground upon which we stand; to the memory of those who have been mustered out of our ranks by the silent messenger during the years that have intervened since the days of our struggle for right against wrong on this field, and whose bodies repose beneath the hallowed ground made sacred by their lives. Bless us as we dedicate it to the honor of those of the comrades who yet live as monuments of thy divine goodness and mercy. Bless us as we dedicate it to our beloved State of Pennsylvania, and to our great nation as a token of the patriotism of those that went forth in the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment, to die, if need be, that our glorious flag might be kept unsullied and our country undivided. May this monument prove to future generations that the sacrifice has not been in vain.

And now, God of all grace and goodness, accept our heartfelt gratitude and praise for thy loving care over us, for all thy blessings bestowed upon us; for this day and this hour; for this gathering.

Still be our God and the God of our nation, and when our service here is finished, and we are all mustered out of the ranks of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment, may we all be found enlisted under the glorious banner of thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

We ask it in his name.

May grace, mercy and peace from God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, go and abide with us evermore. Amen.

At the conclusion of the prayer, Col. Hawley spoke as follows:

As President of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment Association, it seems proper that I should say a few words before passing this monument over to the State authorities, not, however, giving you a history of the services of the regiment, as that will be done by others, but merely a few words of congratulation that we have been able with the \$2,500 appropriated by the State of Pennsylvania, and the generous contribution of another \$2,500 by the members of the regiment and their kind friends to erect such a magnificent monument commemorating the services of our comrades as the one we are now dedicating.

Forty-two years have elapsed since we clashed arms on this ground and only a remnant of that regiment of young men are living to-day, and it becomes our pleasant duty to dedicate this memorial in the name of all who took part in that great struggle.

I have had many pleasant messages from our comrades, who, on account of infirmity or other unavoidable circumstances, could not be with us on this happy occasion, and they all send congratulations to this Association, that we have accomplished our desires as expressed at our many reunions and that the monument to the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth regiment is an accomplished fact.

I now take pleasure in introducing to you as orator of the day, Comrade Robert M. Green, of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Committee for the erection of the monument, and Vice President of the Survivors' Association.

ADDRESS OF COMRADE ROBERT M. GREEN.

Governor Pennypacker and Staff, Comrades and Friends of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth: Unfortunate is said to be the nation that does not mourn over the tombs of its defenders, or in some way manifest its remembrance of the lives and deeds of its heroes. The placing of flags and flowers upon the graves of our comrades on Memorial Day is symbolic of our Nation mourning, and the monuments that have been erected upon this and other battlefields throughout our land are emblematic of our Nation's gratitude to its heroes. If our Nation were to erect a granite shaft or a bronze statue to perpetuate the memory of the deeds of each and every one who gave his life in its defense, it would never want for patriots in its time of need.

A few years ago I stood on the old stone bridge at Concord, Mass., and I saw there the monument that had been erected to the memory of the Minute Men, who, on the first day of the American Revolution, checked the

march of the British soldiers from Boston. On that monument was this inscription:

“By the rude bridge that spanned the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here, once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

One hundred and thirty years have passed since those farmers left their plows in the furrows to fire that shot, but from that day until the present the echoes of it have reverberated from every hilltop, throughout every valley, and in every hamlet upon the face of the globe where liberty-loving men are found. From the day that shot was fired until the present, each and every monument that has been erected to commemorate the valor, the patriotism, the loyalty of an American soldier or sailor, has constituted a bulwark upon which those echoes will continue to resound, so long as the love of liberty burns within the human breast.

Comrades, forty and two years ago to-day you were here, face to face with all the horrors of war, an armed foe ruled by the mad passions of hate was in front of you, the glitter of bayonets, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the shriek of flying shells, the groans of wounded and dying, and upturned faces of the dead (both friends and enemies) were all around you.

The battle of Antietam was, in some respects, the greatest and most momentous of all the battles of the Civil War; the Union loss in killed and wounded, within the sound of a gun shot from this spot, is said to have been greater in that one day than in any two days of any other battle ever fought upon the American continent; and Horace Greely well said that “when the sun set on the 17th of September, 1862, it shut from sight the bloodiest day in American history.”

Comrades, I will not attempt to describe the part the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth and other Pennsylvania commands took in that great conflict. One more capable than I has been selected for that purpose, and I advise you to attend the general dedication services in the National Cemetery this afternoon to hear him. When you were ordered into that battle you were new recruits, untrained in the arts of war; in front of you was the left wing of the army of the south, composed of veterans of many battles. Less than five weeks had elapsed since you left your peaceful homes, and much of that time had been spent in marching, so that little opportunity had been given you for drilling, and you scarcely knew the company commands. With your Colonel wounded early in the battle, and your officers knowing but little more of military movements than you yourselves knew, you were expected to do the work of veterans in assisting to prevent the right flank of our army from being turned. That you acted the part of brave men and won for yourselves an imperishable record of glory is evidenced by the fact that General McClellan made favorable mention of the regiment in his report to the War Department, and that the histories of the South record your bravery.

But, comrades, what a change in your ranks since that day forty-two years ago; when you went into battle almost 1,000 strong and were in the

full vigor and strength of young manhood, filled with the ambitions of youth; your steps elastic and your eyes undimmed; but now your lives are behind you, the shadows have grown longer, the infirmities of age are fast coming upon you, the evening is settling across the valleys, and a majority of our comrades have crossed the river to answer the final roll call on the other shore. But, as we stand here to-day upon this sacred spot and look backward, we cannot fail to realize the marvelous growth of our nation during the years that have intervened, and, glancing backward, catching an inspiration from the past, we look forward with the eye of faith to the time when in grandeur and glory, it will eclipse all the nations of the earth.

It is sometimes said by the older nations that we are a country without a history, but I claim that we have a history more remarkable than was ever before recorded of any other nation. When we take into consideration the great underlying principles upon which our government was established, it stands unique among the countries of the world. Founded as it was upon the basis of human liberty and equal rights to all, there were none others to copy from. Founded as it was upon principles never before adopted by any other nation, it did not even enter into rivalry with the institutions of other lands, and so firmly did our forefathers establish its foundations, and so wisely and carefully have their descendants continued to erect the structure, that to-day the voice of the United States is heard and listened to in the consideration of every question in which the civilized nations of the globe are interested.

Comrades, it has been your privilege and mine to live in a period of time not only the greatest in the history of our own nation, but in many respects the greatest in the history of the world; we have seen our own country grow and develop from an experiment, as it were, to that of a power fearing none, but feared and respected by all, and respected because it is feared. When you and I were young, the term "frontier" was applied to all that part of it west of the Mississippi, but to-day it has no frontier. A new power has been given to it, welded by the blood of 400,000 of its loyal sons, and its possible dominion and influence is as wide as the world and as universal as the atmosphere.

The world is to be congratulated that this new birth (as it were) has been given to us, and mankind cannot comprehend the great part that this nation is destined to fulfill in the uplifting of humanity; and, comrades, let me say to you that what you and your comrades did from 1861 to 1865, so changed conditions as to make this new birth possible. In my opinion, the transition period wherein we passed from an almost unrecognized force among nations to that of world-wide power and influence, was the period embraced by the Civil War, and the work that you and your comrades did has been instrumental in placing our flag upon the highest peak of the mountain range of nations, there to float as the emblem of a power that commands the respect of all mankind, so that under its folds every citizen, even to the humblest toiler, shall have protection throughout the whole world.

President Roosevelt, in his letter of acceptance of a few days ago, paid a worthy tribute when he said: "The man who fought for union and for liberty in the years from 1861 to 1865, not only saved this nation from

ruin, but rendered an inestimable service to all mankind. We of the United States owe the fact that to-day we have a country to what they did."

Now, comrades, I know you are anxious to see your monument, but before we unveil it, let us for a few moments forget the present and permit our thoughts to go back, and live over again in memory the sacred events of our army life. As we go back to the scenes of '61 to '65, we hear again the stirring music of fife and drum, we see the great assemblages of people and listen to the patriotic addresses of orators as they plead for volunteers, we see our young friends as they boldly step forth from the crowd and enroll their names for enlistment; we see them as they stand with uplifted hand and take the oath of allegiance to support the government; we see them as they part from those they love, some receiving the blessings of fathers, some parting with mothers who hold them to their breast and cannot speak for weeping, some bending over cradles and kissing babes that are asleep, some bidding farewell to wives and sweethearts and striving with brave words to drive the awful sorrow from their hearts; we see them as they start away with waving banners, trying to keep step to the martial music of war.

As we follow them, we see them on their weary marches through sunshine and rain, through dust and mud, sleeping upon the bare ground with no covering but the bending sky. We see them as they stand guard under the summer's sun and in the cold winter's storm. We see them in hospitals maimed and crippled, burning with fever, we see them in prison pens enduring agonies that cannot be described, we see them upon the decks of our men-of-war and upon bloody battlefields (such as this was), torn with shot and shell, wild with thirst, and as their brave lives ebb away, we see their eyes open, and stooping to listen, we hear them say, "Comrades, write and tell them I died for my country," and as the gray pallor of death settles over their faces we see their lips move, and stooping again, we hear them with their last expiring breath asking heaven to bless and comfort their loved ones at home.

Comrades, can we forget the scenes I have described? Are they not indelibly written upon the pages of our memory, there to remain so long as memory remains with us?

Now, our main object in assembling here to-day is to dedicate this monument that kind friends and a grateful Commonwealth have assisted in erecting. It is made of granite and bronze that will for ages to come resist the elements of nature, and long after you and I have passed to the great beyond, it will remain as a reminder to future generations of the dark hours of the terrible conflict; of the great contest that you here participated in, and in which so many of our young comrades shed their blood for the life of the nation. As we stand here to-day in its presence, and look back through the years that have passed, our hearts are filled with emotion as we sigh for the touch of vanished hands and for the sound of voices that are still, and to the memory of our departed comrades, and in honor of the glorious record of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, I now dedicate it, and on behalf of the committee, present it to you.

At the conclusion of the address, the monument was unveiled by Mrs. Justice M. Thompson, of Media, Pa. (daughter of Col. Hawley) assisted by Robt. M. Green, Jr., of Philadelphia.

The audience then sang the hymn "America" and the exercises were at an end.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Location, Hagerstown Pike and Stark Avenue.

An 8 foot bronze statue of a vounteer infantryman of '61 to '65 in full uniform and with fixed bayonet, represents the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Infantry Regiment. Heavy top coat and cape, full regulation equipment even to the detail of the familiar tin cup is accurately shown in this statue, and the composition and carefully worked out details reflect great credit on the artist, Mr. Pierre Feitu, a French sculptor of wide reputation in his own country, France.

The pedestal of this memorial is of Westerly, R. I. granite, the only pedestal of the thirteen, not composed of the Barre, Vt. granite. This pedestal has six stones in its makeup, three bases, a plinth, die and cap.

The bases and die stone are rough quarry faced with hammered margins, while plinth and cap stones are fine hammered. This contrast of surfaces of granite in this particular pedestal affords a most striking and effective contrast, and with its size, 9 feet square at base, and 11 feet 7 inches high, together with an 8 feet 4 inch bronze statue, making a total height of 19 feet 11 inches makes it the most imposing regimental memorial on the Antietam field.

The inscriptions on this monument are as follows:

On the south or front on face of cap stone may be seen in full relief, the 12th Army Corps Badge, the familiar fine pointed star. On bronze medallion on die stone,

124TH
PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY

In "V" shaped letters on stone beneath the die stone

COLONEL JOSEPH W HAWLEY

- And on third base stone bronze plate of State Coat of Arms.
- 

*Pennsylvania at Antietam.***East Front.**

On bronze medallion on die stone

1ST BRIGADE

1ST DIVISION

12TH CORPS

On polished granite panel on third base stone having "V" sunk letters

IT WAS NEAR THIS SPOT

THAT THE REGIMENT

WITHIN SIX WEEKS

AFTER LEAVING HOME

TOOK AN ACTIVE PART

IN THIS GREAT STRUGGLE

West Front.

On bronze medallion on die stone

SEPT. 17 1862

ANTIETAM

CHANCELLORSVILLE

MAY 1-2-3 1863

On polished granite panel third base stone having "V" sunk letters

RECRUITED

IN CHESTER AND

DELAWARE COUNTIES

AUGUST 1862

FOR

NINE MONTHS SERVICE

North Front.

On bronze medallion on die stone

ERECTED BY

STATE OF

PENNSYLVANIA

SURVIVORS'

ASSOCIATION

1904

On polished granite panel third base stone having "V" sunk letters

CASUALTIES

AT ANTIETAM

KILLED 5

WOUNDED 42

MISSING 17



PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

COLOR SERGEANT GEORGE A. SIMPSON
125TH PA. VOLS.
CONFEDERATE AVENUE, EAST HAGERSTOWN PIKE

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

THE reunion of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the ceremonies attending and unveiling and dedication of the monument erected by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania commemorate and in honor of the noble dead of the regiment, who so bravely gave their lives for their country on Antietam battlefield, was held near the Dunker Church on the battlefield, Saturday, September 17, 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., and was presided over by Captain William W. Wallace, President of the Regimental Association. The following programme was carried out.

Calling Meeting to Order.

Prayer, Rev. Dr. T. E. Flood.

Remarks, President of Association.

Song, Miss Cora Eynon Hicks.

Unveiling of Monument, Miss Annie Simpson.

Address, Lieut. Thomas McCamant, Co. C.

Addresses, Members of Regiment.

Miscellaneous Business.

Song—"America," Audience.

Benediction.

Captain William W. Wallace called the meeting to order promptly at ten o'clock at the monument, in a brief opening address, as follows:

Comrades of Fort Bernard, Picket Line of Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Chancellorsville and Cove Mountain: I am glad to meet and greet you again on this historic battlefield under happier conditions than confronted us on our first visit to this spot; as the senior surviving officer, and President of our Regimental Association, I am called to preside on this occasion, and as other comrades will address you in detail, I will occupy but a few minutes of your time in these opening remarks.

Forty-two years ago a patriotic band of citizen soldiers from Huntingdon and Blair counties, Pennsylvania (including about forty from Cambria county), in all about 700 men, who had left their farms and other occupation in civil life, and with only four weeks training, then comprised the fighting force of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Marched across this open field of carnage, exposed to

a destructive fire from a concealed foe, and reached this extreme front position, far in advance of the regular line of battle. It is not my province as chairman to anticipate other speakers in narrating the tragic incidents and details of that thrilling encounter with the Confederates sheltered behind their barriers of rocks and trees and thickets, but it was soon evident that we were at a terrible disadvantage "out in the open," and that to push on against a larger force, they entrenched and we unsupported, was to incur risk of capture or annihilation, and it was wisely decided to retire to the rear of our batteries, which promptly opened at close range with such telling effect, that the Confederates speedily abandoned their purpose to advance, and took refuge again in their hiding places.

The sun went down that day on the "bloodiest one-day battlefield of the War." On our part it was a drawn battle, in which both sides lost heavily. We slept on our arms, expecting to renew and fight to a finish next day, but our brave foe had had enough, it seems, of Pennsylvanias greetings, and withdrew to the other side of the Potomac, leaving us in possession of the dearly bought field. Our total loss was 229 in killed and wounded (of whom 84 being slightly wounded but not disabled, were not reported officially.)

It is to the precious memory of those gallant comrades who fell by our side on that eventful day in defence of our country, "its national integrity and unity," that this monument has been erected by a grateful Commonwealth to perpetuate through coming generations for all time, a recognition of the heroic devotion and sacrifice unto death, and a veneration for those brave and loyal sons of Pennsylvania, and we, their surviving comrades are now assembled to dedicate it with appropriate ceremonies.

We have with us to-day the sister of our lamented color bearer, George A. Simpson, whose image is sculptured in granite and properly stands on this pedestal, and which Miss Annie Simpson will unveil to your gaze.

And now comrades! every thoughtful mind gives ready assent to the truth and force of Hamlet's utterance, that "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and it is eminently proper that American citizens and soldiers "in all our ways should acknowledge Him, who doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," who overrules evil for good in human affairs, and whose benign agency and control has been conspicuously manifest in behalf of our Nation from its origin down to the present hour.

Let us therefore lift up our thoughts devoutly to the author of our being, and the source of all power, while a comrade, now present, who received his first baptism of fire near this spot, who was then Orderly Sergeant of the Color Company, leads us in prayer. I allude to the Rev. Theodore L. Flood, D. D., of Meadville, Pa.

PRAYER BY DR. T. L. FLOOD.

O God, our Father and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we bow our spirits and worship Thee on this ground, consecrated by the blood of our comrades and friends, and where many of us faced death itself that we might perpetuate this nation. We give Thee thanks that we live to see this day—that we may come together as comrades to speak of the deeds of valor and of the noble men who fell in our regiment and in our great army on the day of battle more than forty years ago.

We thank Thee that Thou didst direct our fathers in the early days of our Nation's history, and that Thou didst give them wisdom and courage to lay the foundations of this Republic. We give Thee thanks for the wisdom and statesmanship of the great men who perpetuated this nation by their wise action in the halls of Congress, and in the Executive Mansion at Washington. And when we think of the battles that were fought in the Civil War, the defeats that were suffered and the victories won, we raise our hearts to Thee in thanksgiving for the victory achieved on this battlefield, and we thank Thee for the noble part our regiment was permitted to take in that conflict.

And, now, we return to Thee gratitude that so many brave men who fought here survive until this day. We beseech Thee to bless the widows and orphans of our comrades who fell in that battle. Bless all the comrades who remain, and may our gathering to-day be an inspiration of patriotic devotion to our country, and may we here at the altar of liberty, which has been an altar of sacrifice, consecrate ourselves anew to the preservation of this Republic and to the perpetuation of free institutions.

Inspire the men who shall speak on this occasion, and may we all carry to our homes an increased love for our country and our country's flag.

Bless our army and navy, the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and our National Congress. Bless the Governor of this Commonwealth and our State Legislature. Guide us all in the way of peace that we may never again be called to engage in civil strife, but that we may keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace.

These blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The battle hymn of the Republic was then sung by Miss Cora Eyon Hicks, of Altoona, and Mr. Frank M. Waring, of Tyrone, the comrades joining in the chorus.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an alter in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

The monument was then unveiled by Miss Annie Simpson, a sister of the color bearer, George Simpson, whose statue surmounts the structure.

The Hon. Thomas McCamant, late Lieutenant of Company G, was introduced, and delivered the following address:

Comrades and Friends: Forty-two years have passed and gone since less than seven hundred men and boys, only forty days from their homes on the upper waters of the Juniata, in Blair and Huntingdon counties, Pennsylvania, with an adjunct of sixty men, brought to them from the neighboring county of Cambria by our comrade and friend, Lieutenant Dunnegan, met and battled on the ground where we now stand, with a foe that was our equal in courage and valor.

Almost one and one-half years had elapsed since the commencement of the war between the states of the south and north, and bitterness which has since disappeared, was then very nearly at its height.

Both north and south contended for the mastery with earnestness and obstinacy, and though we feel justified in calling the battle here fought a Federal success, it must be borne in mind that in previous engagements in the east between the armies of the north and the armies of the south, prestige of victory had generally been on the side of the south.

The Army of the Potomac, made up of troops recruited principally in states of the north, that had been encamped within the defences of Washington during the winter of 1861-1862, was, in April of the latter year, transferred to Fortress Monroe, and by degrees advanced to Fair Oaks, a point within five miles of the city of Richmond (the seat of government of the Southern Confederacy) when disaster befell it, and it consequently met with a succession of defeats in what are known as the seven days battles, that ended at Malvern Hill on July first; and it then retired to Harrison's Landing on the James river.

The disaster at Fair Oaks and the subsequent seven days battles around Richmond, followed by the retirement of the army to Harrison's Landing, caused a feeling of depression in the north, but the people of that section soon recovered hope, and saw that in order to crush the Rebellion in the Southern States and restore the Union, the armies in the field must be recruited to their maximum strength; and the Governors of the several states that had espoused the Federal cause, knowing full well that their people were of the same mind with themselves, and would sustain them in efforts made to strengthen our armies in the field, addressed a communi-

cation to President Lincoln on June 22nd, asking him to call for additional troops to assist in bringing the Civil War to a close.

To this communication the President made reply on July 1st, and said he had decided to call into service an additional force of 300,000 men, and an order to this effect was issued the following day.

On July 7th, C. P. Buckingham, Brigadier General and Assistant Adjutant General, sent a dispatch to Governor Curtin requesting him to raise in Pennsylvania, as soon as practicable, twenty-one new regiments of volunteer infantry, and on July 21st, the Governor issued his proclamation calling for the said twenty-one new regiments of infantry.

Under this call of the President, of July 2nd, 1862, and the proclamation of Governor Curtin, of July 21st, 1862, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was raised mainly in the counties of Blair and Huntingdon. Enlistments in the different companies were made purely out of patriotic motives, and in less than two weeks time. The regiment had in its ranks men from all walks in life; the representative citizen, the professional man, the man of business, the mechanic, the farmer, and the day laborer were found among its numbers. A few of the men of the regiment had seen service in the late war with Mexico, some had been members of local military organizations before the Civil War, others had been in the late three months' service, but the great majority of its members had no previous military experience.

The several companies rendezvoused at Camp Curtin near Harrisburg early in the month of August, and were mustered into United States service daily from the 10th to the 16th of the month. On the latter date the regiment was organized, and departed that night for Washington. It reached there at noon the next day, and reported to General Casey, in command at that point. We stacked arms on Capitol Hill, where we remained until the following morning, and then moved out Pennsylvania avenue to the Potomac river, crossed the same on the Long bridge, and, after marching into the State of Virginia, a distance of perhaps seven miles, halted at Hunter's Chapel, where the artillery of Blenker's Division lay encamped the preceding winter. We were made a part of General Whipple's command, in charge of the defences of Washington, and the camp we established here was named Camp Welles, after Gideon Welles, then Secretary of the Navy.

We were the first of the new troops from Pennsylvania to come here, but other regiments arrived daily, and the camp was soon filled to overflowing. Drill and fatigue duties were constant and heavy. We continued in this camp until August 26th, when we moved to a new one, near Fort Barhard, where the same heavy duties were exacted of us, and where we remained until we started on the Maryland campaign, on September 6th.

The exigencies of the general government were great at this time. This is shown by the official records of the War of the Rebellion. We find therein, that on August 12th, the President dispatched Governor Curtin as follows:

"It is very important for some regiments to arrive here at once. What lack you from us? What can we do to expedite matters? Answer.

A. LINCOLN."



To this dispatch Governor Curtin replied the same day, as follows:

"Three regiments will be organized this morning, and leave as soon as transportation is ready. We have 13,000 men here, and will organize as rapidly as equipments and transportation can be provided. The regiments from Lancaster can go, and expect to hear from Philadelphia that same are ready there.

A. G. CURTIN, Governor."

On August 18th, the second day after our regiment left Harrisburg, these same official records of the War of the Rebellion show that General Halleck telegraphed Brigadier General Ketchum, stationed at Harrisburg, as follows:

"Confer with Governor Curtin, and urge upon him the importance of pushing forward troops without a moment's delay. The enemy is accumulating troops more rapidly than we are, and reinforcements must be sent us with all possible haste.

H. W. HALLECK,
General in Chief."

These times of exigency were accompanied and succeeded by days of gloom at Washington, which the resume of events we now give will show, to wit: The forces of General Banks, McDowell and Fremont were consolidated in the month of July and made one command, known as the Army of Virginia, under the control of General Pope. During the same month, Stonewall Jackson's division was detached from General Lee, and on August 9th, met and defeated, at Cedar Mountain, the part of said Army of Virginia, subsequently denominated the Twelfth Army Corps, of which our regiment formed a part. On August 13th, General Longstreet's division was also detached from General Lee's army, and joined Stonewall Jackson on August 15th. On August 16th, Harrison's Landing, on the James river, was evacuated by the Army of the Potomac, and the said army was transferred to Acquia Creek Landing and Alexandria. Previous to this, troops of General Burnside's command in North Carolina and seven regiments from General Hunter's command in South Carolina, that had been brought to Fortress Monroe and Newport News, were also transferred to Acquia Creek Landing, and about the same time a division commanded by General Cox, that had been operating in Western Virginia, was brought to Washington. These troops, or the larger part of them, were at once sent to the relief of the Army of Virginia that was being confronted on the Rappahannock river by General Lee's Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. General Pope says his Army of Virginia battled with the enemy almost continuously from August 18th to August 26th. On August 27th, the line of the Rappahannock river was abandoned, and the Army of Virginia moved to Gainesville, and that evening there was a hard fight at Kettle Run, between Generals Hooker and Ewell. On August 28th, 29th and 30th, there was fighting all along the line at Groveton, and General Pope had to fall back to Centreville. Then General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to the Little River Turnpike, to turn the right flank of the Federal army, and this brought on the battle of Chantilly, where Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed, and caused that army to retire to the defences of Washington.

This succession of disasters was the cause of the gloom at Washington, to which we have previously referred. The situation existing at the time

the army was retiring to the defences of Washington is best given by General McClellan, when he took command of it on September 2nd, in language as follows: "The President and General Halleck came to my house, when the President informed me that Colonel Kelton had returned from the front; that our affairs were in bad condition; that the army was in full retreat upon the defences of Washington, the roads filled with stragglers, etc. He instructed me to take steps at once to stop and collect the stragglers; to place the works in a proper state of defence, and to go out to meet and take command of the army when it approached the vicinity of the works, then to place the troops in the best condition, committing everything to my hands."

The Confederate Army, or Army of Northern Virginia, so called, was overjoyed with its many successes, so recently achieved, and its commander decided to move it towards the upper Potomac, but on arriving at Leesburg he found the Federals that had been at Winchester and subsequently at Martinsburg, had withdrawn to Harper's Ferry. He then made up his mind to enter the State of Maryland, with his army, to relieve her people from the thralldom in which the south supposed they were held by the north, and to secure supplies if not recruits. General Walker, in his article in the *Century Magazine* in the year 1886, gives the further designs of General Lee on going into Maryland to be the destruction of the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, at the mouth of Monocacy, the capture of Harper's Ferry, a few days rest at Hagerstown, supplying the army with shoes and clothing there, the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, a march to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the destruction of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge over the Susquehanna river five miles west of that place; and that General Lee then said to him, that with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in their possession, and the Pennsylvania Railroad broken, the great lakes would be the only route left to the west, and he could then turn his attention to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; but part only of this programme was carried out, which subsequent events show.

General Lee crossed the Potomac river into Maryland at White's Ford, on September 5th, with Stonewall Jackson's division in the lead. It is reported that when in the middle of the river, he arose in his saddle, took off his hat, and the army joined in singing "Maryland," which at that time was the favorite song of the south. He moved to and occupied Frederick City, with his army, on September 6th, where he issued his well known address that had the opposite effect from what was intended. It did not arouse Marylanders, and brought but few recruits to the Confederate army. This we learned when we reached the city one week later.

When it was known that the Confederate army had entered Maryland, the Federal army or Army of the Potomac, also moved into that State, and on the evening of September 6th, our regiment was assigned and ordered to report to the Twelfth Army Corps, then at Rockville, Maryland. Tents were at once struck, haversacks packed with what few rations we had on hand, and we moved rapidly towards Georgetown, where we crossed the Potomac, and took a road leading to Rockville. This place

we reached the next morning. We reported to General A. S. Williams, then temporarily in command of said corps, and were assigned to the First Brigade of the First Division, of the same. The division at that time was in command of General George H. Gordon, of Massachusetts, and the Brigade in command of General S. W. Crawford, of Pennsylvania, but subsequently Colonel Joseph F. Knipe, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment. The Brigade, after our assignment to it, was composed of the Tenth Maine, Fifth Connecticut, Twenty-eighth New York and Forty-sixth, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

General McClellan moved army headquarters to Rockville on September 7th, and not knowing the designs of the enemy, on going into Maryland, he resolved to move forward cautiously, so as to cover both Washington and Baltimore, and also keep the troops well in hand, to be able to concentrate and follow in case Pennsylvania was invaded. He divided the army into three columns, a right wing consisting of the First and Ninth Corps, in command of General Burnside, a center consisting of the Second and Twelfth Corps, in command of General Sumner, and a left wing consisting of the Sixth Corps and Couch's division of the Fourth Corps, in command of General Franklin. In this order the army moved from Rockville, the initiative being taken by the right wing. Sykes' division of regulars, of the Fifth Corps, and Morrell's division of the same Corps, joined the army later on. The center column, to which our regiment was attached, moved from Rockville on September 9th, and at this time the roads were so blocked with artillery wagons and the movement of troops, that our supply train could not reach us, and we were obliged to live from that time until September 19th on green corn and green apples, and what we could beg or buy. The first day's march brought us to Middle Brook, the second day to Damascus, and the third day to Ijamsville.

We crossed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at this place, on the morning of September 13th, and moved rapidly towards Frederick City. When we reached the Monocacy creek cannonading was heard, but when we crossed the creek and came to the city we learned the cannonading was caused by a skirmish between the rear guard of the enemy and our cavalry advance, in the Catoctin hills, also, that the enemy had left the city the preceding evening. We were received kindly by the citizens of the place, who soon showed us they were true to the Federal cause. They could not, however, supply our wants, for the reason that they had been stripped of provisions by the Confederate army. At this place, in the camp of the Twenty-seventh Indiana regiment, attached to the Second Brigade of the First Division of our Twelfth Corps, was found a copy of General Lee's lost order, that gave General McClellan full information of the intentions of the enemy and of the proposed capture of Harper's Ferry; and on receiving this information he threw forward the right wing of the army to the Middletown valley that afternoon, and prepared to follow with the balance of the army the next morning.

On the morning of September 14th, General Cox's Kanawha division, temporarily attached to the Ninth Corps, moved from the borough of Mid-

dletown to the support of General Pleasanton's cavalry division, then at the foot of South Mountain. It reached there at nine o'clock, and at once commenced to ascend the mountain. This division of General Cox's was composed entirely of Ohio regiments, and had among its members several men who, in after years became prominent in public life. One regiment alone (the Twenty-third Ohio) had on its rolls the names of Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley, each of whom was then present, and subsequently became President of the United States. In ascending the mountain, the division moved by the left of the road known as the old Sharpsburg or Braddock road, and encountered the Confederate division of D. H. Hill at Fox's Gap, and brought on the battle of South Mountain, in which other troops took a part.

The Twelfth Corps was ordered to move from Frederick City at nine o'clock that morning, and it, or part of it, at least, did move at that time, but was halted for two hours in the streets of the town to allow other commands to pass, and when we moved again it was by the Shookstown road to the Catocin hills, among which we marched to screen ourselves from the enemy's view. Towards evening, we came to a point where we could hear the roar of cannon and discharges of musketry, and notice that a battle was on. We were then ordered to move more rapidly so as to reach the scene of action if possible. At dusk we crossed the Catocin creek, that flows at the foot of the mountain, and soon thereafter passed ambulances full of wounded men. Later on, filed to the left to allow an ambulance to pass that contained the remains of General Reno, who was killed that evening. We continued this march until three o'clock of the morning of September 15th, when we halted in a field near the village of Bolivar, where the old Hagerstown road diverges to the right and the old Sharpsburg or Braddock road to the left. At break of day, discovery was made that the enemy had fled during the night and left his dead and wounded on the field.

This morning, General Mansfield took command of the Twelfth Corps, and all were pleased with fatherly appearance and the interest he took in us. General Williams now took charge of our division, which up to this date had been commanded by General Gordon. We moved at ten A. M., on the Hagerstown road, past trees and ground torn and ploughed by the battle of the preceding day. Soon thereafter, we received the news of the surrender of Harper's Ferry by General Miles, and later on we met a flag of truce accompanied by a guard of Confederates in search of the body of General Garland, of North Carolina, who was killed the day before. We reached Boonesboro at four o'clock in the afternoon, and learned our cavalry had a skirmish there in the morning. Here we left the Hagerstown road, and moving to the left, halted in a field near the town of Keedysville, on the heels of the enemy, that had taken position on the heights beyond the Antietam creek; and as our army approached the creek it was greeted by a heavy artillery fire from its western bank, to which Tidball's and Pettit's batteries, of General Pleasanton's command, replied.

On examination of the position taken, as aforesaid, General McClellan decided it was too late to make an attack that evening. On the morning of September 16th, he found the enemy still in position for battle, west of

the Antietam creek, though the line had been shortened and changed during the preceding night. The forenoon, he says, was spent "in reconnoitering the new position taken by the enemy, examining the grounds, finding fords, clearing the approaches, and hurrying up the ammunition and supply trains, which had been delayed by the rapid marches of the troops over the few practicable approaches from Frederick."

He found out, through the reconnoissance he made, that the center of the Confederate line opposed to him was along private roads, and through a succession of fields, extending towards the Antietam creek; that its left was at a cross-roads on the Hagerstown turnpike, beyond the house of David R. Miller, with a protection of cavalry reaching to the Potomac at one of its sharp bends in this vicinity, and its right rested on the Snavelly farm south of Sharpsburg, and that the distance from left to right was about three and one-half miles. He found out, also, that the Antietam creek near where the army was located, was crossed by four stone bridges, the first or upper one, on the road leading from Keedysville to Williamsport, the second one two and one-half miles below, on the Keedysville and Sharpsburg turnpike, the third one mile below the second, on the road leading to Rohersville, known now as the Burnside bridge, and the fourth near the mouth of the Antietam creek, three miles below the third, on the Harper's Ferry road; and he made the discovery that bridge number two was near his line, and had to be defended by him, and that bridge number three was strongly defended by the enemy.

The Confederate line was admirably selected for defensive purposes, and was partly in the shape of a curve. The steep banks of the Antietam creek and the sharp bends of the river Potomac afforded protection for the front and flanks of the enemy, whilst strips of woods and irregularities in the ground within the line concealed it from view. The Confederate forces were so arranged as to cover the Shepherdstown ford into Virginia and the town of Sharpsburg, where General Lee established his headquarters. In this strong position that he selected for his army, he decided to fight the battle that events had forced on him, and which it was said he could not avoid without losing his prestige.

A further brief description of the ground where the left and center of the Confederate army rested, and where the hard fighting took place the next morning, in which our regiment participated, is necessary to a proper understanding of the battle on this part of the field.

To the northwest front of a belt of timber known as the east woods, since cut down, was the house and orchard of David R. Miller. The Hagerstown turnpike, extending from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg, runs close to said house, and in a field some distance in front of the house there were then straw stacks. In the rear of the house there was at that time a small cornfield, and further back, with intervening ground full of irregularities, such as gullies, depressions and rocks, there was a woods known as Sam Poffenberger's woods. To the right of the irregular ground, looking towards the Miller house, was the north woods, near where the left of the Confederate line rested. To the left and south of the house of David R. Miller was a large cornfield that reached from the east woods to the Hagerstown turnpike; adjoining it on the left and south was a smaller

field that was harrowed, and which also extended from the east woods to the Hagerstown turnpike, and adjoining the harrowed field on the left and south was a field that had been in clover, but was then partly ploughed, and it too extended to the Hagerstown turnpike. The turnpike runs in front of these three fields, and beyond it, where we now stand, there was another belt of timber, since cut down, known as the west woods. Towards the southeastern edge of the west woods, there stood and still stands, the historic Dunker church, that was whitewashed, and first taken to be a school house. To the right of the west woods in the direction of the Nicodemus farm, and near where the straw stacks, as aforesaid, were located, there was a small woods to which no name was given. Through the east woods, and skirting the southeastern edge of the harrowed field and the whole of the clover field that was partly ploughed, ran the Smoketown road, that terminated at the Hagerstown turnpike opposite the Dunker church. South of said road, after it left the east woods, was the Mumma farm, and adjoining it, in the direction of the Antietam creek, was the Roulette farm. Southeast of the Dunker church, towards Sharpsburg, is the lane, now known as the "bloody lane," that leaves the Hagerstown turnpike and connects with other lanes, leading to different farmhouses, and some distance in front of this lane, further towards Sharpsburg, was the Piper house and farm.

The ground of which this rough description is given, was destined on the morrow to be the scene of the most sanguinary single day's conflict of the Civil War.

We have previously stated that General McClellan had spent the forenoon of September 16th in reconnoitering, finding fords and hurrying up trains, but during part of this time there was a duel, that lasted forty minutes, between the Washington artillery of New Orleans, Louisiana, and the Federal batteries east of the Antietam creek, in which Major Arndt, of the First New York Artillery, was mortally wounded.

Having by noon finished his reconnoissances, and ascertained the position of the Confederate forces opposed to him, the General planned and made ready for battle. He decided to attack the enemy's left with the Corps of Hooker and Mansfield, supported by Sumner and Franklin, whilst General Burnside's Corps attacked his right, and when these movements were successful, the center was to be attacked, with other troops at his command. Headquarters were established at the Pry house, east of the Antietam creek, and at two o'clock that afternoon, Hooker was ordered to cross that creek at the upper bridge and a ford nearby, with the divisions of Ricketts, Meade and Doubleday, and attack and endeavor to turn the enemy's left. He left at four o'clock, and cautiously feeling his way came upon the enemy in the east woods soon after sunset, and a sharp engagement between Meade's division of Pennsylvania Reserves and Hood's Confederate division, aided by two Brigades of Stonewall Jackson's command, took place, that lasted until dark, and in which Colonel McNeill, of the Pennsylvania Bucktails, was killed. When firing ceased both sides laid down to rest near each other.

About the same time orders were given to Hooker to cross the Antietam and attack the enemy's left, General Sumner was ordered to have the

corps of Mansfield follow Hooker during the night, and to hold his own corps in readiness to move in the morning.

At ten o'clock that night our regiment received orders to be ready to move on a moment's notice, but we did not get off for one and one-half hours later, and when we did move we followed the lead in person of our corps commander. We were ordered not to allow canteens to rattle or to speak above a whisper. We marched about three miles in a circuitous direction, and crossed the Antietam creek at the same ford where part of Hooker's command crossed in the afternoon. After midnight, we halted in a ploughed field near the house of George Line, about one mile in rear of the east woods, where Hooker had met the enemy. Here we found a hospital had been established, and soon after halting the body of Colonel McNeill was borne past us to the hospital, and at this hospital General Mansfield died at four o'clock the following afternoon. An infantry picket line was in our immediate front, and beyond it there was a vidette line.

With the first gray streaks of morning, of September 17th, battle in the east woods began between Hooker and Stonewall Jackson, the Pennsylvania Reserves of Meade's division, opening the contest, which soon became general along the whole line. To the right of Meade was the division of Doubleday, partly astride the Hagerstown turnpike, and on Meade's left was the division of Rickett's, and for the possession of the east woods and large corn field in front, the contest was fierce and obstinate.

We moved to the front at early dawn, and were perhaps one hour in reaching the field of action, owing to numerous halts that were made. Our movement was made mainly in column by company closed en masse, and appeared to me to be in the shape of a figure three.

Our Brigade Commander says his Brigade was on the right of the line, in this movement to the front. Stuart's Confederate light artillery shelled us from the right, and to our left we could see the barn on the Mumma farm on fire. When we came to Sam Poffenberger's woods we met wounded men of the Pennsylvania Reserves going to the rear. Here a strong request for assistance came to our corps commander from Hooker, and here our regiment quickly deployed, in reverse order, and by direction of General Crawford moved towards the straw stacks on the farm of David R. Miller, then back again, and then towards the east woods, witnessing many sad sights.

Hooker had previously cleared the large corn field of the enemy, and had pushed his columns on the right across the Hagerstown turnpike, towards the west woods, but was compelled to give way before superior numbers, whilst Ricketts, of his command, met a similar fate on the left, but still held position in the edge of the east woods. Stonewall Jackson had received assistance from D. H. Hill's and Ewell's divisions, and was also re-inforced by Hood, who had been relieved the night before to give his men an opportunity to prepare something to eat. He (Ricketts) fought hard to hold possession of the woods, but the large corn field was again occupied by the enemy.

As we approached the woods, troops of Duryea's brigade of Ricketts' division, retired, and on open ground, near the woods, we received

of musketry from a small regiment therein, since ascertained to be the Fifth Texas, that killed one of our men, and we are thought to be the reinforcement that Captain Ike M. Turner, of that regiment, mentions in his report of battle. This is also believed to be the first loss sustained by the First Division of the Twelfth Corps. The regiment still moved on, under fire, then fell back momentarily, and then again moved forward until it got a lodgment some distance back in the woods, and here we took position, says Colonel Knipe, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, subsequently in command of our Brigade. He also says the original intention was to have the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiments, of our brigade, to first move to the front, but this plan was not carried out.

At this time, we think Green's division of our Corps, were making ready to move through the woods, and Goodrich's Brigade, of said Division, was detached and sent to the right to the assistance of General Patrick, of Hooker's command. About the same time, the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania Regiment was detached, and sent to the right, to the Hagerstown turnpike, past the house of David R. Miller.

When the corps got fairly in position, battling which had been severe, now became terrific, and for the next three hours a rich harvest of death was reaped on the right of the Federal line.

The several regiments of our brigade moved to the front of the east woods separately. The Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Twenty-eighth New York and Tenth Maine led the way, and were followed by the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania. The Brigade commander (Col. Knipe) says the three leading regiments opened fire on the enemy at the corn field, about two hundred and fifty yards in their front. Our regiment moved rapidly to their support, but after nearing the positions they had taken we were halted, and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania immediately filed to our right and partly through our line, and occupied ground on the right of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania. Here, Major Wanner, of that regiment, says General Mansfield ordered deployment to be made, but before the order could be carried into effect their Colonel was killed and Lieutenant-Colonel wounded, and there was much confusion and excitement, and that the enemy was concealed in the corn field, sixty or seventy yards in their front. They appeared to us to be losing heavily from a foe that was under cover, and the recollection of our men is that at this time General Mansfield rode forward to reconnoitre, and was mortally wounded by a shapshooter. This was about seven o'clock in the morning, and practically at the commencement of the engagement on the part of the First Brigade of the First Division of the Twelfth Corps.

The greater portion of the east woods was west of the Smoketown road, and in this western portion, on a knoll, then wooded and partly rocky, Colonel Croasdale, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, was killed; and in front of this knoll it may be to the right or left, we say General Mansfield received his mortal wound.

Major John M. Gould, late Adjutant of the Tenth Maine regiment,

placed a marker east of the Smoketown road on the spot, he says, General Mansfield was wounded, and the State of Connecticut, in the year 1900, erected a monument on the eastern edge of said road, designating practically the point marked by Major Gould as the place the wounding occurred, and it is one hundred and forty yards or more to the left rear of what we thoroughly believe to be the true location. His account of the wounding given in his history of the First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine regiments, and in his pamphlet on "General Mansfield at Antietam," differs materially from ours in fixing the place he does, where the wounding occurred, and in giving the Tenth Maine Regiment credit for first assisting the General after he was wounded. We say that very soon after the General rode to the front to reconnoitre, he came back, and some distance from our line, it was noticed by Captain Gardner, of Company K, of our regiment, that there was something wrong with him, and he at once ordered Sergeant John Caho and Private Samuel Edmunson, of his company, to go to his assistance, and as they did so Private E. S. Rudy, of Company H joined them also, two other men not of our regiment. They saw the General was seriously wounded, and at once helped him from his horse, then reversed their muskets, placed him on the same, and carried him to a tree, a short distance in the rear, where a surgeon appeared, and where he was delivered to a second party, believed to be of the Tenth Maine Regiment, who carried him still further to the rear in a blanket, and placed him in an ambulance that conveyed him to the farm house of George Line, from whence we started to the front at break of day. This statement practically corresponds with one made to me by Captain T. J. Hamilton, late of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, when on this field in October, 1894. He said at the time of the occurrence he was temporarily detached from his regiment and witnessed the same. Our Colonel's report of the battle, made five days after it took place, when all facts were fresh in memory, states that our men carried the General off the field on muskets, until a blanket was procured, whilst the report of Lieutenant Colonel Fillebrown, of the Tenth Maine Regiment does not mention or refer to so important a matter as the fatal wounding of our Corps commander. General Joseph F. Knipe, when on the field with me, on May 29th, 1897, said, without hesitation, after looking at the spot marked by Major Gould, that it was much too far to the left or rear, and that the wounding occurred in front of the leading regiments of the brigade. I was again on the field on May 16th, 1901, with Captain E. L. Witman, who was an aid on the Staff of General Crawford, but detailed for duty with General Mansfield on the day of the battle. He went over the ground, examined different locations, pointed out the knoll on which Colonel Croasdale, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment was killed, and then said he saw Croasdale killed, and was in the act of delivering a message from Mansfield to Crawford, when the former was wounded; that on his immediate return he found men with new uniforms carrying the General to the rear on muskets; that he at once reported the wounding to Crawford, who ordered him to get the General to a safe place, and, on hurrying back, he found another party of men carrying him still further to the rear in a blanket, and placing him in an ambulance on

the Smoketown road; that it was west of said road, near the mound where Colonel Croasdale had been killed, that he saw the first party assisting the General to the rear, and that he was certain the wounding occurred further to the front, and nearer the large corn field than the spot marked by Major Gould. The location we fix is practically the same that Daniel Mumma, proprietor of a livery stable in Sharpsburg, pointed out to me on September 18th, 1888, and said it was shown him three days after the battle, by the surgeon who ministered to the General when he was wounded.

After the wounding of General Mansfield, our regiment moved to the rear and halted for a time, then quickly obliqued to the left front of the woods on the edge of the harrowed field south of the large corn field, where we found a few of the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Regiment, and Colonel A. J. Sellers, of that regiment, says they were the last of Hooker's men to leave the east woods. In their front was an iron gun battery, supposed to be Edgel's First New Hampshire battery, that was exchanging shots with a Confederate battery on the limestone ledge near the Dunker church, where the Maryland monument now stands. At this time, Greene's division, of our corps, had driven the Confederates from the woods, and other troops of the corps had cleared the corn field of the enemy. Here our regiment, that had been in reverse order, righted itself, and moved quickly through the harrowed field and field partly ploughed, to the Smoketown road, passing many dead and wounded, and capturing prisoners that had sought refuge behind rocky knolls. As we approached the road, Monroe's First Rhode Island Battery came up, and taking position on rising ground in our front, silenced the Confederate battery near the church, and paid attention to other batteries further distant. This battery we were ordered to support, and exceedingly severe was the enemy's rifle fire at this point, especially at mounted officers. To protect ourselves, we lay on our faces, and persuaded our Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel to dismount, and scarcely had the latter done so when he was disabled by the explosion of a shell. General Hooker now rode up to us, and asked if any troops were in the west woods in our front, and was told none but Rebels. Whilst he and our Colonel were talking, his horse was hit by a ball, to which attention was called, and he quickly rode away. He may then have been wounded himself, for in his report of battle he says, he was not aware he had been wounded, and had to be lifted from his saddle through weakness caused by loss of blood. This was after he rode to the rear and before General Sumner arrived on the field.

When the fire of the battery we supported slackened, an officer, to us unknown, ordered the regiment into the west woods, and as we moved forward some Confederate troops retired, and sought refuge in hollowed ground to our right. We were the first Federal regiment to enter these woods. At their eastern edge, we halted, and Company B was detached and ordered to the church to see if a foe was concealed there, but found only wounded Confederates. Company G was also detached, and thrown forward as a line of skirmishers. The other companies of the regiment followed the skirmishers to an elevation of ground near an outcropping of rocks. This was our advance position in the woods as a regiment, and is close to a straight line from the right of the point where our monument is

located. The skirmishers were again sent forward and penetrated the woods without serious resistance, until they reached their northwestern edge, near where straw stacks stood and where a captured Confederate said a hospital had been established. Here the skirmish line was fired upon, and one man was wounded. This line is the body of troops General Early speaks of in his report of battle, when he says "a body of the enemy, perhaps only skirmishers had gotten into the woods to the left, and firing upon our men." Our skirmish line then retired to the main portion of the regiment, that had fallen back from the position previously taken, and the company at the church rejoined us. The enemy that had fired on the skirmishers followed them in force, and on nearing the position of the regiment, made a strong attack on it, but this attack as well as three other separate assaults, were successfully resisted, but with heavy loss to ourselves. We had previously made the discovery that we were distant from other troops of our Corps, and entirely without support on our flanks, and assistance was called for. Soon thereafter General Sumner rode forward, and took in the situation at a glance. He rode rapidly back, and then General Gorman, of Sedgwick's division, reported that his brigade was coming up but was some distance back. Shortly afterwards, the Thirty-fourth New York Regiment, of said Brigade, came up on the double quick, and taking position to our left and rear, commenced firing at the flanking column on the left; but the two regiments were not sufficiently strong to contend long with the heavy force hurled against them; and were obliged to retire behind the batteries stationed in the field in the rear that was partly ploughed, after a contest that lasted from twenty minutes to one-half hour, the greater portion of which time the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment was alone. The enemy followed our retreat, delivering a withering fire at both regiments, and at other troops of Sedgwick's division that were then arriving on the field, until halted by the batteries. This force of the enemy, we are informed, consisted of Kershaw's brigade, supported by Walker's division and Early's brigade. It was driven back principally by the fire of the batteries, and then Sedgwick's division advanced, but when it reached the woods they were again a sheet of flame. The enemy had been re-inforced, and caused Sedgwick to give way, though not without heavy loss to themselves as well as Sedgwick. The advance made by the enemy extended on our right to the point where the Second Brigade of our division had been battling, and General Crawford was wounded in the thigh in rallying some troops here. On the left, it reached General Greene's division of our Corps, moving from the Mumma farm, but was repelled by it, and it subsequently pushed forward to the Dunker church, and got position in the woods there, which it held until near the time Franklin's corps came on the field.

French and Richardson, of Sumner's corps, reached the field after Sedgwick, and bearing to the left of General Greene, of our corps, engaged D. H. Hill in the sanguinary struggle on the Roulette farm and at the Bloody Lane, and in which assistance was rendered by General Franklin, who came up from Pleasant Valley about noon. This struggle lasted for three and one-half hours. Subsequently Hill was reinforced by R. H. Anderson's division, and against these two forces French and Richards fought at the



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DUNKARD CHURCH
CONFEDERATE AVENUE AND HAGERSTOWN PIKE



Piper house, and near here General Richardson was mortally wounded, also, the Confederate General G. B. Anderson.

Soon after Franklin arrived, Captain Monroe, whose battery we supported before we entered the west woods, rode up to our Colonel and appealed to us to save his guns, that were then on our front, and said that his horses had been shot, and the guns were about to be captured. To the command forward, we moved on the double quick, drove the enemy back, rescued the guns, and received the thanks not only of the commander of the battery, but also of General Franklin.

The contest during the balance of the day was transferred further to the center, and to the left, though a heavy artillery fire was kept up on the right, that lasted until after dark. I shall give simply a general description of the same but others will no doubt give fuller and more minute descriptions.

North of the Dunker church, Stuart attempted a flank movement on the Federal line, but was driven back by an artillery fire from thirty batteries directed upon him by Doubleday. About the same time, Pleasanton crossed the Antietam creek at bridge number two, with a force of cavalry and light artillery, and formed a flank support for Richardson at the Piper house, and later he repelled a threatened attack on Hancock, who took command of Richardson's division after he was mortally wounded.

Soon after Pleasanton crossed the creek, a battalion of regulars followed, and moved to his assistance. This movement was also followed by four other battalions, that made their way up the hill where the National Cemetery is now located, and drove off sharpshooters, and rendered valuable service otherwise.

The charge on the left, that carried Antietam bridge number three, was made by Burnside at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at great cost of life. Other troops followed the ones that charged the bridge, and the outskirts of Sharpsburg were reached, but the strong division of A. P. Hill, that had come up from Harper's Ferry, was now encountered, and a bitter contest followed, in which General Rodman and other valuable officers were killed. Some ground was lost here, but it was subsequently recovered and the Federal line restored.

Night came on soon afterwards, and Antietam, generally admitted to be the bloodiest and most severe of all the single day's battles of the Civil War, was over.

Both armies rested where they fought, and the contest was not renewed the next day.

The following night the Confederate army crossed the Potomac river into Virginia at the Shepherdstown ford, and left behind them their unburied dead and many wounded. They had been terribly punished, and General Longstreet said that they were in no condition to wait long for a renewal of the attack from McClellan.

The battle can be properly called a Federal victory. It did much towards stimulating recruiting at the North, and President Lincoln followed it by issuing his Emancipation Proclamation.

From 23,000 to 30,000 men went down in that one day's contest, and evidences of the severity of the engagement were many all over the field.

On the right, the large cornfield, the fields around and in front of the house of David R. Miller, and beyond the Hagerstown turnpike, in the direction of the Nicodemus farm, and the small strip of woods north-west of the west woods, were covered with the dead. In the west woods, the field partly ploughed, the harrowed field, and everywhere around the Dunker church, the dead were so thickly strewn in places that it required care to step without treading on a dead body, and mingled with them were many dead horses and broken artillery wagons. The Mumma farm, the Roulette farm and the Piper farm, presented similar scenes, and at the bloody lane the dead lay three and four deep. The left of the line also had its full proportion of dead and wounded.

General Hooker, in his report of the battle, says it was never his fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battlefield. Wm. F. Fox, in his work on Regimental Losses in the Civil War, says: "Antietam was the bloodiest battle. More men were killed in one day than any other one day of the war." And Richard Meade Bache, in his life of General Meade, says of Antietam: "It was a terribly bloody day, the bloodiest single day of any in the annals of the Civil War." General Hood, in his volume styled "Advance and Retreat," published at New Orleans, La., in the year 1880, says: "This most deadly conflict raged till our last round of ammunition was expended. The First Texas regiment lost in the cornfield full two-thirds of its number; and whole ranks of brave men, whose deeds were unrecorded save in the hearts of loved ones at home, were mowed down in heaps, to the right and left. Never before was I so continuously troubled with fear that my horse would further injure some wounded fellow soldier, lying helpless on the ground * * * With the close of this bloody day ceased the hardest fought battle of the war." And General Longstreet, in his book styled "From Manassas to Appomattox," says: "The field lying along the Antietam and including in its scope the little town of Sharpsburg, was destined to pass into history as the scene of the bloodiest single day's fighting of the war, and the 17th of September was to become memorable as the greatest carnage in the campaigns between the North and the South."

Our regimental losses were sustained principally in the west woods, and in the field in the rear, that was partly ploughed, and through which we fell back when we were obliged to retire from the woods. Here our color guard went down and our colors were rescued by different comrades, and finally carried by Captain Wallace, of the color company, who placed them in a decayed stump in rear of our batteries, and around them we rallied.

We had 54 men either killed instantly, or who died of their wounds, soon after the engagement, 91 seriously wounded some of whom afterwards died, and 84 slightly wounded, and these losses were all sustained in one month and one day after the regiment was organized.

In reports of battle, we were complimented specially by our Division Commander, General Crawford, and generally by our Corps Commander, General Williams, for our conduct on the field, but we only claim for ourselves that we strove to do our duty, and not that we rendered superior service.

Our numbers have become less than they were forty-two years ago.

Time has wrought havoc in our ranks. Some were lost in battle after Antietam, and others were carried away and are still carried away by disease. We realize that we are on the border line of old age, and after ten more years shall have passed away, but few of us will be left to tell the story of Antietam on the part of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, but the monument that the good old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has provided for us, and which we dedicate to-day, will remain where it now stands, to teach the lesson of patriotism to future generations, and to show relatives and friends where we fought for the preservation of the Union on a field that history records as the most stubbornly contested of all the single day engagements of the late Civil War.

In conclusion, my comrades and friends, let us all feel that we have reason to thank God that we are now a reunited nation, although it did require four years of bloody strife to bring this about; and let us all hope and trust that never again will there be a war among ourselves, but forever hereafter we shall have but one country and one flag, and that country shall be our own common country, the United States of America, and that flag the stars and stripes of our native land.

Hon. J. D. Hicks, of Altoona, Pa., late of Company K, made the following address:

Mr. Chairman and Friends: I cannot refrain on this historic occasion from quoting the language of poetry and say in honor of our fallen comrades:

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
Here Honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To deck the turf that wraps their clay.

How true these words of the poet are of our dear departed dead. This entire nation rises to-day and is of one accord in doing honor to the brave and heroic men who gave their lives for the perpetuation of our union and the preservation and glory of its flag. Around this church on this great battlefield there clusters and lingers in the minds of the survivors the never to be forgotten shock and turmoil of the battle. At the peep of day 'ere the sun had cast a ray over the towering Blue Ridge, Hooker's men opened the fight, and with cheers that will ring down the corridors of time and achieving results that will ever shine on the pages of history, they stood up man to man until our brothers of the south with decimated lines were compelled to give way. At this juncture of the fierce contest, shortly after the sun was up and while the fog yet hung over the woods, Mansfield's men were deployed from close column by regiment into line of battle to actively pursue a fleeing foe. The men in gray soon rallied from the first terrific, overwhelming and deadly onslaught and met Mansfield's brave boys, of which we were a part, with a leaden storm that cost us many precious lives, and that bore down many comrades with ghastly wounds;

among the fatally wounded in our immediate front was our gallant veteran general, who in pointing the way to victory was attesting his courage and love of country by showing us the enemy as they lay concealed in the wood and cornfield, within his view and along the Smoketown road. Ordinarily a battle would lag upon the death of such a leader as General Mansfield, but the enthusiasm and determination that had taken hold of the boys in blue on that morning did not falter at his fall, and with fresh impetus—as if to avenge the death of one so brave and fearless—the line moved irresistably forward. The charge through the wood and cornfield and open ground, leading to the Hagerstown pike was over three-quarters of a mile, and when we were halted for reformation we were in full view of the historic church around which we are now assembled. Moving forward again with no enemy in sight, we were moved in such a manner as to indicate that we were to ferret the whereabouts of the enemy. It was here and over yonder ledge, to which they had gone for shelter and rest from our withering fire we found them. By direction of Colonel Higgins, brave Captain McKeage, of company G, with his skirmishers, and the sharpshooters of the regiment uncovered their hiding place. With an eagle eye one of their commanders saw our exposed flanks, and by a movement that enveloped our entire regiment and especially our left flank, we were in a circle and exposed to a deadly cross fire, out of which there seemed but slight hope of a successful retreat. Captain Wallace, seeing the danger to which we were exposed, warned the men to be firm. Company B was thrown out on a line east of this church, moving over the ground now occupied by our monument, as a protection to our left, and if possible stop the flanking column. It was a formidable, and what proved to be an impossible task, and within view of this spot over 150 of our regiment lay either dead or writhing in pain from the effect of the enemy's bullets. Our color bearer, the gallant Simpson, whose form surmounts our beautiful monument, with our bright new flag in hand, here fell, and gave his precious life to his country. Adjutant Johnson and more than fifty others made a like sacrifice. Our noble artillerymen who had unlimbered their guns to our left and rear, begged us to open ranks and permit them to have a share of the work of the day. Captain Wallace, after our flag had fallen five times from as many color bearers, seized our colors and directed the rally of the regiment in the rear of the battery. The work of the battery in the repulse of the exulting foe cannot be described. The dead of our brave enemy attest the fearful sacrifice they made in driving us from the advanced position we had taken.

With us after our retirement from the church, the principal work of the day was over, except to remain in position. The noble gunners, as before said, fearfully decimated the ranks of the enemy and the Sunken road to our left where our comrades of the One Hundred and Thirtieth were doing duty, was converted into the "Bloody Lane." As we saw that awful suffering, carnage and death enacted at that tragic spot, within a few yards of where we now stand, we realized as never before the "horrors of war." In the afternoon we saw and heard the movements of Burnside's men as they crossed the creek and occupied the heights on the extreme left of the

battlefield. Thus the history of the day is briefly and clearly told from the standpoint of a volunteer soldier.

History records that 87,000 men were on the field under General McClellan, of whom about 57,000 were engaged in the battle. Of this number 12,460 were wounded, killed or missing, and 2,019 were killed, while at least an equal number was killed and wounded on the other side and an equal number, or thereabouts, engaged. Of the brave comrades of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers that went with us that day into the battle and crossed these fair fields to the spot that we now consecrate, fifty-four were killed and died of wounds, and 175 were wounded, making a total loss of 229 of a possible 700 that entered the battle in the morning. To commemorate the bravery of these men and to point posterity to the sacrifices made, the great Commonwealth, of which we are citizens, has reared this beautiful and enduring shaft. Words will not properly portray, nor can pen indite a proper memorial to the brave young hearts whose life blood was shed in and around this historic spot.

If this is the story of the day of but one of the many regiments that participated in this great contest we may well ask, what is the story of the night after the battle was over. Let us pause for a moment and think of the roll call when the shades of evening had gathered; when the missing ones were known. Where were they? was the question asked by the surviving comrades as those present answered here. Who could tell the story of the missing comrades? Each of us had an experience of our own, each of us had seen a comrade probably fall, or being carried off, and each then and there undertook to search for a missing one, and amid the gloom of that night, back of the field and amid the wounded and the dying, where the surgeons were at work, each of us received from some one a message for the loved ones at home, each of us had a letter to write, each had a home of his own with which to communicate and assure father, mother and friends of our safety. Each had a message to write to the friends of those who had fallen. With these thoughts in our hearts and messages in our minds the early hours of the following morning found us in our ranks, lying on our arms in the line of battle, expecting to be awakened by the shrill call of the bugle, or the roll of the drum to renew the contest.

This is not the time or place to dwell further upon this great contest. The thought as well as the facts linger in memory's dream, and, as each unfold the scroll, and read from our minds hastily, the deeds of valor of our comrades who here gave their lives, and of this great action that was fraught with so much that was potent for the weal or woe of our great country, we have reason to be proud of the result and are thankful to a kind Providence for the preservation of our great nation, and the honor and glory of its people, and we rejoice in the fact that our country is to-day as was intended by our fathers, in deed and in fact and in truth, one country, under one flag, and that is the flag that was followed by the boys in blue on this tragic field to substantial victory. "Old Glory," the flag we love so well, the emblem of freedom, equal rights and national unity.

The Rev. Theodore L. Flood, D. D., followed with the following remarks:

Mr. President and Comrades: This is historic ground. Forty years ago to-day we were in a bloody battle on the soil where we are now gathered. Some of our number fell in the embrace of death. The bodies of most of them were carried to their homes for honorable burial—a few were buried in the Antietam Cemetery among the unknown dead. A large number in our regiment were wounded. Inscribed on this monument is this statement "Two hundred and twenty-nine men killed and wounded in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment on that day." This inscription alone speaks volumes concerning the fierceness of the conflict and the deadly struggle in which our regiment was engaged.

It is an historic coincidence that our color-bearer, George Simpson, whose statue is the top piece to this monument, was shot in the temple and fell dead while carrying the flag of our regiment. He was the second man from me in line of battle, and his brother, J. Randolph Simpson, Esq., of Huntingdon, Pa., was shot through the breast and carried off the field. He is among us to-day, alive but not well. And the sister of these two men, has unveiled the monument of the statue of her brother to-day after forty years have passed.

What reminiscences are suggested to memory as we turn our thoughts backward to the days when we marched to this field and fought in that battle under General McClellan. The scenes all about us after these forty years have past speak of peace. The sod on the fields is green. Some of the woods have been felled, but the remaining trees show no signs of the awful rain of shot and shell that plowed through the branches and the trunks of the trees that stood here on that awful day. As we look abroad on these hillsides and in this valley, one would suppose that no such bloody conflict had ever taken place on this soil, but history will tell another story,—how the Union army met the Confederate army in the bloodiest open field battle of the Civil War—one in which there were more soldiers killed and wounded in one day than in any other one battle of the war. And here at the Dunkard Church where we fought and where this monument stands to the honor of the memory of our fallen comrades was one of the bloodiest angles in that awful battle. We can only say, peace to the ashes of our dead, and may the blessings of God be upon the widows and the orphans of the men who died here for a united nation and a free people.

Mr. Morris Davis, of Altoona, Pa., who was a member of Company D, read the following poem:

ANTIETAM AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS.

Antietam: Gentle peaceful stream,
Upon thy banks so fair,
What memories, to the mind will turn
Of one who lingers there.

He hears again, or seems to hear,
The cannon's rumbling wheel,
The rolling drum, the clanking spear,
And the bugles stirring peal.

He sees again, or seems to see,
Along thy wooded crest,
The southern hosts, with General Lee,
As on their arms they rest.

Jackson and Longstreet, Hill and Hood,
With legions clad in gray,
Along the hills and in the wood,
Their battle lines array.

Then, as he faces to the east,
There rises to his view
Another host, equal at least,
With legions clad in blue.

The old commander, "Little Mac."
To place and power restored,
With thousands eager at his back,
To measure sword with sword.

Over the gray, the southern cross,
Floats on the morning air,
Above the blue the breezes toss
"Old Glory," bright and fair.

And men are here, on either side,
Some wearing blue, some gray,
Who touching elbows met the tide
In many a former fray.

But now they meet in mortal strife,
No longer comrades true;
A brother seeks a brother's life,
As though no ties they knew.

Spirit of Washington, restrain
The rash vindictive hand
That would in madness, rend in twain
Thy blood bought native land.

Now Hooker, far out on the right,
Already known to fame,
Himself a host, opens the fight,
With lustre to his name.

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

Franklin, in the centre of the field,
 His men with Jackson vie,
 And though they know not how to yield,
 They do know how to die.

While here upon this rugged ground,
 Twelfth corps men rush and lurch;
 Mansfield receives a mortal wound,
 Near the famous Dunkard church.

Here Barlow, having well bestowed,
 A storm of leaden rain,
 Has changed the name of Sunken Road
 To that of "The Bloody Lane."

"Oh, Maryland, My Maryland,"
 From thy devoted sod,
 What valient men are called to stand
 This day, before their God?

Down on the left, where Burnside's knights
 Have waited mid-day sun,
 They storm the bridge and scale the heights,
 Before the day is done.

And since that day this arch of stone
 Is known as "Burnside's Bridge;"
 Now may the heights beyond be known
 By the name of "Rodman's Ridge."

For here, before the close of day,
 Brave General Rodman fell,
 And bled his gallant life away
 For the cause he loved so well.

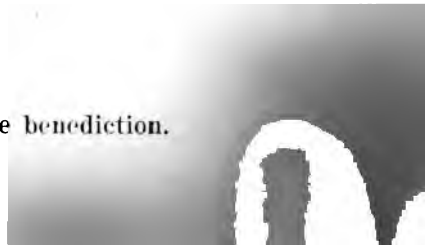
But night has fallen on the scene,
 And now with bated breath
 Each warrior mourns with anguish keen
 For comrades cold in death.

May the great God, who rules above,
 And guides the affairs of men,
 Forbid, in his infinite love
 Such fratricide again.

The entire audience joined in singing "America."

Our Father's God to thee
 Author of Liberty,
 To Thee we sing—
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

The Rev. E. A. Zeek pronounced the benediction.



The following members of the regiment were present: Surgeon F. B. Davison; Company A, O. G. Smith, John S. Dell, Thomas W. Hurd, John Crowell, J. W. Grazier, J. P. Wolf.

Company B, W. D. Fouse, Ephraim Gerst, James Geiser, James J. Houck, B. F. Wolfkill, Joseph Sias.

Company C, Captain W. W. Wallace, J. R. Simpson, J. H. Friday, D. P. Henderson, Z. G. Cresswell, Porter A. Robb, Dr. W. B. Brenneman, Alex Denny, John White, Rev. E. A. Zeek, James A. Green, George W. Friedley, Rev. Dr. T. L. Flood, M. S. Lytle, George Ehman, H. A. Huffman.

Company D, W. T. Miller, F. W. Gearheart, S. D. Aiken, R. M. Davis, E. L. Russ.

Company E, Levi Leedom, H. M. Wilt.

Company F, J. F. N. Householder, M. L. Protzman, F. H. Lane, Jacob Morgan, James A. Mitchell.

Company G, Thomas McCamant, George R. Curtiss, Joseph H. Reed, Thomas J. Charles, H. H. Hewitt, Henry C. Taylor, William H. McClelland, D. F. Phillips.

Company H, James T. Foster, R. L. Hunter, William Davis.

Company I, H. C. Warfel, Isaac Woome, J. G. Coder, S. S. Coder, Frank Corbin.

Company K, E. R. Dunnegan, J. D. Hicks, William P. Spielman, John Coho.

During the exercises and while the Hon. J. D. Hicks was delivering his address Governor Pennypacker and staff drove up to the monument and tarried awhile and shook hands with the survivors and their friends. At the order of regimental business Captain Wallace was re-elected president, Thomas McCamant vice president, J. R. Simpson treasurer and J. D. Hicks and W. T. Miller secretaries.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Confederate Avenue, West of Dunker Church.

A Color Sergeant with his Regimental flag partly unfurled to the breeze, with eagerness written in every line of his manly face and lithe body, with hand on the sword at his side, ready to spring forward at the command to lead his comrades anywhere and everywhere they are ordered to go,

well typifies the hero color bearer of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Infantry who lost his life in this battle on the very spot marked by this grand monument.

This statue is a portrait statute of Color Sergeant George Simpson and well illustrates the possibility of securing in enduring granite, faithful portraiture and detail of uniform and accoutrement. Stanley Edwards was selected as the artist to execute this portrait statue.

The pedestal supporting this statue is built of four stones, two bases, die and cap. Rough quarry faced effects are shown in its composition and very happily combined, with a touch here and there of fine hammered surfaces. This command was also of the Twelfth Corps and therefore the band of five pointed stars cut on the upper portion of the die stone is not only very appropriate, but very ornamental.

A large five-pointed star, occupying the entire face of the left hand face of the die is also cut into the surface of the granite.

On the front panel of the die is a large bronze inscription panel, as follows:

125TH
PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY
1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
12TH CORPS

RECRUITED IN BLAIR
HUNTINGDON AND CAMBRIA
COUNTIES PENNA

On the right hand panel, a bronze panel bearing the following inscription:

MOVED AT EARLY DAWN FROM BIVOUAC
ON FARM OF GEORGE LINE TO EAST WOODS
NEAR POINT WHERE GEN. J. K. F. MANSFIELD
WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED FROM THERE TO
SUPPORT MONROE'S FIRST RHODE ISLAND
BATTERY ON SMOKETOWN ROAD THEN TO
WOODS THAT STOOD HERE SEPTEMBER 17
1862. WAS THE FIRST UNION REGIMENT
THEREIN BEING FAR ADVANCED AND WITHOUT
SUFFICIENT SUPPORT IT WAS OUTFLANKED BY
THE ENEMY AND RETIRED BEHIND BATTERIES
IN FIELD IN REAR AND SUBSEQUENTLY
SAVED THE GUNS OF MONROE'S BATTERY
FROM CAPTURE. REMAINED IN LINE UNTIL
CLOSE OF BATTLE MONUMENT IS NEAR
THE LEFT OF ITS MAIN LINE OF BATTLE
LOSS AT ANTIETAM
KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS 54
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED 91
SLIGHTLY WOUNDED AND NOT REPORTED 84

The cap stone has a battlement effect on its rough surfaces, suggestive of the ancient battle towers, that is very rugged and dignified, and on the front face of the plinth stone may be seen the record of the death of Color Sergeant George Simpson of this regiment. The square of the lower base is 6 feet, the height 9 feet, the total height, including staff of colors, 19'-4".





PRINT, JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

"ON THE FIRING LINE"
128TH PA. VOLS.
CORNFIELD AVENUE

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

OWING to the delay in the finishing of the statue for this regiment's monument, no formal dedication services were held. The base was in place, the statue, however, was not completed until the spring of 1905, great care having to be exercised in the cutting of such a figure, in granite. The result accomplished is a source of great gratification and the figure is believed to be one of the best, if not the best, ever produced in granite.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiment was recruited in response to the proclamation of the Governor, of July 21st, 1862, calling for troops to serve for nine months. Companies A, B, E, H, I, and K, were recruited in Berks county, D, and G, in Lehigh and C, and F, in Bucks. They rendezvoused at Camp Curtin, and were mustered into the United States service from the 13th to the 15th of August. A meeting of the line officers was held, at which W. W. Hamersly, of Lehigh county, was chosen Lieutenant Colonel, and Joel B. Wanner, of Berks county, Major, and were subsequently commissioned by the Governor. No choice of Colonel was made, the sentiment strongly prevailing that a person of military experience should be selected for that position. On the 16th the regiment was ordered to Washington, and as no field officers had yet been commissioned, it moved under command of Captain William H. Andrews, of Company E. Soon after its arrival at the Capital, it crossed the Potomac, and encamped for a week on Arlington Heights. On the 21st it moved to Fairfax Seminary, and on the 29th to Fort Woodbury, where, for a week, during which the fierce fighting at Bull Run and Chantilly occurred, it was incessantly engaged in felling timber, and erecting fortifications. In the meantime, Captain Samuel Croasdale, of Bucks county, had been appointed Colonel, and the staff selected.

On the 6th of September, the regiment in light marching order, re-crossed the Potomac, and entered on the Maryland campaign. At Frederick City, where it arrived on the 14th, it was assigned to Crawford's Brigade, of Williams' Division, Mansfield's (formerly Banks') Corps, composed of the Twenty-eighth New York, Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Tenth Maine, Fifth Connecticut, and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth and One

Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiments. Moving rapidly forward, the command arrived at evening in front of South Mountain, where it was held in position during the night in expectation of a renewal of the battle, which had been fiercely raging during the day, on the following morning. But the enemy retired, and late on the evening of the 16th, it arrived at Antietam Creek, the troops across the stream under Hooker having already opened the battle. At eleven o'clock on the same evening, it was led across to their support, and at two on the morning of the 17th, bivouacked in a ploughed field, in immediate proximity to the hostile lines. At early dawn the battle opened, and the brigade was immediately advanced in close column of company. At half-past six A. M., the regiment was ordered into the fight, and made a most gallant charge through the wood and into the memorable corn-field, where the enemy lay concealed. Unfortunately the charge was made by the flank, and before the regiment could be formed in line, the fire of the enemy had become very hot. While in the act of giving his orders, and bringing his command into position, Colonel Croasdale was instantly killed, and soon afterwards Lieutenant Colonel Hamersly was severely wounded, and borne from the field. Fresh from civil life, hardly a month in service, with two of their commanding officers stricken down before their eyes, and comrades falling on every hand, the men fell into some confusion. This was, however, soon corrected and the command held the ground where the struggle had been most desperate, and where the regiment lost some of the bravest and the best. It was finally relieved by order of General Williams, in command of the division, and rested on the field until night-fall. The loss was beyond measure severe, being thirty-four killed, and eighty-five wounded, of whom six subsequently died of their wounds. In addition to the Colonel, Captain William H. Andrews, under whose command the regiment was originally led to the field, and who had exhibited the most determined courage in the fight, was among the killed.

After the battle, the regiment was alternately encamped at Sandy Hook and on Maryland Heights, at the latter place being employed in constructing fortifications. Clothing, which had been much needed, was finally obtained, and a school for the instruction of officers of the new regiments, presided over by Major Mathews, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, was established. In the meantime, Major Wanner resigned, and resumed the duties of his office as Mayor of the city of Reading, which position he had left to recruit this regiment. Lieutenant Colonel Hamersly, whose arm had been terribly torn and mutilated, being unable to resume command, the line officers united in a petition to the Governor for the appointment of Major Mathews to its command. He was accordingly commissioned Colonel, and subsequently Captain Cephas W. Dyer, Major. Upon assuming command, Colonel Mathews, who was a strict disciplinarian, made a sensible address, in which he gave some most excellent advice and admonition, complimented it for its bravery at Antietam, and concluded in a patriotic strain of devotion to the country. Squad, company, and battalion drill, for which it had had little opportunity before, was now studiously prosecuted, and it soon attained a high degree of proficiency. On the 10th of December, the Twelfth Corps, which had been left to hold the

upper Potomac, when the rest of the army advanced to Warrenton, was ordered to move rapidly to Fredericksburg, Burnside being on the point of attacking the enemy at that point. On the 16th the regiment arrived at the Neabsco River, where it was halted, and on the following day turned back to Fairfax Station, the struggle at Fredericksburg being over. With the exception of toilsome marching on the 28th, after Stuart's Cavalry, it remained in camp until the 19th of January, 1863, when it proceeded to Stafford Court House, upon the occasion of Burnside's second abortive campaign. It was here placed in winter-quarters, and was employed in guard and picket duty until the opening of the spring campaign under Hooker. While here, Lieutenant Colonel Hamersley, being permanently disabled by the wounds received at Antietam, resigned, and Captain L. Heber Smith was commissioned to succeed him.

On the first day of May, the corps having reached Chancellorsville, the brigade was ordered to entrench on the Plank Road leading through the Wilderness. Later in the day the regiment was moved out to the United States Ford, to open the way over the Rappahannock, but returned again at evening to the entrenchments. During the night it was ordered out upon the front, where it remained until morning, and during the day participated in the fighting upon the left centre. At evening, the enemy succeeded in breaking the right wing of the army, and coming in upon the flank, occupied the Union works. The night was very dark, and in retiring to its original line, the regiment suddenly found itself in the clutches of the foe. Colonel Mathews, Lieutenant Colonel Smith, Captains William B. M'Nall, George Newkirk, Richard H. Jones, Frederick M. Yeager and Peter C. Huber, Lieutenants John Obold, and James H. Anthony, and two hundred and twenty-five non-commissioned officers and men were taken prisoners and marched to Richmond. The balance of the regiment, under command of Captain Kennedy, succeeded in reaching its position in the line, which it held with the utmost tenacity, losing Captain Richards, and a number of men wounded, the battle raging on this part of the field with great violence. The brigade having suffered severely during the preceding two days, was, on the afternoon of the 3d, ordered to the rear as guard to prisoners, and crossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford; but in a few hours was ordered to return, and was again summoned to the front. At the close of the battle, the regiment, now reduced to one hundred and seventy-two men, returned to Stafford Court House. On the 12th of May, the term of service having expired, it was relieved from duty and proceeded to Harrisburg, where, on the 19th, it was mustered out. Colonel Mathews and the officers and men who were taken prisoners, were held but a short time in captivity, returning in time to be mustered out with the rest of the command. Upon its return to Reading, it was honorably received by the authorities and citizens, and was there finally disbanded.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Cornfield Avenue.

A granite statue that may well be called "on the firing line," if pose and action count for anything in cold stone and chiselled granite, marks with its rough quarry faced pedestal the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Infantry's position.

The limit of expert granite cutting is shown in this statue, and only an expert carver in granite or marble can fully appreciate the relief work shown in this piece. The regulation sized muzzle-loading musket, cut practically free from the body, the full length of the barrel without support of any kind, save where the two hands clasp the weapon, and at a point near the stock that barely touches the man's body, this statue excites the wonder as well as the admiration of all who look upon it.

This model is also the work of Mr. E. L. A. Pausch, and the name of the expert granite cutter, Charles A. Pinardi, deserves to be recorded here.

This granite pedestal is built of four stones, two bases, the die stone and cap stone. All surfaces except washes are quarry-faced and pitched to an edge, giving the whole a rustic effect that is especially interesting and pleasing.

The Twelfth Army Corps Badge is cut in bold relief on front pediment of the overhanging cap, and on each of the upper corners of the cap is a polished granite ball, which adds significant detail to the design.

On the front panel of the die stone is seen the Regimental bronze inscription tablet, as follows:

128TH	
PENNSYLVANIA	
VOLUNTEER	
INFANTRY	
1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION	
12TH CORPS	
LOCATION 315 FEET NORTH	
<hr/>	
CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM	
KILLED	26
WOUNDED	86
MISSING	6
TOTAL	118
<hr/>	
RECRUITED IN BERKS LEHIGH	
AND BUCKS COUNTIES	
<hr/>	
BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN	
ANTIETAM	
CHANCELLORSVILLE	

This pedestal is 6'-6" square at the base and 9 feet high, making a total height of 16'-6".

2



PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

"REST"
130TH PA. VOLS.
BLOODY LANE

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEERS.

Bloody Lane, September 17, 1904.

AT half past ten o'clock, a large number of the survivors assembled around the monument, and the meeting was called to order by John D. Hemminger, President of the Society. He introduced the Rev. George W. Chalfant, D. D., Chaplain, who made the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, with gratitude we record the heroic deeds wrought in this place and that it pleased Thee to crown the efforts of our comrades with success and to roll back the tide of invasion from our beloved Commonwealth, and, in the end, to make their labor and sacrifices effective to the preservation of our country and the perpetual honor of our flag.

In this hour of peace and national prosperity, we dedicate memorials to the men who fought and fell for the cause of righteousness and freedom. May a grateful nation never forget them.

Let thy blessing abide upon the widow and children of our brave commander who first led our regiment in battle here, and upon the families of all who fell on this field, and on all who have since passed away; upon the survivors of that band of young men forty-two years ago, and upon all who are represented in the memorial exercises of this day. Bless our country, our President, our Governor, and all who are in authority.

May true patriotism ever flourish in the succeeding generations, and the Nation never lack defenders till wars shall cease, and Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven, and Thine shall be the glory through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Address by John D. Hemminger, private, Company E, One Hundred Thirtieth Regiment.

Comrades of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, Ladies and Gentlemen: The occasion which has called us together to-day is one of mingled joy and sadness.

While we rejoice in the blessings of peace and national unity, the pleasures of life and that degree of health incident to advanced age, yet we regret the absence of others who from various causes cannot be with us. And as in reflection we turn back to the days of midsummer, 1862, when the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, numbered one thousand strong, now note its decimated ranks, re-

sulting from the fiery flames of battle in which here, forty and two years ago, this day, forty-six of its number laid down their precious lives as a sacrifice on the altar of their country, and from confinement in pestilential prison pens, and from sickness, both during the Civil War and since, until to-day, when about one-third of its original enrollment remains, we are awed by feelings of sadness and loneliness, and each of us may, along with the Psalmist in glorifying the works of God, ask: "What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him?" But we rejoice that we, the dwindling remnant of the "one thousand strong," somehow, through the Divine purpose, have been spared as instrumentalities for the performance of certain duties. And so, to-day, happily, we are the active agents in the befitting work of commemorating the sacred memories of those who were part and parcel of us, as symbolized in this beautiful tablet, which, ere long, shall mutely testify of us.

Cities, States and Nations, may in a certain sense be born in a day; but their substantial development and firm establishment are likely to be of a slow growth. Time is a requisite for the completion of an important end. And thus has it been in placing on the battle-field of the Antietam thirteen highly artistic and substantial monuments as gifts of a generous Commonwealth in recognition of the valor of her sons in defense of their country.

As all things human have a beginning, it necessarily follows that a first step must have been taken by some one to bring about this happy result.

I have here the printed proceedings of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, in reunion assembled, at Altoona, Pennsylvania, February 25th, 1891, in which, on page 11, is found the earliest reference to the proposition to erect monuments in commemoration of the part taken in the battle of the Antietam by certain Pennsylvania commands having no monuments on any of the great National battlefields.

The report referred to reads as follows:

"The Secretary read a letter from Dr. Whistler, Secretary of the One hundredth P. V. Regimental Association, stating that that regiment intended petitioning the Legislature for an appropriation to place a monument at Antietam in memory of the fallen comrades of that command, and asking our Association to join them in that petition. On motion of Comrade McCamant, seconded by Comrade Keane, the Secretary of the Association was instructed to confer with Dr. Whistler at an early day, and prepare a suitable memorial to the Legislature in the name of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment, and join the One Hundred and Thirtieth in requesting an appropriation for a monument, the same to be signed on the behalf of the Association by the President and Secretary."

Thus, more than thirteen years ago, was taken the initiative which has culminated in placing on this field thirteen monuments commemorating that number of Pennsylvania commands, and to the persistent and indefatigable labors of our worthy Secretary are these commands deeply indebted for the final passage of a Legislative enactment carrying an appropriation whereby it became possible to place on this field monuments creditable

alike to the State and to the commands concerned in them. The Antietam battlefield is eminently worthy of this attention, and the gauge of excellence exhibited in the erection of the Pennsylvania tablets should serve both as criterion and incentive to other commands, of other states, to follow us in marking still better this notable National battle-ground with suitable memorials.

In this laudable undertaking, Dr. Whistler found an able assistant in the person of the Honorable Thomas McCamant, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry. As a committee of two, their first effort to get from the State an appropriation for the contemplated work received scant recognition, and "died a bornin." At the next biennial session they renewed their efforts, and the bill passed first reading, but never got any farther.

Two years later, at the instigation of the late Senator Samuel Losch, the act passed the Senate and stopped there.

In their fourth attempt, they were successful in securing in both Houses the passage of an act granting to each of the thirteen organized concerned \$1,500 each.


This appropriation, by executive prerogative, was cut in half, leaving to each command the paltry sum of \$750, which was left untouched by all the organizations.

But the unwitting stab of Governor Stone proved a blessing in the end. This Committee of two, undaunted by defeat, and wishing to take further counsel and augment their number, summoned together in Harrisburg, in January, 1903, the representatives of the thirteen commands, when said Committee of two was increased by the addition of Colonel Joseph W. Hawley, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, Colonel Oliver C. Bosbyshell and Captain Frank Leib, of the Forty-eighth, Gen. William J. Bolton, of the Fifty-first, and Lieutenant Michael W. French and Major John Kirk, of the One Hundred and Thirtieth.

The bill, as originally drafted by Lieutenant Thomas McCamant, was amended by increasing the amount from \$1,500 to \$2,500 for each of the thirteen organizations, and \$2,500 additional for defraying the expenses of the erection of the monuments, the appropriation carrying in all an aggregate of \$35,000.

This bill, eloquently defended before the Committee on Appropriations, in patriotic speeches by Dr. Whistler, Lt. McCamant, Colonel Bosbyshell and Captain Leib, passed both Houses of the Legislature and met with the approval of Governor Pennypacker, April 4th, 1903.

This then is but another demonstration of how the proverbially unlucky number is not a talisman of evil. It has, indeed, often been an eminently lucky number. The act referred to has placed on this field thirteen handsome monuments to the eternal memory of thirteen Pennsylvania commands, viz: The Forty-fifth, the Forty-eighth, the Fiftieth, the Fifty-first, the One Hundredth, the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, the One Hundred and Thirtieth, the One Hundred and Thirty-second, and the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Infantry, and the Twelfth Cavalry and Durell's Battery, and it took thirteen years to get them.



But there should be seventeen monuments dedicated here to-day by the State of Pennsylvania, instead of thirteen, because one brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves, embracing the Third, the Fourth, the Seventh, and the Eighth regiments, was not in the battle of Gettysburg, but, like us, had part in the battle of Antietam; hence these commands, being without monuments on any of the great National battle-fields are entitled to tablets here for the same reasons we are, and would unquestionably have them, had the committee at the time of securing for us an appropriation been cognizant of the fact. The medallion on the face of this monument is due to the forethought of our Secretary. Inasmuch as the private soldier is honored by surmounting the pedestal with the figure of the man with a gun, he thought that in some tangible way we should give commemorative expression of our regard for our worthy Colonel who lost his life in the deadly charge on Marye's Heights, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13th, 1862.

As we think of Colonel Zinn as the man who made the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment what it was, and look at this picture of him, we feel the full force of Paul's reference to Abel in matters of faith, "that being dead he yet speaketh." Surely so noble an officer as he was, fearless in battle, a good disciplinarian, affable and courteous, and yet dignified, is worthy of this recognition in which you, my comrades, may take pride from consciousness of the fact that in response to our Secretary's appeal for funds with which to do it, you liberally contributed. The cost of the medallion was one hundred and fifty dollars, and I hold in my hand here the Secretary's cancelled check in payment of it, and the Van Amringe Granite Company's receipt of the same.

Comrades, I thank you for your attention to my remarks on this auspicious occasion.

Address by Dr. S. M. Whistler, Private Co. E. 130th Regiment:

My Comrades of the 130th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, Ladies and Gentlemen: On an occasion such as this when a speaker appears before an expectant audience to discuss a topic already well winnowed of facts, the query naturally arises: What new thing will he find to say? Would that I could relate in melodious epic or had the gift to describe graphically as the subject deserves the tremendous drama of the contending armies on a stage of fire and death on the everlasting hills, in the shaded forests and on the fertile fields of the picturesque Antietam, forty-two years ago to-day.

The simple message I wish to present to you is not prophetic. It is in part historic, and in other respects, reminiscent, as relates to the Maryland campaign.

The circumstances which have brought you back to this great battle-field have for you an especial interest, involving the sacred duties of commemorating the names and glorious fame of those who on this and on other fields laid down their precious lives in fulfillment of the adage that "to die for one's country is sweet." Not alone would the



names of those who here or elsewhere, out of devotion to the Union, gave life or limb or blood, but all who gave to their country full measure of service. Homage would we also pay to the memory of courageous mothers, faithful wives, devoted sisters and true sweethearts, who, in our absence, were the guardian angels of home, suffering often in consequence of the uncertainties of battle and the ordeals of sickness to which their loved ones were subjected, a mental anguish not less trying than the actual physical pains incidental to active military campaigning.

When we think of the distracted state of our country in the Civil War time in comparison with its present peaceful condition, its wondrous growth and development, we marvel at results in which you, my comrades, had much to do. Individually it may have been small, but collectively it was great.

An insignia of authority of certain civil and military officials of the Roman Empire was the fasces which you will see represented on some of the monuments on this battlefield. It was a mere bundle of rods bound together with thongs from which originally an axe protruded, representing also strength; and so your standing together, shoulder to shoulder, in battle constituted a bulwark of strength, offensive and defensive, against your country's assailants.

The primary cause of the Civil War was the bondage of the black man, whose emancipation from the shackles of slavery has thrown upon the American people a weight of responsibility second to no other question. It may indeed, as a sequence of our civil conflict, involve possibilities of danger overshadowing the Herculean struggle to save the Union. But God forbid that, as feared by many, a race war should befall this Nation. We must in the treatment of our black brother be just, charitable and philanthropic. The negro cannot be relegated to his former condition; and vexatious as is the problem as to what to do with him under freedom and fit him for the responsibilities of an enlightened citizenship, its solution must be sought through educational influences.

In the wondrous story of American colonization there is a curious commercial relationship between tobacco, brides and black servants. The discovery of tobacco and its general acceptance in the calendar of human vices opened up through new demands for labor in its cultivation the way to human slavery on the American Continent which the thrifty Dutch were quick to supply; and such was the demand for wives in the Virginia settlements that the passage of prospective brides who volunteered to come over in ships was paid for in fragrant weed, pound for pound.

Slavery existed at first in all the colonies; but how little did the founders of the American Colonies think that the cupidity by which was fastened on innocent communities the incubus of human slavery, they were sowing the seeds of National discord which eventually would give birth to the American Civil War.

One of the most remarkable episodes in the annals of human slavery is the fact that within the view of this field was fired the first gun as a prelude to the Civil War by a little band of fanatics led by a wondrous man whose spirit is still marching on—John Brown, of Ossawatimie—whose capture at Harper's Ferry was effected by Colonel Robert E. Lee,

known later as the brilliant leader of the Army of Northern Virginia. This unlawful act of Brown was as a firebrand thrown amidst combustibles in the camp of the slave holders. But where does history record a greater heroism, a nobler act, when the facts are seen in the light of sacrifice, than that of John Brown? Let us in passing pay to him the tribute due him in the tender lines of the Quaker poet:

"John Brown, of Ossawatimie, spake on his dying day;
 'I will not have, to shrive my soul, a priest in slavery's pay,
 But let some poor slave-mother, whom I have striven to free,
 With the children, from the gallows stair, put up a prayer for me!'
 "John Brown, of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die,
 And lo! a poor slave-mother, with her little child passed nigh;
 Then the bold blue eye grew tender and the old harsh face grew mild,
 As he stooped between the crowding ranks and kissed the negro's child."

Birth of a New Political Party.

Just half a century ago, out of decadent party shibboleths there was born a new political faith having as one of its basic principles declaration for territorial freedom from human slavery, and restricting it to the fifteen states in which it then prevailed. This little cloud on the political horizon proved to be of great national importance; and whilst provoking much adverse discussion, its attraction of support proved magnetic and cohesive, and it grew rapidly in every state north of Mason's and Dixon's line, because founded upon the enduring principles of justice and right. Personal violence in opposition to freedom of speech and accrimonious debates on the momentous issues of the day in the national halls of legislation and the success of the new political party in the general elections of 1860, alienated more and more our countrymen of the South. Treason became rampant, and the sacredness of oaths by many in high places who had sworn to obey the laws of the Constitution was basely violated. To such ultra extent had public opinion gone, North and South, that, in 1860, no prophetic insight was necessary to foresee that by no possibility could open rupture between the discordant sections of our country be further avoided. The bellicose spirit, in terse phraseology, was aptly named by a noted statesman of the time as "The Irrepressible Conflict."

Great emergencies bring forth great leaders; and so in the political catastrophe about to break in upon the sixth decade of the nineteenth century through the Omnipotent voice of a constituency loyal to the Federal Union, an Abraham Lincoln appeared upon the stage to guide the helm of the Ship of State about to be tossed violently on the bloody sea of the most momentous war of all preceding ages.

The election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the Republic did not give to the slave-holding states adequate cause for passing ordinances of secession. The Republicans in the two branches of Congress, in 1860, were in a minority, and their hands could have been tied in matters of Legislation distasteful to a united opposition. But it was decreed otherwise. Folly always oversteps itself. Emerson, in his essay on "Compensation," proclaimed the Devil an ass; and, referring to the institution of slavery, he said: "If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own." This however was the thing that South

Carolina was foremost to defend. She was the first to go out of the Union. She tore up and spat upon Betsy Ross' flag and flaunted her own Palmetto emblem of hate in the faces of the Northern people whom she stigmatized as "Mudsills" and cowards who would not fight. She fired the first shot of the war against the good old Union, and, for the time being, become the synosure of the civilized world.

And now was to be tested more severely than ever the perpetuity of the Union as founded upon the Declaration of Independence which Lord McCauley, only three years prior to the presidential campaign of 1860, had declared as "all sail and no anchor." The thought, no doubt, was born of the wish.

The sentiment of the Parliaments of Europe, with the possible exception of Russia, was in sympathy with the declarations of secession. Even France was ready to repudiate her erstwhile friendship by tacit coalition with the government of the Confederate States if thereby she might establish a new empire on our Southwestern shores. Nor can we quite forget the attitude and conduct of Great Britain toward us in the days of trial and bitter sorrow throughout the greater portion of the Civil War. The heart of England, with the exception of a few of her great men like John Bright and Goldwin Smith, who were true to liberty, was against us. Likewise there was arrayed against us the hostility of English journalism, with the exception of the "Daily News" and the "Weekly Spectator." And while we love our English cousins, we are under no special obligations to them, save the ties of blood and a common Christian sentiment. Not by the permission of the Mother Country did our fore-fathers become freemen on the new shores of civilization where, by the tossing of the "iron dice of destiny," was established the only true Republic, whose geographical conditions and bounds in very recent time have exerted a hitherto unexpected influence over the destiny of mankind, securing for us acknowledgment as the focus of energy and recognition as a great world power.

The Invasion of Maryland.

Let us now turn back to the stirring days and thrilling events of mid-summer, of 1862, when the armed hosts of Lee, triumphant from the fields and marshes of the Peninsular campaign, followed by the Federal stampede at Bull Run, flanked the National capital, and marching under banners of victory, singing gaily, "Maryland, my Maryland," transferred the seat of war to the Northern frontier. How the national pulse was quickened, and how wildly throbbed loyal hearts in contemplating the boldness of the intrepid foe. Recovering from its temporary depression, and the humiliation of recent defeat, the Army of the Potomac girded up once more its loins and determined again to measure arms with its famous antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia.

Comrades, no doubt you remember well, Sunday, September 7, 1862, when about half past two o'clock in the afternoon, you broke camp at Fort Marcy, and, leaving behind tents and baggage, crossed the Potomac at Chain Bridge and then marched out the pike by way of Tennalytown.

The day was hot and the highway dusty. Night overtook you, but you kept marching on by the mellow light of a full moon. You found sleeping quarters that first night out on the Maryland campaign in the agricultural fairgrounds at Rockville; and a few miles beyond, you bivouacked in a wood. There you feasted on the new corn of the community. For an hour, the morning of the ninth, you were drilled briskly in the manual of arms. At this place, the One Hundred and Thirtieth Pennsylvania was brigaded with the One Hundred and Eighth New York and the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, constituting the Third Brigade, of French's Division, of the Second Corps, General Edwin V. Sumner in command.

At noon, of the ninth, you advanced in the direction of Frederick and after a seven-miles' march halted for the night. At 10 o'clock, the morning of the 10th, you again went forward, the army marching in separate, great columns. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon a halt was made for rest and dinner, consisting of hardtack, hot coffee, fried salt pork and fresh corn—capital fare for hungry soldiers. The night's lodging was found in Henderson's Woods. The march of the 11th carried through Clarksburg, a small village of no particular attraction, save its belles. Here, on the north side of the town, you were formed into line, and an encampment was made for the night. Apples along the route were plenty and tempting to the eye, but they were forbidden fruit.

Friday, the 12th, was clear. In your march of this day, you passed through another village called Hyattstown, and encamped within a few miles of Frederick.

The march of the 13th brought you on the trail of the Confederate army. Proceeding to a point a little northeast of the city, encampment for the night was made.

Sunday the 14th, you were up early, because McClellan was in hot pursuit of Lee, and you were set in motion across the Katocin mountain, from the heights of which you beheld Middletown nestling in a beautiful valley, and on the mountain tops beyond you saw the smoke of battle, and heard the eloquent roar of cannons in yonder mountain gap, known as Turner's beyond which stands the monument of the noble Reno looking out upon this field. How your nerves were electrified by the prospect! Your pace now was quickened for awhile; but, the roar of battle having ceased, you turned to the right and encamped on high, commanding ground. You were in the midst of supper when, too bad! you were ordered off at double quick, as the battle had been renewed. You marched on till darkness set in when you again went into bivouac and rested until midnight, when you were hurried a mile or two out the turnpike at a rapid pace and then rested until morning, having covered during the day's march, fully fifteen miles. Monday morning of the 15th, the mountain tops were enveloped in mist-like clouds of smoke, but all was silent. The enemy had been roughly handled and driven from the pass, and about the hour of noon you set out once more and crossed over into the valley beyond, which is an extension of the beautiful Cumberland Valley. In the mountain pass and beyond, evidences of the stubborn fight were plenty, and I need not tell you that.



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ROULETTE FARM

Away up in Turner's gap—up on South Mountain's height—
Reno whipped the saucy "Rebs," and sent them off in flight
To the wooded dells and hills of the Antietam,
Where, in deadly strife, 'twas decreed you soon should meet them,
And drive the traitor band from "Maryland, my Maryland."

Reno was killed; likewise General Garland, who opposed him. Among the Federal wounded was the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio, Rutherford B. Hayes, subsequently President of the United States. The Federal loss at Turner's Gap was 1,546. At Santiago, in the Spanish-American War, the American casualties were but fifty-nine more than at Turner's Gap.

At the foot of the mountain, you passed through Boonsboro, where had occurred a clash between Federal and Confederate Cavalry. Moving on as far as the turnpike gate, a good rest was allowed you until dark when the march was resumed, carrying you through Keedysville and a little beyond, where you went into bivouac for the night.

Tuesday morning the 16th, when you ought to have been fighting, you lay on your arms inactively, subjected to the visitation of numerous shells from the enemy so close as to be interesting, and suggestive of what was in store for you. The afternoon presented a more passive state of affairs until about sundown, when a brisk fight was developed by Hooker on the right.

The morning of the 17th the tops of South Mountain again were veiled with fog, which, however, was dispelled later by a hot, southwest wind. Breaking camp soon after breakfast, the brigade to which you belonged waded the Antietam in the vicinity of Pry's Ford.

Some of you may recall the fact that in wading the well-riled stream your shoes become more or less occupied with sand and pebbles, and that some were fain to tarry long enough to remove these obstacles to comfort, but that the rear guard had imperative orders from Colonel Zinn to hurry up all laggards, and not to hesitate to use force if necessary. French's division was now moving in three columns—your brigade, the second, being in the center.

The movement after crossing the creek continued until you came to a wood when you moved by the left flank, and, forming into line southeast of Roulette's farm buildings, you vaulted over a fence at a pretty meadow looking southward over which you went forward in the face of the fire of the enemy's skirmishers, and in the Roulette spring house bagged nearly a score of Confederates who as prisoners were sent to the rear in charge of Sergeant Samuel Ilgenfritz, of Company I. Next you moved round the house and across the garden between the house and barn, and around the barn and through the wagon shed, these buildings standing as rocks in the current of the surging stream of blue, sweeping back and up over the orchard to your right, and the field on the left extending down to the Roulette lane, the Confederate skirmishers to their reserve on this side of the brow of that hill, and finally into the shelter afforded by this lane.


It was now about 9 o'clock A. M., but you were oblivious as to time. An hour seemed an age. At first you quaked with fear as shown by blanched but determined faces. That you, green troops, within thirty

days from the time you left your native heath, should meet and beat back to the cover of this lane the bronzed, fire-tried veterans of General D. H. Hill bespeaks for you a fame of which posterity may well be proud.

The topography of the battlefield has been much changed since 1862 by the removal of stately forests of oak, known as East and West Woods, the former lying on this side of the turnpike, and the latter beyond it, in the vicinity of the battle-marked little church you see yonder, known as the Dunker Church. It should be borne in mind that in East Wood, about one-half mile northeast of the church, Hooker sharply assailed Hood's division, of Longstreet's corps, at sunset of the 16th, darkness having given pause to the fierce onslaught. Between East Wood and the Hagerstown turnpike lay a large cornfield occupied by Confederates whose presence was no sooner noted by the glint of their bright muskets, early the morning of the 17th, than Hooker furiously assaulted them. He had locked horns with Stonewall Jackson. Fierce was the conflict, and "Fighting Joe" was much in evidence, riding grandly the fiery waves of battle. On that part of the field McClellan intended making his attack so powerful that Lee would be obliged to send most of his forces to the Dunker Church, thereby enabling Burnside, down on the left of the Federal line, to carry the bridge below Sharpsburg, and then swing around on Lee's rear and help in destroying him or driving him ingloriously from the field.

There is extant a story, but whether merely traditional or true, I know not, that Stonewall Jackson having ridden forward under cover of the smoke of battle to a Union battery severely punishing his men gave peremptory orders that its guns be elevated, as it was shooting so low as to be non-effective. Straightway the guns were raised to higher aim and the crafty Confederate chieftain, supposed by the Federal gunners to have been one of their own superiors, retired in safety to his own lines.

The fight for the possession of the East Wood was hot and stubborn. The men in blue and gray went down by hundreds, falling as ripe grain before the sickle of death. So great was the havoc among Jackson's men that they were compelled to fall back west of the Hagerstown turnpike, Hooker pressing after them, confident he could keep them in retreat or capture them. Reinforced by reserves, Jackson now turned the tables on Hooker, who, bleeding and faint from wounds, was hurled back in retreat and confusion over the same ground that he had gained. But Hooker was of hot fighting blood and good nerve, and, reforming his lines, dashed again into the whirlpool of battle and remained until swooning from loss of blood, when he was carried to the rear. Meanwhile Mansfield, fearless, brave and true, rushed to Hooker's aid; Mansfield was killed, and Sedgwick, another of Hooker's division commanders was disabled, and East Wood, West Wood and the corn field were strewn with the dead and wounded. Probably the most spectacular part of the battlefield, at least in point of magnitude, occurred on the Federal right, with the Dunker Church as the vortex of the conflict. But the bloodiest spot of the entire field was right along here where stands this tablet on Bloody Lane. This was the pivotal point of the fight. French's division could always be depended upon. The center must stand firm, and you all know how the enemy both to your right and to your left, sought a weak link in



the fiery chain of battle which, if he could but find and break through, another victory would redound to the credit of the Confederacy and be to the discredit of the Union. Some of you no doubt recall the fact that from back yonder in West Wood a brigade of Confederate Infantry came down on a double-quick charge on a Federal battery between Mumma's and Roulette's, supported by a regiment of infantry, driving back both the battery and its support—a movement intended for attack on your rear and breaking the center; but you held your ground with bull-dog tenacity and, happily, a Federal brigade in reserve at Roulette's met your assailant's and drove them precipitately back.

About the hour of noon, Lee was in great peril and could have been swept from the field under crushing defeat had there been the effective co-operation expected on the part of Burnside, who, at the time you entered the fight, had imperative orders to carry the bridge on the left of this field. Doubtless the execution of the order was a disagreeable duty; and yet it involved no greater danger than you here faced.

There is some discrepancy in statement as to the several parts taken in the battle by the divisions of French and Richardson, to the detriment of the former, by making Richardson overlap ground occupied by your own division, due seemingly to a misapprehension of the scope and peculiarly zigzag course of this lane. McClellan himself did not have an accurate conception of it; nor did Colonel Zinn, who has left among his military letters a drawing of the lane, comprehend how angular is its course, and the relation of its angles to the Hagerstown and Keedysville highways converging at Sharpsburg. Hence a study of the official records of the battle describing the course of march of the two divisions in question as they went into action is somewhat confusing and contradictory. And thus in crediting to another division a little more glory than belongs to it, you will find history singularly reticent of what you did here. But somebody was responsible for the carnage exhibited on this part of the battlefield, and the heaps of Confederate dead in this lane after the battle were silent witnesses of your valor; and in the face of the further attestation that over there on the brow of that hill, forty-six of your own number sealed their devotion to their country by laying down their lives in defense of it, while more than two hundred fell in wounds of greater or lesser degree as reported in official military records of Pennsylvania, it matters little as to historic inaccuracies. Your position was one of fixity—like that of a massive boulder, refusing to be moved by the fiery current. If you did nothing brilliant, it is nevertheless to your credit that, without the inspiration of a regimental banner, you displayed a valor worthy of veterans. In the hurry of effecting your organization and equipment, and rushing you to the front, there was no time to procure a flag or muster a single officer; yet you resolutely maintained your hold upon a rugged position exposed to a foe concealed and protected by the shelter of this lane, barricaded by fence rails, until driven out of it at the point of the bayonet, and across yonder field to the Piper builings, in a charge led by the Irish Brigade, in which some of you participated. In angry tones the enemy greeted you as "black devils," because your faces were begrimed with the soot of powder; besides your new uniforms were of such dark blue color as to look black.

"Go back there, you black devils!" shouted the "Johnnies." But you never went back until ordered to retire to replenish your exhausted ammunition, about 1 o'clock P. M.

The fields on both sides of this lane, some of them fallow, others in corn, presented a harvest of death. The cornfields were shorn of their crops, and every tree on the fields and in the forests, within the zone of battle, was scarred by the hail of lead and iron. This lane, literally packed with the dead and wounded of the men in gray, presented a most ghastly appearance. Human blood in streamlets coursed down its gulleys, and here and there lay in pools suggestive of the abattoir. There, near that tablet of the Fifth Maryland, thence eastward to Roulette's lane, and west to Mumma's field yonder, in which stands the monument of the Fourteenth Connecticut, is where you maintained your line of battle and kept the men in gray at bay in this lane, firing at them with deadly aim the moment they exposed their bodies to your view. But alas! at what cost of life and limb! O, methinks that if the spirits of the departed ever return to earth, that the spirits of our comrades killed in battle hover over this sacred spot in sympathetic touch with ours this blessed hour.

Burial of the Dead.

In the burial of the dead on this particular part of the field, the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment by reason of having incurred the displeasure of its Brigade Commander, was honored in the appointment as undertaker-chief. The weather was phenomenally hot, and the stench from the hundreds of black, bloated, decomposed, maggoty bodies, exposed to a torrid heat for three days after the battle, was a sight truly horrid, and beggaring all power of verbal expression. The fact that the Confederate dead were so much darker colored than your own was attributed to the fanciful cause that they had eaten gunpowder at breakfast the morning of the battle.

Overhead floated large numbers of those harpies of the air, buzzards, awaiting an opportunity to descend to earth to partake of the cadaverous feast. Just over there in Mumma's field in one ditch you placed 185 Confederate corpses, the one on top of the other, and indecorously covered them from sight with clay. In other ditches lesser unumbers were similarly buried. Time and circumstances forbade a more humane course than this. A few years later, with all possible care, these bodies were taken up and reinterred at Hagerstown by the United States Government. In all, you buried 300 Confederates, and over 100 hundred of your own, the latter having been buried singly, each body wrapped in a blanket, and each grave marked by a head board, inscribing the name of the soldier and his command for subsequent identification. The burial, with the exception of many dead horses still bestrewing the field, was completed on Sunday, the fight having occurred on the preceding Wednesday. In the parlor of the Piper house down yonder, you found three dead rebels, one of whom had crawled under the piano to die; and in the house every stitch of muslin, linen and calico, had been appropriated by the foe for binding up their wounds. The surgeon's tables on the Roulette barn floor presented a scene of the scham-

bles. Piles of amputated legs and arms were in evidence, inviting even from stolid hearts, commiseration, pity, tears. In the stables below, and under temporary straw sheds along the adjacent fences and out buildings, were to be found hundreds of wounded and dying men. The walled spring below the house was dipped almost dry by men in quest of its precious water for the laving of wounds and quenching of thirst. On the field were many piles of gathered up muskets, discarded from various causes, and the earth was strewn with debris of one kind or another in the awful tornado of battle.

Purposes of Invasion.

Naturally the question arises; Why did Lee invade Maryland?

Genius and push are the key words of success in the world's greatest military leaders as exhibited in Alexander the Great, in Caesar, in Hannibal, in Napoleon, in Washington and Grant; and Lee, while not achieving ultimate success, was not wanting in these characteristics. After the second Bull Run battle the prospects of the Confederacy were the most assuring as viewed by General Longstreet. The glitter of recent Confederate victories, and the alluring prospect of continued success, led Lee to invade the State of Maryland.

First. In the hope of inducing its people to renounce allegiance to the Union. Said Lee by proclamation to the Marylanders: "The people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen and restore the independence and sovereignty of your state." This failed.

Second. He wanted recruits; but on opening recruiting stations, he got none. He was received almost everywhere with closed doors.

Third. His soldiers were ragged, bare-footed and hungry; he wished to replenish his commissarats, but there were no response to Confederate needs, whereas the Federal army in its passage through the State was everywhere welcomed.

The Results of the Invasion

were disastrous to the Confederates in various ways. Lee's army was much reduced by straggling before crossing over into Maryland. Longstreet tells us that better far would it have been for the South had Lee, after the brilliant stroke of Stonewall Jackson at Harper's Ferry, withdrawn his forces to Virginia without giving battle. Antietam proved a damper to Lee's prestige. Well directed blows had here been administered to him, sending him back much broken by defeat. The battle of Antietam was the first prominent milestone in the pathway of disaster to the Confederacy. It broke the shackles of slavery on the American Continent, and was but the antecedent of the battle of Gettysburg. Here, according to General Longstreet, was cracked the keystone of the arch of the Confederacy, which, at Gettysburg, was further shattered, and finally collapsed at Appomattox.

During the first two years of the Civil War Divine favor seemed to be on the side of the would-be New Republic. But civil and religious liberty

are blood-bought jewels, possibly not sufficiently honored and appreciated, and as we as a nation in our social relationship had violated the law of love and equity, we were to suffer additional national chastisement, North and South. The great ulterior purpose, the guiding hand of Destiny all through the Civil War doubtless shaped things for the greater good, doing for us in the awful sacrifice of human life just what has often before resulted from great contests at arms—breaking chains of oppression, and bringing to hitherto dark places light and freedom.

The Battle of Fredericksburg.

The regiment's next engagement was that of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. French's division having been the first to cross the Rappahannock, led in the assault on the well-fortified hills south of Fredericksburg, known as Marye's Heights.

You will recall Colonel Zinn's apparent cheerfulness, his words of encouragement, his fearlessness and eagerness to get at the foe. He left his horse in the rear and mingled with the men on foot, being often in the van, and calling in firm clear voice "Forward, men!" Terrific was the crash of artillery from the heights, and deadly the effects of the fire of the infantry from the sunken street, at the foot of the heights, protected by a heavy stone wall behind which lay double lines of the enemy.

Lieutenant Terbert, of Company I, was killed. Captain Laughlin, of Company E, had his head blown off by a solid shot, bespattering the faces of his men near him with his brains. Color bearer after color bearer to the last fell when the intrepid noble Zinn sprang out to the colors, and seizing them, lifted them aloft and shouted; "Stick to your standard, boys! Forward!" That was your brave leader's final word. With this last inspiring watchword, without faltering, you went forward, and a moment later Colonel Zinn was struck by a minnie ball beneath his left eye resulting in death an hour later in the presence of Chaplain Chalfant.

Mortal man could not do more than was done by you in the face of such conditions as confronted you at the foot of Marye's Heights. You had dashed yourselves to pieces on that wall of fire, and torn and bleeding from shot and shell, you were swallowed up by another wave of battle now directed by General Hancock who came up to your support.

On the withdrawal of the regiment to the north side of the Rappahannock, the night of the 15th, its decimated ranks were led by Lieutenant Joshua W. Sharp, of Company E.

The following resolutions exhibit the animus of the officers of the regiment as to the memory of Colonel Zinn:

"Headquarters, 130th Regt., Penna. Vols.

Camp near Falmouth, Va., Dec. 28, 1862.

At a meeting of the officers of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:.

"Resolved, That in the death of the late Colonel Henry I. Zinn, who was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th Inst., this regiment has lost an able commander, his family a friend and protector, and his country an ardent patriot and most accomplished officer.

"Resolved, That while, in common with his relatives and friends, we deplore his loss, it may be a consolation to them, as it is a source of pride to us, to know that he fell in the high discharge of his duty, under the very folds of that flag which he had volunteered to defend with his life.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and that they be published in the several newspapers in Cumberland county.

JOSHUA W. SHARP,
Acting Adj't.

WILLIAM M. PORTER, Capt.
Com'd'g. 130th Penna. Vols."

The Battle of Chancellorsville.

Colonel Zinn was held in high esteem by your division commander, Major General French, and, had he survived the Battle of Fredericksburg, he would unquestionably have been your Brigade Commander at Chancellorsville. In this battle the Brigade to which you belonged was complimented in being selected from French's division to join General Berry's division in flying into the fiery breach caused by the stampede of the Eleventh Corps, Saturday evening, May 2, 1863. Who of you that participated in that wildly, exciting and thrilling scene fails to recall the almost pandemonium conditions when the onrush of Jackson's men was stayed by the gallant Berry just as the full-orbed moon arose over the dense thickets of pine from which came the exultant foe. In the glimmer of the moon of an otherwise beautiful springtime evening when might have been heard the mellow notes of the whip-poor-will, the dogs of war were let loose far into the night. On no occasion were you so near that illustrious and mysterious Confederate Lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson, as on that fateful night when he fell from wounds, probably Federal and Confederate, with fatal effect. This was an irreparable loss to the Confederates.

Sunday, May 3, you supported a battery much exposed to Confederate artillery, and were yourselves actively engaged up until near the hour of ten, when you were hurried away to another point needing your assistance; and although having done valiant service, your casualties here were not nearly so great as on other fields in which you had part. May 21, 1863, by reason of the expiration of your term of enlistment, you were mustered out of service; but a few weeks later nearly all of you re-enlisted in one branch or the other of the United States military service and continued in it to the end of the war.

Lord Byron in strong language declares:

"Tis the cause makes all,
Degrades or hallowes courage in the fall."

The story of the American Civil War will ever have for the student of history an abiding interest when pondering the social and political conditions resulting from it. Much as he may admire the military genius of Grant and Lee, Sherman and Jackson, mere military achievement after all subordinates itself to the greater moral victory resulting in amity, unity, peace. By and by, let us hope, the Universal Peace Society will en-

roll on its side the major portion of the world's statesmen. Even now arbitration is in the air and eventually, armed disputants must yield their grievances to the votaries of peace. Exemplifications of the functions of the good Samaritan often shown between foes on American battlefields are but indices of the greater heart—the generous impulses of a chivalrous people destined ever to dwell together in the bonds of peace and good fellowship.

In the mad clash of civil dissension, neither North nor South comprehended fully at first the moral and political problems involved in the greatest war drama of all history. Out of the remarkable leaven of patriotic fervor arose armies and navies; it begat statesmen and generals; it imparted to the sciences and to commerce new impulses, and, in certain respects, old things gave way to new things. Happily the ideals of government which were to prevail were those which you had received from the fathers of the Republic, successfully defended by you on more than two thousand blood-stained fields, enriching and enlarging the original heritage of representative government, giving to it new limitations and new boundaries, yet conserving the same fundamental principles inculcated by the founders of the American Commonwealth.

The blood of your comrades hallowed and made sacred for all time this ground on which you stand to-day. It seems good in the spirit of comradeship and charity to think of those who here were your foes forty-two years ago as brave, gallant men who were moved by the spirit of pure but misdirected patriotism. As you look back to those days, the conclusion is irresistible that back of national interests there was the guiding hand of an all-wise Providence which is ever getting the best out of each nation and using it for the good of the whole. Your duty has been to guard well the fundamental principle, that government of the people and by the people is not a matter of theory only. It was for the good of the people of the South as well as for the people of the North that the Union should be preserved. To those who follow you must be entrusted the sacred duty of defending the principles for which you stood—that the American government must ever be upheld as the highest form of organic democracy in which manhood shall be the test of citizenship.

As to this tablet, you have not as yet become acquainted with it and its true significance. The statue surmounting the chaste pedestal represents an attitude termed "At Ease." Study it as a whole. It is full of meaning; full of history. "Do not trouble yourself about the light on your statue," said Michael Angelo; "the light of the public square will test its value." And so will be tested in the light of an ever widening civilization, through the oncoming cycles in the history of your beloved country, the work which you this day have consecrated to the memory of your departed comrades. As the great Civil War Secretary Stanton said on the death of Lincoln:

"He now belongs to the ages"—

So may you now say of this monument, it belongs to the ages.

Address by Edward W. Spangler, private, Company K, One Hundred Thirtieth Regiment, in the Maryland Campaign.

Comrades: After a succession of sanguinary reverses in the Peninsular campaign, the Army of the Potomac retreated to a new base on the James river. Believing General McClellan powerless to resume the offensive, General Lee boldly determined to manoeuvre on a northern field of operations, defeat General Pope's command on the Rappahannock on the way, strike alarm to Washington and Baltimore and invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. He concluded that in the chances of war he might win a decisive battle and thus secure foreign intervention and conquer a peace.

To strengthen the decimated ranks of the Army of the Potomac so as to take either the offensive or expel such invasion, President Lincoln, on the Fourth of August, 1862, called for 300,000 volunteers to serve nine months.

Volunteers responded throughout the State of Pennsylvania by hundreds and thousands; companies were quickly recruited and hurriedly carried to Harrisburg to be formed into regiments at Camp Curtin. Only those then living have a true conception of the patriotic ardor and wild enthusiasm that prevailed. Every train to Harrisburg carried companies in citizen clothes to march out a week later in uniforms of blue with glistening rifles and bayonets.

Ten companies were selected from the scores of new companies just arrived in camp, to form the regiment—four from York county and six from Cumberland county and vicinity—and designated the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. On August 9th, 1862, the regiment was aligned and mustered into the service of the United States for a period of nine months, unless sooner discharged by a termination of the war. The following morning amid plaudits of the people of Harrisburg, we marched to the railroad station, where we were placed in box cars and started for Washington. On our arrival at York, a large concourse of relatives and friends awaited us and gave us a most enthusiastic reception, and a tearful and God-bless you send-off.

The regiment arrived at Baltimore about 6 P. M. The demonstrations of the populace so far as manifested were friendly, the hostile mob element of the previous year having mostly gone into the Confederate army. In marching up Calvert street from Calvert Station, we passed in Monument Square the famous battle monument with its Egyptian base surmounted with a classic shaft, griffins and eagles, and bassi relievi representing battle scenes of the fierce struggle in 1814 at North Point, below the city, between our militia forces and the British troops just fresh from their victory at Bladensburg. General Ross, the British Commander-in-Chief, was killed, and his forces driven to their ships. It was in this battle that Captain Michael H. Spangler's York Rifles, the only Pennsylvania troops in the engagement, fought with great gallantry.

Upon our arrival at Camden Station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, we were furnished supper by the Union Relief Association of the city. We arrived in Washington at midnight, and were quartered at the Soldiers' Retreat, a spacious wooden structure, at the railroad depot. At daylight

we got our first view of the white marble Capitol. We had never before seen an edifice so large, noble, majestic and imposing in appearance. Its present lofty dome, with its tiers of columns, beautiful ornamentations, its summit surmounted by the colossal statue of Liberty, was then erected only a score of feet above the adjacent wings, with a huge crane projecting from the opening.

After breakfast, the regiment moved under a hot sun up Pennsylvania avenue, unpaved and full of ruts, down to Long Bridge spanning the Potomac, which we crossed, and proceeded to Camp Welles, three miles beyond, where we bivouacked for the night. A day or two after, Company K was detailed to guard and protect Arlington, an old classic Virginia mansion with an estate of a thousand acres on the right bank of the Potomac, immediately opposite Washington. The buildings, surrounded by venerable trees, consisted of a large and stately brick structure with slave quarters and stables. From the ample porch with its immense colonial columns, we had a picturesque view of the Capitol city. The old portraits of the Custis and Lee families were still hanging on the parlor walls. For years prior to the outbreak of the war it was the home of General Robert E. Lee, who married a daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, a grandson of Mrs. Washington. The interior architecture in Mr. Custis' time, was a perfect reproduction of an aristocratic Virginia interior of a century ago. All about the place had the aspect of antiquity and former wealth and ease. Where is now located the beautiful Soldiers' National Cemetery was then a dense forest of stately oaks and chestnuts, extending miles around.

After a week's service, we were ordered to return to our regiment. The next day the regiment marched about six miles further up the Potomac, passing many forts on the way, and encamped at Fort Marcy, near the Chain Bridge.

Here we had our first company and regimental drills, which, with picket duty and swimming the rapid and turbulent current of the falls of the Potomac, constituted our daily routine. Company cooking in huge iron kettles gave us a monotonous daily supply of bean soup, often burnt in the cooking, for our noonday meal. This constrained us to hanker for active service in which the commissary doles to each soldier his meagre and inexpensive ration to appease with his own cooking an appetite that is always keen.

While at Fort Marcy, the bloody battle of Second Bull Run on August 29th and 30th was fought. The terrific cannonading sounded to us like the continuous detonations of distant thunder. We were anxious to know the result of the battle, and had not long to wait, for, on the second day after, along came the retreating Army of the Potomac, dust-laden, ragged and weary.

On the 5th of September began the invasion of Maryland by General Lee's army, and on the 6th the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, crossed the Potomac in pursuit, by way of Long Bridge, the Aqueduct and Chain Bridge into Maryland. It was our first day's march with the army. The heat was sultry and oppressive, and after we had gone but a short distance on the turnpike, all superfluous clothing was

doffed, and both sides of the highway were strewn with overcoats, knapsacks and other impedimenta. We had no tents, and our only coverings at night thenceforward were thin woolen blankets. These were rolled up in the form of a scarf, tied together at the ends and worn from the left shoulder to the right side. After compassing about fifteen miles, we arrived very tired and fatigued at Rockville, Maryland.

Company cooking having been abandoned, each soldier thereafter prepared his own meal, which fortunately did not require much skill in the culinary art. His cooking utensils consisted of a quart tin cup, and a small tin pan. The cup was used to boil coffee, and to soak in water hard tack which was fried in a pan with pickled pork, an unpretentious meal, but eaten with gusto after a hard day's march.

Early next morning the army was again in motion. The heat was still intense, and the suffocating dust more than ankle deep. It ascended in clouds above the highest trees, so that the movements of the army could be descried miles distant. Many of the green troops were prostrated with sunstroke, and stretched along the highway.

We arrived in the evening at a large grove called Camp Defiance. Here our regiment, the One Hundred and Eighth New York and Fourteenth Connecticut, all new troops, were brigaded, and assigned as the Second Brigade, under the command of Colonel Morris of the Fourteenth Connecticut, to General French's Third Division of the Second Corps, commanded by General Edwin V. Sumner. The Twelfth New Jersey joined the Brigade after the Battle of Fredericksburg. The other Brigades of the Division were Max Weber's and Kimball's, and the other Divisions of the Corps were those of Sedgwick and Richardson. As we approached the enemy, the army marched in three parallel lines, the artillery on the public highway, and the infantry divisions on both sides, ready to deploy in line of battle.

On the morning of September 13th, as we crossed a commanding range of hills southeast of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge spanning the Monocacy river, we beheld the church-spired city of Frederick, and the broad, fertile and opulent valley of the Monocacy, shut in by low mountains of surpassing grace and outline, with all nature abloom—a scene in the fierce sun-light of enchanting beauty. Before we entered the city, General McClellan, with a brilliant staff, rode up the turnpike through our Corps, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers.

The march of the Corps, through Frederick, with full Brigades with all the pomp of war and past the army commander and glittering staff, the streets resounding with applause, amounted to an ovation. The stars and stripes, furled while the commands of Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill had possession of the city a few days before, were now unfurled and floated to the breeze. Ladies, dressed in their best, waved their handkerchiefs and flags. The populace cheered to the echo, tokens of a most cordial welcome, and supplied water and refreshments to the thirsty and hungry men. Their smiles and tears of gratitude and joy, attested their loyalty to the Union in no uncertain degree. That the aged and celebrated Barbara Frietchie greeted our corps by waving her historic flag, can, of course, not be doubted!

It was in Frederick, about 6.30 P. M., that McClellan was put in possession of Lee's famous "Lost Dispatch" to General D. H. Hill, disclosing by the routes of march the positions of the divided wings of Lee's army, capable of being annihilated in detail. It was an order of the highest importance, present and prospective, in making McClellan master of the military zodiac. Here is the order:

"SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 191.
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9, 1862.

The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route toward Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonesboro', where it will halt with the reserve, supply, and baggage trains of the army.

General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown, he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Loyettsville, take possession of Loudon Heights if practicable, by Friday morning, Key's Ford in his left and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, &c., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonesboro' or Hagerstown.

Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for the use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of General R. E. LEE.

R. H. CHILTON,

Assistant Adjutant General.

Major-General D. H. HILL,
Commanding Division."

We were in motion at daylight the next morning, September 14th, and soon heard the dull, booming sounds of distant guns in the mountains to the west. During a considerable portion of the day we marched and counter-marched over and around the Catoclin Mountains.

Couriers later reported that a battle was raging at Turner's Gap, a pass in the South Mountain through which runs the main highway from Frederick by Middletown to Hagerstown. South Mountain is the crest of a spinal ridge running from north to south, and a thousand feet in height, and the gap about four hundred feet. D. H. Hill's division of five Brigades held this strong defensive for the purpose of holding McClellan in check long enough to enable Lee to reunite his divided forces. The engagement opened early in the morning with Pleasonton's command of cavalry and artillery. Cox's division of Reno's Ninth Corps soon after arrived and joined in the conflict. At 2 P. M. Reno's remaining divisions and Hooker's

First Corps appeared on the scene. To meet this attack were present D. H. Hill's five Brigades, and at 3 P. M., two Brigades, and at 4 P. M., four additional Brigades from Longstreet's command. The battle raged with great violence until evening when the Confederates were dislodged and driven towards Hagerstown.

During our progress we heard the constant detonations of the artillery. About 4 P. M., we came in sight of the battlefield, and upon reports received of a victory we halted for the day. Rail fires were quickly supporting our cups filled with green corn. Just then General Sumner observed Confederate columns hastening to the support of their hard-pressed divisions at South Mountain. The command of "fall in" was instantly given, and the simmering corn was reluctantly thrown away. Before our arrival within the zone of fire, the battle was practically won, and in consequence we were halted at a supporting distance.

Hundreds of dead Union and Confederate soldiers covered this battlefield of South Mountain denoting the violence of the contest. The loss was 1,568 killed and wounded, and the casualties of the enemy were almost as heavy.

At sunrise we were in pursuit of the enemy. In our advance, the Eighth Illinois Cavalry charged upon their rear guard, sabering some and taking prisoners. The latter, in passing to our rear, gave us the first view of live Confederates. They presented a ragged and unkempt appearance, save a handsome young Lieutenant, who was attired in a brand new uniform of gray. In answer to our questions as to whether any more Rebels were left, he replied that we would see lots of them shortly, and we did.

We passed through Boonsboro and Keedysville and halted for the day.

On the morning of the 15th, Lee, with Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's commands, established himself on a range of hills between the Antietam and Sharpsburg. The position was strategic and a strong defensive one. On the 16th, Jackson, conqueror of Harper's Ferry, arrived with Stark's and Lawton's divisions; those of Anderson, McLaws, Walker and A. P. Hill arrived in succession on the following day.

In the forenoon of the 15th, McClellan had the second and four other Corps, with Pleasonton's Cavalry, confronting the two Confederate commands. Early on the morning of the 16th, French's division was placed at the brow of a hill, with its crest toward the enemy. Towards noon artillery battallions became engaged. Screaming shells passed over our heads, exploding with a deafening roar. These fear-producing missiles gave us the first real taste of war, and the sensations of the green soldiers were anything but pleasant.

We bivouacked on the field, and early the next morning, September 17th, by order of General French, our division commander, we divested ourselves of blankets and other extras and made ready for battle. Each man carried forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge box, and forty in his coat pockets.

General Hooker crossed Antietam creek the evening before, to engage the Confederate left, under Stonewall Jackson. Next morning the struggle in his front began in earnest and a terrible slaughter ensued. Mans-

field's Twelfth Corps came to Hooker's support and suffered a heavy loss. Hooker was severely wounded and carried from the field. Sedgwick's division of the Second Corps then went to the relief of Mansfield, who was killed, and was met with a murderous fire. The entire right was checked in the onslaught.

When we began our march for the battle line, about 8 A. M., a battalion of artillery with guns at full gallop swept into position, opening in volleys. It was a grand and inspiring sight to witness batteries going headlong into action—the neighing of horses, the rumbling of caissons, the halt, the furious cannonade, the officers on their charges with swords gleaming in the sunlight, with buglers clanging out the orders, the passing of ammunition, the ramming, the sighting, the firing and the swabbing—the guns booming in chorus like heaven-rending thunder.

We passed through a hollow in the rear of this artillery battalion, the Confederate shells all the while passing over us. We forded Antietam creek several feet in depth, in three columns. Immediately beyond our division faced to the left, forming three lines of battle, and against a hot artillery fire moved toward the enemy. Our Brigade was in front, with General Kimball's and Max Weber's veteran brigades following, the former en echelon on our left. The enemy was driven by our regiment out of the garden and orchard beyond Mr. Roulette's, and, after passing over a deep gulley in a ploughed field, we were ordered to lie down on the eastern slope of a hill.

While prostrate, the Confederates on the crest of the hill fired volleys into our ranks. The bullets flew thicker than bees, and the shells exploded with a deafening roar. Fortunately, the Confederate rifles were aimed just a little too high, and only a few of our company were then wounded.

The First Delaware Regiment of Max Weber's Brigade of our division forming the second line, now passed to the front, but only succeeded in reaching the brow of the hill, when a galling fire of the enemy hurled them headlong through our ranks. We were immediately ordered to take the hill which we did in gallant style, forcing, with a withering fire, one of General D. H. Hill's Brigades pell-mell into a sunken road, famous in history as the "Bloody Lane." The rails of the fence on the near side of the road had been previously piled before it, placing the enemy, as it were, in a fort, which gave them, except as to their heads, immunity from our rifle fire. The hill from which we delivered our fire descended abruptly to the fortified road filled with Confederates, and not more than three hundred feet distant. A score or more venturesome ones came out of this road and advanced toward us along the rail fence of a lane on our immediate left running from the sunken road to the Roulette buildings. All these brave men were killed. Meanwhile the battle was raging with the greatest fury, and the field thickly dotted with the dead. The infantry fire was at close range and the cannonade terrific, causing the earth to shake and tremble.

In the midst of the battle, a Confederate tried to climb over the fence at the further side of Bloody Lane, but was shot in the rear as he reached the top, his body hanging on the upper rail. When our regiment buried him, it was found that he had been riddled with seventeen bullets. A correct sketch of this lane filled with dead Confederates, as well as of the one

hanging on the rail, was made by Captain James Hope on the spot, immediately after the retreat of the enemy. It was literally packed with their dead. At one point, according to Captain Hope, thirteen dead bodies lay on a heap; at other places they lay two, three, even five deep. No battle of the war, of so short duration, presented such a scene of carnage.

Our regiment about 1.30 P. M., was relieved, the ammunition having been exhausted.

A wide gap occurred on the immediate right of our Brigade, on account of French's division having diverged too far to the left. A daring body of Confederate infantry in perfect alignment marched into this interval, shortly before we returned from the field. A battery of artillery with grape and canister alone prevented them from taking us in reverse. A right wheel brought them at right angles to our Brigade, where they were confronted by a Brigade of Franklin's fresh division which opportunely came up the Roulette lane and confronted them. Upon the arrival of Franklin's other Brigades they were instantly driven back, and the line of battle re-established.

In marching to the rear to replenish our ammunition, I became separated from my company on account of the jamming of the retiring regiments into the Roulette lane and the arrival of reinforcements. While endeavoring to find the locality of our wounded, Confederate shells from their large guns came hurling in every direction. A number ricocheted quite near me with most hellish sounds. I did not delay my footsteps, nor try a few Parthian shots in return. I found several barns filled with wounded, but none of our company. In my further search, I reached the hill where General McClellan had his headquarters. From this elevation I had a survey of the whole battlefield on which the contending armies were still fiercely engaged. I particularly noticed a battery near the Clipp house engaged in a deadly duel with a Confederate battalion of artillery located on the commanding plateau south of the Dunkard church. The enfilading fire wrought havoc among men and horses, compelling the battery to limber up and change to a more sheltered position. The battlefield was mostly covered with an immense sheet of smoke miles in extent, through which could be seen the flashes of the infantry and artillery fire. The rattle of musketry and the thunder of the furious cannonade were simply terrific.

I soon afterward found the house and barn in and around which the wounded of our Brigade were collected and where I first ascertained our casualties. The sight of hundreds of prostrate men with serious wounds of every description was appalling. Many to relieve their suffering, were impatient for their turn upon the amputation tables, around which were pyramids of severed legs and arms. Others screamed with excruciating pains. A few, under the influence of anaesthetics, ripped out a succession of oaths that must have required years of sedulous preparation. Many prayed aloud, while others shrieked in the agony and throes of death. No one can adequately depict this horrible spectacle and pandemonium of distressing and heartrending sounds. With the close of day ended the bloodiest single day of the war. Night afforded to the unharmed much needful slumber.

Daylight next morning disclosed the enemy in the second line to which

they were driven the afternoon before. The wounded of both armies were drawn into their respective lines and the dead who lay within reach were buried. Save desultory shots fired by skirmishers, both armies remained inactive during the day, greatly to the relief of the Confederates. Lee had his last man in action, with no hope of reinforcements. His condition was desperate. His losses, were terrible, and the survivors so used up and demoralized that, according to General Longstreet, a division of 10,000 men could by a resolute charge on the preceding afternoon, have routed and captured Lee's entire army.

During the night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th, Couch and Humphrey's divisions of 14,000 men arrived on the field. These with Porter's reserve division of 18,000 men, backed by the remainder of the army, should have been ordered to renew the struggle. With such odds the decimated ranks of the enemy must have been crushed by the onset.

On the morning of the 19th, orders for a general attack were at last given, and the army advanced, only to find Lee's entire forces across the Potomac. The martial quarry escaped, to refit and recuperate, and be ready to pour, from the impregnable hill of Marye's Heights, in December following, a murderous and irresistible fire, and inflict a signal defeat upon the brave Army of the Potomac—through no fault of the rank and file. McClellan gave the army a few days' rest, and then moved it to Bolivar Heights at Harper's Ferry, to be restored to its normal condition.

Glorious was the victory gained here, and momentous in its consequences. But the battle was inconclusive in its results. By prompt discernment and a display of superior energy and celerity before, and inflexible staying powers attributes that characterized the great chieftain of American history during the Civil War, the engagement would have been one of the decisive battles of history.

The finding of the "Lost Dispatch" was a piece of rare good fortune, and of priceless value to McClellan in placing the army of Lee at his mercy. This special order disclosed the all-important fact that Lee had divided his army by sending Jackson's command and McLaws, R. H. Anderson's and Walker's divisions to capture the garrison at Harper's Ferry, consisting of 11,500 troops with 73 cannon and 200 wagons, which was accomplished on the 15th by a most disgraceful capitulation. The remaining divisions of Confederates were ordered via Boonsboro, to Hagerstown. These separated wings were not within supporting distance of each other if either should be attacked before the 17th. It required only strenuous efforts to enable McClellan to attack Longstreet before Jackson could come to his support. Such an attack would have annihilated Longstreet's command, with the inevitable defeat and capture of Jackson's divisions to follow. Even with the progress the army was making, Longstreet could have been forced to battle on September 16th. Having delayed until the 17th, all the divisions engaged at Harper's Ferry were able to participate in the battle, and save the day. Despite their timely arrival, Lee's army was so reduced by losses, that McClellan could yet have crowned the day with a signal victory, had he hurled, early in the afternoon, General Porter's reserve corps of 18,000 men against Lee's centre.

The unrelated and isolated methods of attack were also unfortunate.

Hooker on the right was beaten before the arrival of Mansfield; Sumner, in the centre, did not reach the field until Mansfield was discomfited; and on the left, Burnside, by irresolute and indecisive assaults, failed to take the bridge before the combat in Sumner's front practically ended. There was even an absence of co-operation by the different corps divisions. The bloody endeavors to cross the bluff-protected bridge could have readily been avoided by an effort to discover a ford (a fact related to me by Colonel H. Kyd Douglass, of Hagerstown, a member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, who had actual knowledge of the ford) existing a short distance below, which could have been crossed without material opposition. Toomb's Brigade alone defending the bridge, could have been brushed aside, Lee's centre taken in reverse, and by a simultaneous assault in front, the Army of Northern Virginia would have been driven into the Potomac.

Burnside's delay in taking the bridge enabled Lee, when the battle was most violent in his centre and left to transfer on an interior line of a crescent-shaped field, nearly all the forces on his right to the other sections of the field so seriously menaced. In fact, as Longstreet says, Lee massed his forces to such an extent on his centre and left that when the conflict was at its fiercest he had but a few hundred men in the steep bluff overlooking and defending the Burnside Bridge. Subsequently at Gettysburg, the line of battle of the contending forces was reversed, and by reason of Lee's extended exterior line of battle and absence of simultaneous attacks by his centre and wings, each was beaten in succession.

The Confederate inferiority in numbers in this battle was more than compensated by their methods of army organization. In the organization of our armies, we erred in forming brigades from regiments of different States, thus losing the stimulus of State pride. The Southern generals knew better; their brigades being formed by regiments of the same State. Pickett's gallant division, as an instance, was composed entirely of Virginians.

Another significant error was made in sending to the front undrilled regiments whose officers and men were entirely green—a mistake avoided by the Confederacy. While fighting gallantly, they could have done still better if merged into the thinned regiments of tried veterans. Their courage was often misdirected by the lack of officers of experience to lead, and instill by example an imperturbable bravery. General Sherman, in his memoirs, states the immense advantage of this system of replenishing the army.

"The great mistake made in our Civil War was in the method of recruiting and promotion. When a regiment was reduced by the necessary wear and tear of service, instead of being filled up at the bottom, and the vacancies among the officers filled from the best non-commissioned officers and men, the habit was to raise new regiments with new colonels, captains and men, leaving the old and experienced battalions dwindle away to mere skeleton organizations."

"I believe with the volunteers this matter was left to the States exclusively, and I remember that Wisconsin kept her regiments filled with recruits, whereas other States generally filled their quotas by new regiments, and the result was that we estimated a Wisconsin regiment equal to an ordinary brigade. I believe that five hundred new men added to an old experienced regiment were more valuable than a thousand men in the form of a new regiment, for the former by association with good experienced captains, lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, soon became veterans, whereas the latter were generally unavailable for a year."

The Confederates had another advantage in fighting their battles—Antietam and Gettysburg excepted—on their own soil and among their own people who gave invaluable information of the movements of the Northern armies. They also invariably took advantage of every strong defensive position and behind every available cover. The dense forests of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, and the wooded and mountainous country from Chattanooga to Atlanta were specially taken advantage of by them. Jackson's position in a railroad cut at the second battle of Bull Run, and Lee's centre in the sunken road ("Bloody Lane") here, largely saved the day to the Confederates in both battles.

General Sherman states these advantages more cogently:

"The Confederates took advantages of the shape of the ground of every cover. We were generally the assailants and in wooded or broken countries had a positive advantage over us, for they were always ready, had cover and knew the ground in the immediate front; whereas, we, their assailants, had to grope our way over unknown ground, and generally found a cleared field or prepared entanglements that held us for a time under a close and withering fire."

These extended observations are given to show, independent of the lamentable incapacity of many of our generals, why the preponderant Union forces were not always successful where they otherwise should have been.

Our Company K loss in this battle of about sixty-five men engaged, was six killed and thirteen wounded. Our regiment loss, of about six hundred and fifty effectives, was, according to Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, forty killed and two hundred and fifty-six wounded. Colonel Fox, in his "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," places the loss thirty-two killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded. Among the extraordinary losses of regiments in this battle he mentions the One Hundred and Thirtieth alone of the "Nine Months" Pennsylvania Regiments. The author further says, "The percentage of killed in soldiers of the Keystone State, as based upon the white troops, was greater than in the quota of any other Northern State."

General French, commanding our division, said in his official report:

"The conduct of the new regiments must take a prominent place in the history of this great battle. Undrilled, but admirably armed and equipped, every regiment, either in advance or reserve, distinguished itself, but according to the energy and ability of their respective commanders."

The report of Colonel Morris, commanding our Brigade, exhibits the service of his command:

"There never was such material in any army, and in one month these splendid men will not be excelled by any."

General Walker, in his history of the Second Corps, describes the charge of our Brigade of new troops:

"All these regiments came under a savage fire, which they bore with remarkable composure, considering it was their first action."

A writer, Charles Carleton Coffin, in Volume 2, of "Battles and Leaders

in the Civil War," which contains a correct steel plate illustration of the charge of French's division, gives a thrilling description of the advance of French's and Richardson's division. He was an eye-witness and says:

"How beautifully the lines deployed. The clouds which hung low all the morning had lifted, and the sun was shining through the rifts, its bright beams falling on the flags and glinting from the gun-barrel and bayonet. Memory recalls the advance of the line of men in blue across the meadow at Roulette's. They reach the spacious barn which divides the line of men as a rock parts the current of a river, flowing round it, but uniting beyond. The orchard around the house screens the movements in part. I see the blue uniforms beneath the apple trees. The line halts for alignment. The skirmishers are in advance. There are isolated puffs of smoke, and the Confederate skirmishers scamper up the hill and disappear. Up the slope moves the line to the top of the knoll. Ah! what a crash! A white cloud, gleams of lightning, a yell, a hurrah, and then up in the cornfield a great commotion, men firing into each other's faces, the ground strewn with prostrate forms. The Confederate line in 'Bloody Lane' has been annihilated, the centre pierced."

The loss in killed and wounded of the Second Corps in this battle amounted to more than double that of any other corps engaged. Of 15,000 effectives it lost 883 killed, 3,859 wounded and 336 missing; total, 5,138. The entire loss of the army was 2,010 killed, 9,416 wounded and 1,048 missing, a total of 12,469. The Second Corps was known as the "Fighting Corps" of the army, and for that reason was selected for the advance in most of the engagements of the Army of the Potomac. General Nelson A. Miles, who had a command in the corps, in his "Personal Recollections," says of it:

"It inscribed a greater number of engagements upon its banners than did any other corps of the army, and I think, more than any other army-corps in the history of the world. The graves of its fallen are to be found on every battlefield of the Army of the Potomac from the date of its organization to Appomattox. As the war for the Union was unprecedented in the history of the world, so the history of the Second Army Corps was unprecedented in that war. Its aggregate wounded and killed in battle exceeded in number that of any other corps. The greatest aggregate of killed and wounded in any division of the army was in the First Division of that corps, and the highest aggregate of killed and wounded in any one regiment of the whole army was in a regiment belonging to the Second Army Corps. The largest percentage of killed and wounded in a single engagement in any one regiment was a regiment belonging to the Second Corps. The second highest percentage of regimental loss by deaths and wounds was also in a regiment of that corps. As to the successes and achievements of that famous corps, they are indicated by the fact that it captured in a single day as many battle flags, cannon and prisoners of the army as it lost in the entire four years of war."

Major General Winfield S. Hancock, who commanded the corps after the battle of Chancellorsville, says in a letter dated August, 1864, before Petersburg, Virginia, and addressed to Lieutenant General Grant:

"It is perhaps known to you that this corps never lost a color or a gun previous to this campaign, though oftener and more desperately engaged than any other corps in this army, or perhaps in any other in the country. I have not the means of knowing exactly the number of guns and colors captured, but I saw myself nine in the hands of one division at Antietam, and the official reports show that thirty-four fell into the hands of that corps at Gettysburg. Before the opening of this campaign it had at least captured over half a hundred colors, though at cost of over twenty-five thousand (25,000) casualties. During this campaign you can judge how the corps has performed its part. It has captured more guns and colors than all the rest of the army combined. Its reverses have not been many, and then began only when the Corps had dwindled to a remnant of its former strength; after it had lost twenty-five brigade commanders and over one hundred and twenty-five regimental commanders, and over twenty thousand men."

General Miles further observed as to the extraordinary fighting qualities and tenacity of the famous army:

The Army of the Potomac was probably engaged in as many desperate battles as any army ever was in the history of the world. The map of the country between Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Appomattox, Virginia, is red with the crimson spots that indicate its history. That army was charged with the grave double responsibility of protecting the national capitol, and of capturing the capitol of the Confederacy. It was further charged with the destruction or capture of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by one of the ablest of generals, Robert E. Lee, seconded by that thunderbolt of war, "Stonewall" Jackson. All these tasks the Army of the Potomac accomplished. The number and desperate character of its encounters may be illustrated by the history of the single corps of that army already mentioned. Its personnel were largely volunteers who had been quick to offer up their lives for the preservation of the Union. Knowing the value of military discipline they accepted without complaint its extremest requirements. This explains the matchless fortitude displayed by that army through the long and trying years of the war, much of the time suffering under reverses and disasters that would have destroyed the morale of any army composed of less choice material. And of the same choice material were the entire national forces composed. While heroic sacrifices were made by the Army of the Potomac, other armies and fleets were with similar devotion engaged in the same noble cause."

It is only necessary to read Colonel Fox's book on the losses in war to show the heroism and inflexible determination of the American soldier compared with that of the European. It shows the immense superiority of the former. A comparison of regimental and battle losses incontestibly demonstrates it.

The bravery and unconquerable tenacity exhibited on both sides in this battle is shown by General Longstreet. That McClellan, by throwing in Porter's fresh corps at the decisive moment on the afternoon of the 17th, or by renewing the attack on the 18th with the reinforced army, could have annihilated Lee's army, is confirmed by the same General in his graphic description of the battle in our immediate and adjacent front. His humorous description of General D. H. Hill's dilemma is one of the few amusing episodes in "grim-visaged war:"

"D. H. Hill was on the left extending toward the Hagerstown-Sharpsburg pike, and Jackson extended out from Hill's left toward the Potomac. The battle opened heavily with the attacks of the corps of Hooker, Mansfield and Sumner against our left centre, which consisted of Jackson's right and D. H. Hill's left. So severe and persistent were these attacks that I was obliged to send Hood to support our centre. The Federals forced us back a little, however, and held this part of our position to the end of the day's work. With new troops and renewed efforts McClellan continued his attacks upon this point from time to time, while he brought his forces to bear against other points. The line swayed forward and back like a rope exposed to rushing currents. A force too heavy to be withstood would strike and drive in a weak point till we could collect a few fragments, and in turn force back the advance till our lost ground was recovered. A heroic effort was made by D. H. Hill, who collected some fragments and led a charge to drive back and recover our lost ground at the centre. He soon found that his little band was too much exposed on its left flank and was obliged to abandon the attempt. Thus the battle ebbed and flowed with terrific slaughter on both sides.

"The Federals fought with wonderful bravery and the Confederates clung to their ground with heroic courage as hour after hour they were mown like grass. The fresh troops of McClellan literally tore into shreds the already ragged army of Lee, but the Confederates never gave back."

"Nearly one-fourth of the troops who went into the battle were killed or wounded. We were so badly crushed that at the close of the day ten thousand fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything it had. But McClellan did not know it, and (apparently) feared, when Burnside was pressed back, that Sharpsburg was a Confederate victory, and that he would have to retire. As it was, when night settled down both armies were content to stay where they were."

"During the progress of the battle of Sharpsburg, General Lee and I were riding along my line and D. H. Hill's, when we received a report of movements of the enemy and started up the ridge to make a reconnoissance. General Lee and I dismounted, but Hill declined to do so. I said to Hill, "If you insist on riding up there and drawing the fire, give us a little interval, so that we may not be in the line of the fire when they open upon you."

"General Lee and I stood upon the top of the crest with our glasses, looking at the movement of the Federals on the rear left. After a moment I turned my glass to the right—the Federal left. As I did so, I noticed a puff of white smoke from the mouth of a cannon. 'There is a shot for you,' I said to General Hill. The gunner was a mile away, and the cannon shot came whisking through the air for three or four seconds and took off the front legs of the horse that Hill sat on and let the animal down on his stumps. The horse's head was so low and his crop so high that Hill was in a most ludicrous position. With one foot in the stirrup he made several efforts to get the other leg over the croup, but failed. Finally we prevailed upon him to try the other end of the horse, and he got down. He had a third horse shot under him before the close of the battle. That shot at Hill was the second best shot I ever saw. The best was at Yorktown. There a Federal officer came out in front of our line, and sitting down to his plating table began to make a map. One of our officers carefully sighted a gun, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the hands of the man at the little table."

The victory here over Lee in its beneficent results was incalculable, especially in its bearings upon the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy by Great Britain and France.

The correspondence between Prime Minister Palmerston and Lord Russell, Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, upon the reception of the intelligence of Pope's defeat at the second battle of Bull Run indicates that they were about ready to propose to the Cabinet that England should take the initiative and ask France, Russia and the other powers to join her in some intervention in our struggle. "The Federals got a very complete smashing," the Prime Minister wrote, "September 14, and if Washington or Baltimore fall into the hands of the Confederates, as seems not altogether unlikely, should not England and France address the contending parties and recommend an arrangement upon the basis of separation?" Russell replied: "I agree with you that the time has come for offering meditation to the United States Government with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Confederates. I agree, further, that, in case of failure, we ought ourselves to recognize the Southern States as an independent State." When Palmerston replied to this letter, he was watching the Antietam campaign, and thought that if McClellan sustained "a great defeat," it would be well to proceed with the project of meditation; but if "they should have the best of it we may wait awhile and see what may follow." Our Minister Adams was so depressed at this anticipated intervention, that he noted in his diary, "Unless the course of the war should soon change, it seems to me that my mission must come to an end by February."

Even Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the third member of the Cabinet in importance, in a speech delivered at New Castle, declared "There is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation." This statement caused great sensation and was received with loud cheers. He continued: "We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States so far as their separation from the North is concerned."

It is therefore readily to be seen that the loss of the Battle of Antietam

would have eventuated in the acknowledgment of the independence of the Southern Confederacy. And what would have followed? Anticipating such intervention, our Minister Adams asked for instructions, and these he had received from the President in a dispatch of Secretary Seward of August 2d. "If the British Government," he said, "shall in any way approach you, directly or indirectly, with propositions which assume or contemplate an appeal to the President on the subject of our internal affairs, whether it seem to imply a purpose to dictate or to meditate or to advise, or even to solicit or persuade, you will answer that you are forbidden to debate, to hear, or in any way receive, entertain or transmit any communication of the kind. * * *

If the British Government, either alone or in combination with any other government, should acknowledge the insurgents, * * *

You will immediately suspend the exercise of your functions, and give notice of that suspension to Earl Russel and to this department. * * *

(The) possible consequences have been weighed, and (the) solemnity is therefore felt and freely acknowledged. (We) meet and confront the danger of a war with Great Britain and other States. * * *

We have approached the contemplation of that crisis with a caution which great reluctance has inspired. But I trust that you will also have perceived that the crisis has not appalled us."

A Union defeat on this field would therefore have certainly brought on foreign interference with our domestic conflict. Secretary Seward's dispatch shows conclusively that such intervention would have driven us into declaration of war against both England and France at a time when we already had our hands more than full with the Confederacy. The immense significance of the victory on this field can only be appreciated when we realize that a defeat would have culminated in an inevitable dissolution of the Union.

With a happy, free, opulent and prosperous Union—prosperity and happiness unprecedented—we can only now fully appreciate the patriotism and self-denial of these heroes and what they died for.

Think of it! Had the Southern Confederacy triumphed there would have been a divided people—a slave Empire of the South and Free Republic of the North, with only an imaginary and intangible line of demarcation from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a divided Mississippi to arrest the prosperity and development of the great west; free trade in the one, and a protective tariff in the other—the continuous clashing of hostile interests and policies; idle factories, destroyed commerce, distress everywhere; turmoil and eruptions among contiguous sections, and incessant wars along the entire border—and finally exhausted, the pity of our friends, the derision of our foes, and a prey to the rapacious monarchies of Europe. We should therefore never fail to revere the memories of the great deeds of those who shed their blood for their country, nor forget the value of the great heritage which comes to us and succeeding generations through so much sacrifice and death.

The State of Pennsylvania has reared these shafts, stately and distinguished in style and masterly in execution, to her noble sons as a testimony to the heroism displayed by them on this sanguinary field, and to the end that the example of that heroism should not be lost to posterity.

No monument is too lofty or too imposing to honor the memory of the brave men living and dead who so nobly struggled here.

We all remember, upon our return from the war, the cordial reception and hospitality extended by those we left behind. The general welcome to the veterans evinced a deep sense of gratitude for services faithfully rendered, sacrifices heroically made, hardships universally endured, and lives fearlessly imperilled. As the soldier stood by them, they stood by him. As he stood by the State, the State stands by him, in commemorating his valor in imperishable granite.

"STAND UP FOR THE SOLDIER MAN.

Stand up; stand up for the soldier man!
Stand as he stands for you.
Stand up for the man who does and dares
For the old Red, White and Blue.
Send a hail to the soldier man,
Sturdy and stanch and brave,
For the good God knows when the bugle blows
Its last song o'er his grave.

Stand up; stand up for the soldier man!
Nor quibble and criticize;
God knows you are glad when we need his help,
That he marches and fights and dies.
Send a cheer to the soldier man,
Ready and true and grim;
Tell him fair for his good deeds there
His country's proud of him.

Stand up; stand up for the soldier man!
Fighting my foe and yours.
A hundred years has his blood run red
And constant the strain endures.
Send a hail to the fighting man,
Honest of heart and soul;
With his country's love and the flag above,
And the Great Peace for his goal."

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Bloody Lane, West of Roulette Lane.

"At Ease" was the subject chosen by the One Hundred and Thirtieth Infantry Committee, and a manly American Volunteer is seen in half dress uniform, resting easily on his musket ready at a moment's notice to resume the firing that has for the time being ceased.

This statue is an exceedingly fine one, and the pose is entirely new.

The pedestal of this memorial is unique in that it is the only one of the thirteen Pennsylvania pedestals that is not of equal dimensions on all sides. It is rectangular in shape, 7 feet long, 4 feet 9 inches wide, and 7 feet 5 inches high, giving a total height with 7 feet 4 inch statue of 14 feet 9 inches.

The entire pedestal is fine hammered with the exception of the lower base. Supported by two bases is seen the die or tablet stone, with its beautiful curved lines, on each end panel the famous three leaved clover, Second Army Corps Badge, in bold relief may be seen. On the front face of the die is the name of command, and its Brigade, Division and Corps, surrounding a life-like portrait medallion of Colonel Henry I. Zinn, as follows:

120

PENNSYLVANIA

VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

(BRONZE MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF COL. ZINN)

2 BRIGADE

3 DIVISION

2 CORPS

On the rear face of the die a bronze tablet bears the following inscription:

THIS MEMORIAL MARKS THE REGIMENT'S
RIGHT OF LINE IN BATTLE ITS LEFT
EXTENDED TO ROULETTS LANE BELOW
IT WENT INTO BATTLE BY WAY OF THE
ROULETTE FARM BUILDINGS ABOUT 9.30 A. M.
AND DRIVING BACK THE ENEMY MAINTAINED
ITS POSITION AT AND IMMEDIATELY NORTHEAST
OF THIS POINT ON THE HIGH GROUND
OVERLOOKING BLOODY LANE UNTIL
1.30 O'CLOCK P. M. WHEN WITHDRAWN
TO REPLENISH ITS EXHAUSTED AMMUNITION
AND THEN OCCUPIED THE RESERVE LINE.

CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM.

KILLED IN BATTLE	32
DIED FROM WOUNDS	14
NON-FATAL WOUNDS	132

Total	178
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RECRUITED IN CUMBERLAND
YORK MONTGOMERY DAUPHIN
AND CHESTER COUNTIES

Resting on each side of the overhanging cap stone, on each side of the plinth stone, are seen in realistic exactness an army blanket, neatly rolled, and properly strapped in regulation form.



PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

"THE COLOR BEARER"
132ND PA. VOLTS.
BLOODY LANE

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

Dedication of the Monument of the One Hundred and Thirty-second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1904.

ABOUT fifty survivors of the One Hundred and Thirty-Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers met at Bloody Lane, Antietam, on Saturday, September 17, 1904, to commemorate the forty-second anniversary of the battle of Antietam, and to dedicate their monument, erected by the State of Pennsylvania, which has been placed in front of the line occupied by the regiment during the action at the famous "Sunken Road."

The meeting was called at ten o'clock by President Jno. Fern. Chaplain Jas. C. DeGraw, of the Regimental Association, opened the exercises by prayer, as follows:

Almighty God, we thank Thee for Thy sovereign care and protection, in that Thou didst lead us in the days that were shadowed with trouble, and gavest us strength when the burden was heavy upon us, and gavest us courage and guidance, so that after the conflict we have come to these days of peace. We thank Thee that the wrath of war has been stilled, that brother no longer strives against brother, that once again we have one country and one flag.

May Thy blessing be upon us as a people, that we may be Thy people, true and righteous in all our ways, tender and patient in our charity, though resolute for the right; careful more for the down-trodden than for ourselves, eager to forward the interest of every citizen throughout the land, so that our country may be indeed one country from the rivers to the seas, from the mountains to the plains.

We pray Thee to make our memories steadfast, that we may never forget the generous sacrifices made for our country. May our dead be enshrined in our hearts. May their graves be the altars of our grateful and reverential patriotism.

And now, O God, bless Thou this memorial. Bless it, O God, in honor of mothers who bade their sons do brave deeds.

In honor of wives who wept for husbands who should never come back again. In honor of children whose heritage is their fallen fathers' heroic

Secretary Newman then read list of killed and wounded, as follows:

Killed and Wounded at Antietam.

Killed—Colonel Richard A. Oakford.

Company A.

Killed—John M. Hassenplug, Daniel Vanrunk, John Gibson, Samuel Hillner, Hiram Hummel, Daniel J. P. Klass, Jacob Long.

Wounded—Henry B. Adams (died from wounds), Charles Flick, Sylvester W. Armvine, John Leigow, John Morris, William B. Neese, William A. Ringler, George Lovett, Jacob H. Miller, Michael Kessler Jacob Redfield, Amos Appleman, James Foster, John B. Foin.

Company B.

Killed—George W. Warner, John H. Teneyck, Benjamin V. Cole, Charles Evans, Alonzo E. Gregory, Henry Arnt, John H. Smith, Henry B. Turner.

Wounded—Milot Roberts (died from wounds), Otis Gilmore, W. E. Bullock, George A. Carney, Seth A. Cobb, Elisha Farnham, Albanus Little, Wilson D. Miner, Elisha Pedrick, Byron B. Prevost, Rufus F. Parrish, William H. Reynolds, Harman Stark, Oliver F. Clark.

Company C.

Killed—Lieutenant Anson C. Cramer.

Wounded—Oliver Blanchard (died from wounds), Allen M. Ayers, J. Rockwell, S. A. Randall, M. W. Gray, S. E. Blanchard, William Smith, Charles Miles, John Randall, I. N. Harvey, N. J. Spencer, J. N. Hoagland, Wallace Biddle.

Company D.

Wounded—George C. Gerauld (died from wounds), L. N. Burnham (died from wounds), George Fields, John McGregor, Jerome S. Hill.

Company E.

Killed—William Lazarus.

Wounded—Isaiah S. Hartman (died from wounds), J. P. Mellick, Henry D. Croup, C. S. M. Fisher, Amasa Whitenite, Joseph Lawton, J. M. Howell, Abraham Heist, Josiah Stiles.

Company F.

Killed—Oliver F. Musselman.

Wounded—Charles F. Moyer (died from wounds), Aaron Rex (died from wounds), Joseph L. Clewell (died from wounds), Joseph Drumbore, William

Frantz, Joseph Houtz, Charles Sinkler, Jacob D. Laclar, Oliver Breneiser, John Schultz.

Company G.

Killed—Edward P. Mellick, Michael McCullough.

Wounded—William F. Krum (died from wounds), M. Moyer (died from wounds), J. L. Ruch (died from wounds), Captain R. A. Abbott, Lieutenant J. C. Dolan, J. T. C. Williams, Conrad Fry, Willoughby Koons, John McGovern, Thomas Sprohl, H. Winterstein, Matthew Kelly.

Company H.

Killed—George F. Sterne.

Wounded—George H. Hankins (died from wounds), Josiah L. Roup (died from wounds), John W. Traug (died from wounds), James M. Richards, Hiram Cool, M. G. Drum, E. C. Rishel, D. S. Yeager, Joseph Martz.

Company I.

Killed—Daniel S. Gardner, Moses H. Ames, Daniel Reed, John B. West.

Wounded—George H. Cato (died from wounds), Richard A. Smith (died from wounds), Roderick Jones, James J. Maycock, Richard M. Hall, John Fern, L. Slocum, J. J. Kilmer, W. H. Hazlett, J. I. Randolph, John Owens, Brooks A. Bass, H. A. Dean, H. Vusler.

Company K.

Killed—Jacob Eschenbach, Jeptha Milligan.

Wounded—Martin L. Hower (died from wounds), Allen Sparks (died from wounds), O. Sherwood (died from wounds), John W. Stichter, George C. Wilson, George A. Kent, A. F. Clapp, P. P. Copeland, C. H. Boone, R. Harry Cook, Sylvester Ward, George Cunningham.

This list is not complete, owing to imperfect records.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM BY GEORGE LOVETT, CO. A, 132d P. V.

Comrades and Friends: My mind reverts from the present scene to the eventful days of sixty-two, when in obedience to the call of the President of this Republic you willingly responded to defend the unity of the Nation under the Constitution against armed rebellion and treason.

The Slave Lords of the South, a fossil aristocracy, who had held domin-

aut control of the government for over forty years prior to 1860, had become an incubus upon the best thinking and most intelligent men of the Nation—hence the result of the election of 1860.

The President, in the summer of 1862, had called for 75,000 volunteers to serve for a period of nine months. This call seemed imperative owing to the failure of the Peninsular campaign and the threatened determination of foreign powers to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

The One Hundred and Thirty-second Regiment was organized early in August of 1862. On the 14th of that month we were mustered into the service of the United States, as defenders of the law under the Constitution. Three days subsequent we were ordered front and reached Arlington Heights, Va., in time to see Pope unhorsed at Centerville and the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by the victorious hosts of the Rebel army. I think it is unnecessary for me to give a detail of the composition of the One Hundred and Thirty-second Regiment, their action on the field demonstrated their loyalty as true Americans.

Following Pope's defeat at the Second Bull Run, Jackson immediately started to retake and reoccupy Harper's Ferry, followed by the other corps of Lee's army, for the invasion of the rich and fertile plains of Maryland and Pennsylvania. On the 6th day of September, 1862, our regiment moved from Arlington by way of the Chain Bridge to join and become part of the Army of the Potomac. At Rockville, Md., we were attached to the Second Corps, Third Division, First Brigade (Sumner, Corps Commander; French, Division Commander, and Kimball, Brigade Commander.) Our march through Maryland you comrades are aware of and need no description of mine.

Early on Wednesday morning of September 17th, 1862, the bugle sounded the call to fall in. The sun rose bright and clear and seemed to augur success to the cause of self government, the struggle for which had already commenced. The Second Corps commanded by General Sumner lay near Keedysville. The contest was opened at dawn by General Mansfield on the right. His attack was vigorous and spirited, ably assisted by Doubleday, Ricketts and Meade. The Confederate lines commanded by Jackson were driven back, brigade after brigade, and doubled up. Mansfield, the veteran commander, falls mortally wounded. The field in this part of the battle ground is covered with the dead and dying. Hooker is wounded and carried from the field. Sumner just arrives in time, takes command of the right and center of our forces, Sedgwick is sent to support Crawford. It is now 9 o'clock and the hard pressed troops had been fighting since early dawn. Meanwhile the divisions of French and Richardson, with whom, comrades, you were more particularly interested, were not idle. French's division, with the Brigades of Kimball, Weber and Morris, the former consisting of the Seventh West Virginia, Fourteenth Indiana, Eighth Ohio and the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiments, were hotly engaged in the center. French received orders to penetrate the center of the Rebel line, and Kimball was ordered to push forward to the crest of the hill overlooking the Sunken road. In the line of advance by Kimball to attain this point, his forces had to pass through

the garden and yard of a residence known as the "Roulette House" and in going through this place on a double quick several bee hives were upset, which caused some disorder and confusion amongst the men, especially the line of the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, but the confusion caused by this accident of the bees was soon straightened out by the aid of the Brigade Commander, Field and Staff of the One Hundred and Thirty-second.

Kimball pushed his brigade as ordered and he was ably seconded by Weber and Morris. The fence immediately south of the hill overlooking the sunken road is gained in good order. As the command to advance and charge the enemy was received, Oakford, our fearless and brave commander fell. His command, however, was obeyed, we crossed the fence to the hill as directed. The fighting was terrific in this part of the field. French was attacked by the brigades of Hill, Colquit, Ripley and McRay, but the Union line stood as firm as the bluffs on the sea shore. The Confederate line madly rushes on, nearer and nearer, they leap into the very jaws of death. The rifles spit fire into their faces; the sunken road is a mammoth grave filled with their dead and dying. Hark! Cheers are heard away to our left over the roar of cannon and din of musketry. It is Barlow's men coming to the aid of French. Hill and Colquit's brigades receive the attack and are rolled up inch by inch; the sunken road is gained and the corn field penetrated. Richardson comes to the support and aid of French with the brigades of Meagher, Caldwell and Brooke. The Union troops sweep on; the Rebel center is broken. The smoke rolls away from that part of the battlefield, but where are the columns of Hill, Colquit, Ripley and McRay, the men who made that wild and magnificent charge? Retreating? Broken? No; but swept away like the autumn leaves. Oakford, our Colonel, had fallen as we approached the fence passing to the crest overlooking the sunken road, and 148 comrades of our regiment fell in killed and wounded during our four hours engagement in that eventful battle. So ended the conflict in which you survivors were active participants and one of the most momentous conflicts of the Civil War. Yonder on the field as darkness closed the struggle the cheers of the victorious living, the groans of the dying, mingled in strange confusion; night draws the curtain, the battle is ended, death has offered its sacrifice to freedom, the cause of self government has triumphed.

And now permit me to say, my dear old comrades, that "There never was a bond, old friends, like this, we've drank from the same canteen together."

Now Mr. President and my comrades, allow me to say a few words more and then I am done for I think I have already exhausted your patience.

The past has taught us that the American people, in war as in peace, are equal to every emergency. Men bred to the professions and to the finer callings of art and trade were both able and willing to shoulder the musket when their country needed their services, but never again will the American Volunteer be pitted against the American Volunteer. Ready at all times to resent foreign intrusion, we stand as one people ready to defend American nationality and American principles. The principles for

which we fought at Antietam did not end with the subjugation of armed rebellion; the influence of the survivors of that conflict has been seen and is marked by the trend of both parties since 1868. Their influence has been wielded into the statutory laws of the Nation and fearlessly carried into execution by both the executives of Nation and State.

Comrades, no praise can be too great for the men that passed through the ordeal of the Civil War, enduring fatigue without a murmur, successfully meeting all demands made upon them, always in the right place at the right time, and emerging from the fiery ordeal a compact army of veterans, equal to any task that brave and disciplined men could be called upon to endure.

Survivors of the One Hundred and Thirty-second Regiment, our command was as patient, brave, courageous and chivalrous as any marshaled on that eventful occasion; men of exceptionally good character and personality, brave, noble and true.

And now my comrades, ere another anniversary of this conflict shall have come, some of you now here and within our hearing will have passed to God's eternal camping ground, and as you who survive carry him to the bivouac of the dead, let this flag cover his bier. Remember comrades it is the emblem under which he fought at Antietam and whose inspiring folds gave victory to the grand old Army of the Potomac, and sent the glad tidings to a troubled and disconsolate administration that the tide of triumph which seemed to have favored the slave lords rebellion from its inauguration to the present time had been stemmed. Remember also, comrades, that this is the flag of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, of Trenton, Monmouth and Saratoga, it was the flag of Bennington and at New Orleans; it is the flag that protects the American citizen in foreign lands; under the beneficent folds of which a refuge is given to the oppressed of all nations. It was the flag of Perry on Lake Erie, of Dewey, at Manila Bay, of Schley at Santiago; it was carried by the Rough Riders at Alcania and San Juan; it floats over Hawaii and Philippines, it has never gone down in dishonor; it was the flag of Lincoln and Grant, under whose folds he received the petition of the subjugated slave Aristocracy for pardon and leniency without one star from this azure field erased. It was the flag of Washington and it is the flag of Roosevelt. It was the flag under whose inspiring folds 466,886 men, brave, young and noble Americans gave their lives for its supremacy as a national emblem, that this nation "of the people, by the people and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF CO. "B" OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT AT ANTIETAM.

By Captain S. W. Ingham.

We are here to honor the brave who rest
By all their country's wishes blest.

With a patriot's holy devotion
To their God and their dear native land,
They march to the war's fierce commotion,
By the flag of their country to stand.

On the heights of South Mountain undaunted,
Their banner they proudly did wave,
'Gainst the flag by rebellious hands planted;
Defiant they rushed, their country to save.

Again rushing forth in the contest,
Antietam resounds with their tread,
When fierce the hot battle is raging,
When thick lie the dying and dead.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
Where wounded comrades round them wailed.

And on—still on—our column kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way;
When fell the dead, the living stepped,
While charging on the foe that day.

And the heroic deeds unexampled
That followed each footstep they trod;
And the blood of their perishing comrades
Forever will hallow the sod.

On Fredericksburg, boldly advancing,
While the hills with the cannon resound,
They rush to the maelstrom of battle
When the death shots fall thickly 'round.

But, alas, their heart faints at the slaughter,
As the blood of our brave men was shed;
While white lips were a far off praying,
And eyelids with weeping were red.

With hearts still undaunted by disaster;
With a cheerful endurance of toil;
Still true to their God and their duty,
Still true to their dear native soil.

Where the battle of Chancellorsville rages,
And the breaking ranks threaten defeat;
With the shouts they rush on to the rescue,
And the foe in confusion retreat.

Ah! never shall the land forget

How gushed the life blood of our brave,
Flowed warm with the hope and courage yet
Upon the soil they fought to save.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

By Major F. L. Hitchcock, of 132d P. V.

Mr. President, Comrades and Fellow Citizens: A handful of greyheaded "boys" are assembled here to-day, representing the remnant of what was forty-two years ago the One Hundred and Thirty-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, a part of that grandest of armies, the "Army of the Potomac," then engaged upon these grounds in one of the world's greatest tragedies. This battle has passed into history as the most terrific and sanguinary single day's fighting of the whole war of the Rebellion: at its close 24,000 men, in round numbers, lay dead and wounded upon this field; being nearly one-fifth of all the forces here engaged. It was our fortune and our duty then to represent in that struggle the great State of Pennsylvania. How different are the conditions of our meeting here to-day. Then it was duty, involving to many of our number, the supremest sacrifice of patriotism; Col. Richard A. Oakford, our beloved commander, Lieutenant Anson G. Cranmer, Company C, and forty-six of our Comrades laid down their lives here and more than 120 were disabled by grievous wounds, all in the sacred cause of human liberty. To-day we have met here to dedicate a monument to that service.

This beautiful memorial, is the grateful tribute of affection which the Keystone State has generously erected in honor of her sons, living and dead, who fought for human liberty on these grounds. The blood shed here was her blood. The sacrifices made here were hers, and she has not forgotten them. It is with gratitude and thanksgiving that we, the survivors of that One Hundred and Thirty-second Regiment accept this memorial offering at her hands, and here and now dedicate it to the cause of human liberty. Let it stand a perpetual memorial of the blood here poured out and the service here rendered.

The richest possession of any people is its heritage of noble deeds and heroic sacrifices.

Human freedom has ever been attained, and maintained, at the cost of blood and treasure. The world is full of the graves of patriotic martyrs. Our comrades who fell here, joined the illustrious throng of the world's heroes. Their noble spirit was well voiced by the intrepid former Captain of the Revolution, Nathan Hale, when he said, standing under the halter in the very shadow of death, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Heroism knows no rank or station. It exalts all ranks to the highest plane. We see it in the grimy engineer, who driving his ponderous steed at terrific speed discovers, too late to stop, a prattling baby prone upon his track. With the quickness of thought he throws back his lever, then regardless of all danger, he rushes out to the front, down to the pilot, and with one hand reaching out as his flying monster thunders on, grasps from the jaws of death the golden haired darling, bears it back in safety, and

smilingly places it in the arms of its mother. Then back to his post, while the wondering passengers carelessly inquire the cause of the stop. The train moves on to its destination as though nothing had happened. But has nothing happened? A sweet little life has been saved from a cruel death, and Carl Kimbal, the plain engine driver, has written his name on that scroll of heroes which God keeps forever. We find it everywhere in the thousands of noble deeds and sacrifices daily made in the great battle of life, blessing and uplifting suffering and fallen humanity. And when amidst the wild clangor of war, or upon the lonely picket line, in hospital or prison pen, a noble life is immolated upon the altar of Liberty, the supreme sacrifice has been made, the spirit is the same. In every instance the hero has earned immortal honor. Heroism needs no label to proclaim its quality. Wherever found it exemplifies the richest and noblest characteristics of humanity. It is said the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Not less true is it, that the blood of patriots always and everywhere, has been the seed of civil and religious liberty. Our own beloved country for whose life we fought here, was born amidst the throes of a most heroic struggle for Liberty. She was baptized with the richest blood of the Patriot Fathers.

"God had sifted three Kingdoms
To find the seed for this planting.
Then had sifted the wheat
As the living seed of a Nation."

How strange a mixture was that seed. The Puritan and Pilgrims of New England. The Dutch of New Amsterdam, the Presbyterians of New Jersey and the Catholics of Maryland, with the Quakers of Pennsylvania sandwiched between: the Roundheads and Cavaliers of Virginia and the Huguenots of the Carolinas, all here upon a like mission, viz: A home in the New World where they could acquire a livelihood in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; so utterly dissimilar in characteristics as to be almost on the borderland of hostilities between each other, yet they were driven together by the iron hand of a common danger, and welded into a mighty nation in the fires of a common oppression. It would have been a marvel indeed had not the heroic seed of this planting reproduced itself in later generations. Antietam, Gettysburg and Appomattox, are but a larger echo of those shots "heard around the world," from the "Embattled Farmers" of Concord, Bunker Hill and Yorktown. Those of us whose good fortune it was to have lived to serve our country here, may well felicitate ourselves on being in this honored company whilst we mourn our fallen comrades. If, like our forefathers, it was ours to pass through "days which tried men's souls," in the service of our country, like them we have been permitted to reap richly of the harvest of victory, and far over and beyond them, we have seen our beloved country emerge from her struggle for life, purged of the cancer of slavery which produced it, and advance gloriously step by step to the very forefront of the nations, until to-day "Old Glory," not a stripe erased nor a star dimmed, the Emblem of Liberty, the hope of humanity, kisses the morning breeze all round the world.

But my comrades and fellow citizens we may not rest upon past achieve-

ments. The Great Emancipator voiced at Gettysburg the true spirit of dedication, viz: the reconsecration of ourselves to our country's service. Beyond that we may not venture.

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of Truth:
Lo, before us gleam her campfires,
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer, boldly
Through the desperate Winter sea,
Nor attempt the futures portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key."

It is was ours to have been faithful and true here, let it still be ours to remain faithful and true yonder. The final battle for our country has not yet been won. Her hundred and twenty-eight years of existence are, let us hope, scarcely more than her infancy. If she is to enjoy a nation's life, she is now only on the borderland of her youth. Her future is in the hands of her sons to-day, one may well pause with fear, when he beholds the shoals and rocks which loom up in the track of our ship of state, but far be it from me, under the inspiration of these scenes to utter one discordant note of prophecy. The blood shed here shall not have been poured out in vain. Her sons of the future will rise and meet new dangers as they appear, and our country shall move grandly forward meeting the coming generation with the message of old Liberty Bell still voicing her destiny, now swelling into a grander anthem, and proclaiming liberty throughout the wide world "to all the inhabitants thereof."

The statue of this beautiful monument we now dedicate is not the product of imagination. With rare ability, the artist has reproduced here a vivid living battle scene in the history of the regiment. It tells its own heroic story. It speaks of the stuff these men were made of. This was our baptism of fire, we had been in the service barely one month, yet though in the very maelstrom of this terrific battle, this regiment held yonder line, without wavering for an instant for four and a half hours against a Confederate line in this Sunken Road, and another line in a cornfield yonder was thrice renewed; and finally joined in the charge which finished the infantry fighting upon this part of the field.

The One Hundred and Thirty-second was one of the fifteen nine month's regiments of Pennsylvania's quota, with which the army was strengthened at the critical period following the disastrous Peninsula and Second Bull Run campaigns in the summer of 1862. It was composed largely of that substantial body of young men, who had not been able to enter the three year's service, but who gladly sprang to the front for this special emergency.

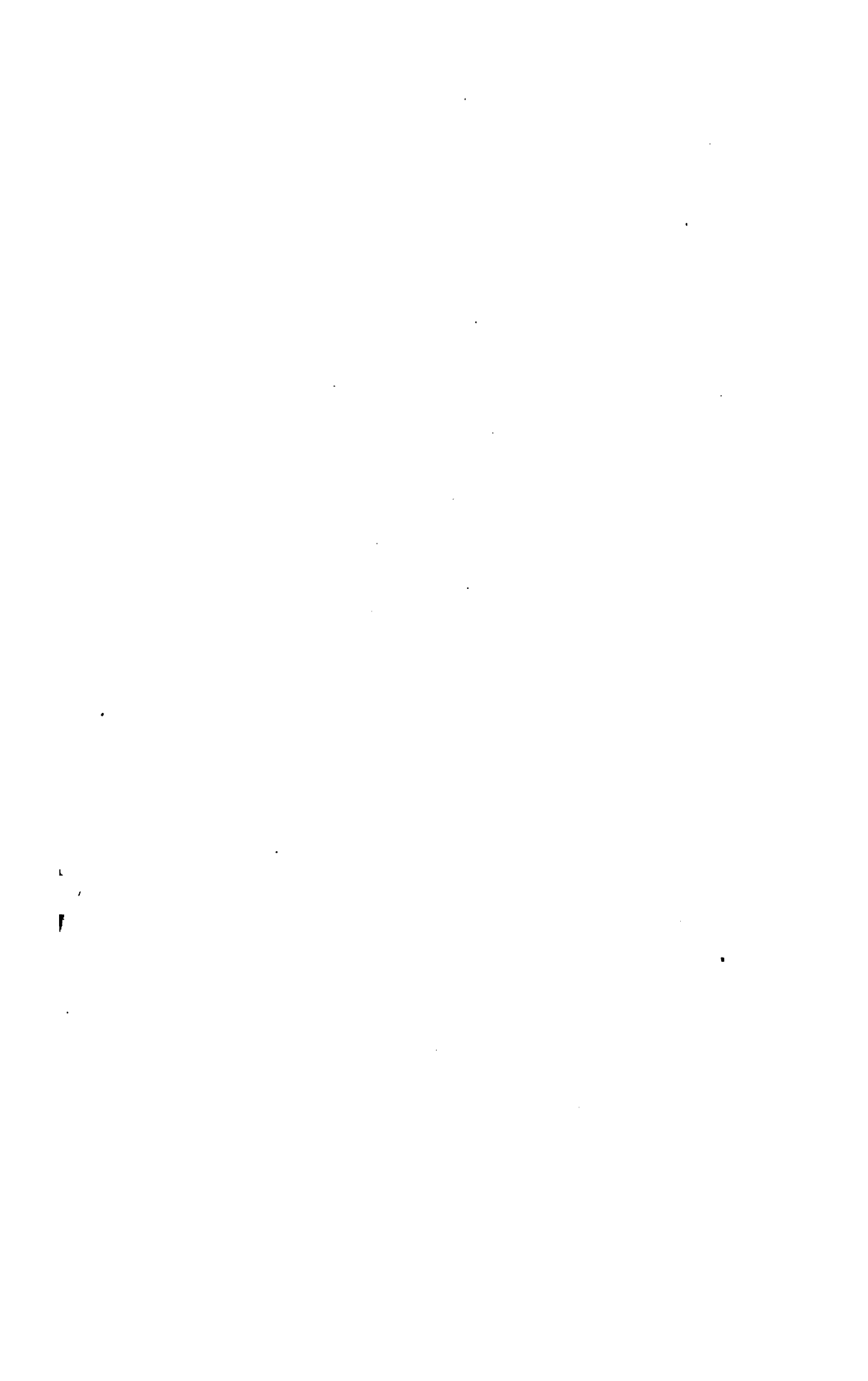
They were from Bradford, Susquehanna, Wyoming, Luzerne (now Lackawanna), Columbia, Montour and Carbon counties. Ours was the only one of those fifteen regiments to participate actively in all of the great campaigns of Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. It lost during that brief period of nine months forty per cent. of its membership, more than three-fourths of which were killed and wounded.

Our regiment was extremely fortunate in its Brigade associations. To



BLOODY LANE, ANTIETAM

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have been a part of the old "Gibraltar Brigade," commanded by that veteran hero, General Nathan Kimball, including besides our own, the Fourteenth Indiana, Eighth Ohio and Seventh West Virginia, all splendid veteran regiments, which had proved their metal on every field upon which the Army of the Potomac had fought, was a privilege indeed.

Numbering as we did fully one-half the effective force of the entire Brigade, on that day, it was no small honor to have shared in its splendid achievements, and to have received with those veterans the encomiums of the commanding officers of the army, the corps, the division and the brigade. Not the least prized of our laurels, was the unstinted praise and confidence of these battle-scared veterans, here won, and kept until the end of the service.

The troops occupying this road were annihilated by our fire, most of them being killed. The slaughter here was dreadful, the dead lay in heaps. A few were captured; nor were the dictates of humanity forgotten in that fearful carnage, for our men finding a Lieutenant Colonel dying of wounds, carried him tenderly back from the trench and rendered him such succor as was possible.

And now in concluding this grateful service, we leave this mute but eloquent statue, a representation of one of the color bearers of this regiment, still holding aloft his flag though the staff has been shot away. The scene is true to life.

Let it speak to coming generations of duty well done. Let its radiant heroic figure be a type of the true American citizen-soldier—every inch a man, true to his country; ever ready to bare his breast to her foes; undismayed by difficulties; undaunted by danger and unyielding in duty, though death be the cost.

At the conclusion of Major Hitchcock's address, the benediction was given, and the survivors were placed in position around the monument, and a "Group Photograph" was taken, after which Chairman Fern declared the exercises over, and the meeting adjourned.

DANIEL J. NEWMAN,
Secretary Regimental Association.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Bloody Lane East Roulette Lane.

The granite statue of the One Hundred and Thirty-second Infantry, of the Color Bearer grasping and holding aloft his colors, after a portion of the staff had been shot away, commemorates an incident in the history of the regiment, well worth perpetuating in stone. It occurred during the

battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862. The color guard had all been placed hors du combat, the colors falling, when Lieutenant McDougal commanding the company, grasped them, at the same moment receiving a bullet wound, shattering his arm. Adjutant Frederick L. Hitchcock then seized the staff, which an instant later was shot away just below his hand; the next moment he, in turn, received a shell wound in his head, falling with the colors in his hand. The regiment broken and shattered was driven back, leaving the colors on the field. After dark Corporal William I. D. Parks, mortally wounded, crawled off the field, more than a half mile to a hospital, bringing the colors. He died shortly thereafter, but with the proud satisfaction of having rescued his regiment's flag. The artist has combined the whole incident in the heroic moment when the staff was shot away. The artist, Stanley Edwards, deserves great credit for his efforts in this statue, for he has produced one of the finest statues on the field and added a new and interesting treatment of a Color Sergeant to the art world. The life, energy, pose and expression of face of the young soldier is very effective.

The pedestal of this memorial is perhaps the most original of those selected, being octagonal in shape, so treated as to show alternately both base stones and die, a sunken hammered-faced panel and then a projecting quarry-faced buttress. While the plinth and cap stone are fine hammered, they still preserve the octagonal form of the lower courses and serve to complete a most unique and interesting pedestal.

On the front face of the sunken panel is the name of the regiment, its brigade, division and corps, and a fine portrait medallion, life size, of Colonel Richard A. Oakford, (the latter a gift of his son Colonel James W. Oakford), as follows:

The Second Army Corps Badge stands out in full relief on the front of the cap stone. On the stone immediately beneath in "V" shaped letters:

ANTIETAM

On Die Stone

132

PENNSYLVANIA

VOLUNTEER

INFANTRY

(Medallion Portrait in Bronze of Col. Oakford)

1 BRIGADE

3 DIVISION

2 CORPS

On the rear face of the sunken panel is a fine bronze tablet, containing the following:

CASUALTIES

AT ANTIETAM

KILLED	30
WOUNDED	114
MISSING	8
Total	152

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

199

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN:

ANTIETAM MD.

SEPT. 17, 1862

FREDERICKSBURG VA.

DEC. 13, 1862

CHANCELLORSVILLE VA.

APR. 30. MAY 3. 1863

RECRUITED IN MONTGOMERY

WYOMING BRADFORD

COLUMBIA CARBON AND

LUZERNE COUNTIES

The lower base dimensions are 6 feet, height 9 feet, total height, 16'-4" to top of soldier's cap.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT,
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

Cornfield Avenue.

AT ten o'clock A. M., on the 17th September, 1904, Sergeant D. A. Gilland, a former member of Company I, Secretary of the Regimental organization, called the meeting to order, after directing Ellis Pugh, of Company K, to sound a bugle call.

Sergeant Gilland then said:

Comrades and friends: You will now be in order.

Invocation by assemblage.

ADDRESS OF SERGEANT D. A. GILLAND:

Comrades: The object of our coming together to-day on the historic battlefield of Antietam, is not only to bring to memory reminiscences of the past, nor to view the ground where friend and foe were slain; but to dedicate this beautiful monument erected in honor of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, who took part in that memorable battle.

The vicissitudes and history of this Regiment will be ably elucidated to you by a member of Company I.

I now have the pleasure of introducing to you our esteemed citizen and soldier, Roger Morgan, late a private of Company I, of Altoona, Pennsylvania who will address you.

ADDRESS OF ROGER MORGAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades: We have met this morning on this memorable field to participate in the dedication of a monument erected on ground where stood the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, in battle. Its history is as follows:

Recruited in the counties of Blair, Clinton, Schuylkill, Butler, Crawford and Wayne and composed of the best blood of the Keystone State, which was attested after the war by the distinction attained by many of its members in the professions, business pursuits, trades and agriculture. While some succeeded in their political aspirations many so venturing may not have been successful but they found more profitable occupation after their experience. Many of the leading spirits of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Regiment have passed to the great beyond. Of the officers,



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"HANDLE CARTRIDGE"
137TH PA, VOLS.
CORNFIELD AVENUE

we know of the death of Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Kiddoo, Captain McFarlane, Captain Johnston and Lieutenant Colonel Isenberg of Company "I," and if the same ratio have visited the other companies as "I" the ranks are being rapidly depleted, and we are strongly assured that it—

"Won't be long before they're gone,
The dear old boys in blue,
Who stood by you on that awful day,
In September, '62."

The One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry was organized in Harrisburg, Pa., August 25, 1862, with

Henry B. Bossert, Colonel,
• J. B. Kiddoo, Lieutenant Colonel,
Chas. W. Wingard, Major.

Service.

Served in Casey's Provisional Brigade at Washington to August 31, 1862.
First Brigade, 2nd Division, 6th Corps, Army of the Potomac, to November, 1862.

Defense of Washington to November 30, 1862.

Bossert's Provisional Brigade to January 20, 1863.

Third Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Corps, Army of the Potomac, to May, 1863.

Maryland campaign, September 6th to 20th, 1862.

Battle of Crampton's Gap, South Mountain, September 14, 1862.

Battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Pursuit of Stuart's cavalry during their raid into Pennsylvania and Maryland, October 9 to 12, 1862.

Mud march, January 20-23, 1863.

Duty at Belle Plains to April 28, 1863.

Chancellorsville campaign, from April 28 to May 6, 1863.

Operations at Pollock's Mill Creek, at Fitzhugh's crossing, and White Oak Run, Va., from April 29 to May 2, 1863.

Under heavy fire from Confederate batteries, May 1 and 2, 1863.

Marched to U. S. Ford and crossed Rappahannock River at 3 A. M., May 3, 1863.

Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 3 and 4, 1863.

Mustered out of service June 1-2, 1863.

With this record to your credit you, the survivors of this regiment, can well feel proud, and thankful too, that you have been spared to again visit these scenes and mingle with comrades whom you have not met in these many years.

Forty-two years ago two powerful armies met on this field, and from early morn until darkness enshrouded this field did they struggle for supremacy. Lee, the Confederate commander, and his troops, flushed with victory in his contest with our troops in the seven-day fight, extended his operations from his battle-ground, in Virginia, into Maryland, with designs on Pennsylvania, and encountered little opposition until this field was reached. The spirit of the Union at this period was at its lowest ebb;

failure seemed to have been the fate of all our military operations; disaster appeared to be the only heritage that war bequeathed a gallant people. In every heart was despair and deploration. But, the fears of that day were not to be realized. The dark horizon that overhung us was rent and in the silvery opening we beheld that sturdy Union defender, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan and his reorganized Army of the Potomac, take position to give battle to the enemies of home and country, inspired by a courage as dauntless as ever marked the serried ranks of the blue.

Hard fought was the struggle; hideous was the combat as men cried in their passion of desperate strife or, as with life's horror in their tones they sank under the fatal touch of hostile lead. Braver work, nobler work, more deadly, was never done by Pennsylvania regiments. The invader was frustrated in his designs, and with defeat for his effort he retraced his steps.

From that moment the Confederacy began to crumble, hope was revived in the hearts of Union-loving people and the boys in blue took new inspiration. You recall the horrible scenes you beheld a few days after on this field of carnage in burying the dead! You gathered them and gave them the rude burial of a soldier. You laid them in their graves without coffin and with their hoary garments around them with the rude tenderness of a soldier—you covered them in the earth, unmarked by stone or slab; men and boys for whom mothers, sisters and sweethearts were tearfully waiting, never to return:

"Slowly and sadly we laid them down,
From the field of their fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left them alone in their glory."

It was on this field you first met Hancock, the superb, who directed you in person to the position you occupied in support of Cowan's and Frank's batteries, which spot is now marked by this beautiful monument, erected by the grateful people of Pennsylvania to commemorate your valor on this field in defense of the Union and repelling the invader from your homes. Its panels will tell the visitor to this field in brief, but eloquent language that on this spot stood a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, ready to defend with all their physical force and life, if needs be, the flag so proudly born at its head—the emblem of union and undivided country. The thousands of brave men who gave their lives on this field, for what they deemed worth the sacrifice, were America's best blood; men of the same country and who should never have been foes. History has assigned an impregnable place and imperishable will be their name and fame, and in reverence do pray that

"God will rest them in the shadow of His love,
His blessings on them flow from the pleasure-dome above,
Where the heroes are assembled and the very Angels bow,
To the glory of eternity that glimmers from each brow."

Comrade Mahlon H. Beary, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiment was introduced, and made the following remarks:

It affords me great pleasure indeed to be present to-day at the dedication of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Pa. Regt. monument upon this noted Battlefield of Antietam, and of which I fortunately was a participant in the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth regiment. And am only sorry that the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth monument is not complete for dedication at the same time, but through some unavoidable cause it had to be delayed, hence wish to say that we, the few of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers who are present here to-day to partake of your services of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh, and kindly assist you in the same are ever grateful to our Creator for this privilege. We also feel the necessity of humbly bowing our heads to a beneficent Providence for the great privilege granted all present here to-day to listen to the dedicatory services, be they regimental, state or national. Through these services we feel stimulated to live on through all eternity, especially after having listened to the beautiful and impressive prayer just offered in behalf of the brave boys of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Regiment, as well as for the entire Army and Navy and the Nation.

The erection and dedication of these monuments, is also very near the place where the battle was fought and where many of our dear ones were left to answer the last roll call to another world. The battle of Antietam was one of the bloodiest and hardest contested battles of the Civil War. You need not be ashamed of your record, and we the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth are proud to be your neighbor. Our ancestry contested for the independence of our Union, and suffered many terrible hardships, and a long time for its establishment. We the boys in blue contended for the maintenance of that Union, and glorious was the victory, now, to the gratification of both the Blue and the Gray.

We taught the nations of the earth a lesson through our wars, by which they may take an example, and we most heartily wish for the great good of mankind that the day be near at hand, when wars and rumors of wars shall forever cease.

After the unanimous passage of the following, the assembly adjourned:

Antietam Battlefield, September 17, 1904.

The people of Pennsylvania and the members of the last Legislature are to be congratulated over the selection of the members of the Antietam Monument Commission composed of General Bolton and Colonels Hawley and Bosbyshell—soldiers who won distinction on this field and who, in their capacity as members of the Commission, were untiring in their efforts in assisting the Regimental Committee in selecting suitable monuments and many other acts of kindness; and we, the surviving members of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, extend our sincere thanks to the Commission and fully appreciate the generosity of the people of Pennsylvania, through their representa-

tives in the last Legislature, in awarding us this beautiful monument, marking our position on this battlefield.

(Signed)

DAVID A. GILLAND, Sergeant,
JOHN O'NEILL, Corporal,
ROGER MORGAN, Private,
Regimental Committee.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

A very interesting and unique pose of a private soldier is shown in the granite statue selected by the Committee of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh. It is called "Handle Cartridge," and its value is greatly enhanced by the fact that the modern breech loading rifle with its metal cartridge has entirely done away with the old-fashioned leather cartridge box, which is so faithfully shown in this statue, as well as the percussion cap box that of necessity accompanied it.

This statue represents the private soldier in the act of taking a paper cartridge from the cartridge-box attached to the belt on the right hand side, preparatory to carrying this same cartridge to his mouth, biting off its end (as shown in the statue of the Forty-fifth Infantry monument), then placing the cartridge in the muzzle of his gun.

The row of metal cartridges resting in the canvas belt and slung around the waist of the volunteer soldier of to-day is totally unlike the details of the accoutrements of the Civil War volunteer soldier. This is another illustration of the value of perpetuating the old time details, now obsolete.

The pedestal has four stones, solid and rugged in effect, clean-cut and finely proportioned, perhaps one of the most pleasing and symmetrical pedestals on the field. On two quarry-faced base stones rests hammered die stone and overhanging cap stone. On front face of die stone is the bronze inscription tablet of the regiment, as follows:

137TH PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
1ST BRIGADE 2ND DIVISION 6TH CORPS
LOCATION OF REGIMENT IN ACTION 415 YARDS
NORTH OF MONUMENT

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN
SOUTH MOUNTAIN (CRAMPTON'S PASS) MD.
ANTIETAM MD.
FITZHUGH'S CROSSING, VA.
CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.

RECRUITED IN BLAIR BUTLER CLINTON CRAWFORD
SCHUYLKILL AND WAYNE COUNTIES

On the front face of cap stone on a Gothic pediment, the well-known Sixth Army Corps Badge, a fitting pedestal for a most interesting statue. It is 6 feet square at its base, 9 feet high, and with statue 16'-4" over all. This model is by Stanley Edwards, who thus accurately produces the Civil War veteran and his make-up.



PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

"THE CAVALRYMAN"
12TH PA. VOLS. CAV.
MANSFIELD AVENUE

TWELFTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

THE beautiful spot selected by the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry Association for the erection of its memorial monument at Antietam was surrounded by a number of the survivors of the command at eleven o'clock A. M. of the 17th of September, 1904, for the purpose of dedicating the same. Major D. B. Jenkins called the meeting to order, when Comrade David Emfield was elected chairman. Upon assuming the duties thereof he welcomed the comrades with appropriate remarks, and called upon Major Jenkins to offer a prayer, which he did as follows:

Almighty God, we acknowledge Thee as the only living and true God; as the God of our country, and our ancestors, who through great suffering, sacrifice and death founded this government of free institutions and handed it down to successive generations. We acknowledge Thee as the God who has guided and protected us in every danger, and given us the victory in every war with other nations. Especially do we here this day acknowledge Thee as our God, who gave the arms of our Government victory in our sad Civil War, to preserve the Union of the States, and to perpetuate our free institutions to our children and to their children's children. We acknowledge Thee as the God who gave us the victory on this bloody battlefield, so that we here on the forty-second anniversary of this battle assemble ourselves together on this sacred spot to dedicate monuments in memory of our heroic dead, who gave their lives for the preservation of the Union, and in defense of our flag. Almighty God, the God of our country, here on this sacred ground do we the surviving comrades of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry dedicate this monument in memory and in honor of our comrades, who laid down their lives here in defense of our country's flag, and in memory and in honor of the entire regiment's fidelity, honor, courage and patriotism on this bloody field of battle, accept we beseech Thee, O Lord, this monument we here erect to honor them and to perpetuate their memory. All this we ask for the sake of Him who gave His life a sacrifice for the redemption of all mankind. Amen.

This was followed by the singing of the hymn "America," following which the flag covering the monument was removed amidst the cheers of the audience.

Mr. Malden Valentine, who served as a private in Company G, of the command, was introduced, and delivered the following address:

Comrades of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Cavalry: More than one year ago I was asked to form a regimental association and send a committee to Antietam battlefield to locate a position for a monument for which the State had made an appropriation. I found that other comrades had been asked to do so but had refused to undertake the task, I then started to find out how many of my old comrades were living and where located, but discovered that I had undertaken one of the impossibilities. I am now convinced that of the 2,000 men enrolled in the regiment, not more than 300 are living to-day, they being scattered from Maine to California. A few of us met and elected a committee to come here and locate this position. The committee was composed of the following members of the regiment: Major D. B. Jenkins, Comrades M. G. Trout and J. A. Walters, of Co. G, and to-day we meet to dedicate this monument, forty-two years after the great battle which took place on this never to be forgotten field. It is sad to look upon this small number of men who are only waiting for the last roll call, then to follow their comrades who have gone to the other shore. Some of our comrades have died since I had communicated with them about coming here. You who were members of the regiment when we left Philadelphia in April, 1862, remember what a fine body of men our regiment was composed of. Is it not sad to look upon the remnant to-day. I am not here to give you the history of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and besides I could not do so. I know that all the hardships and sufferings endured during our four years' service will never be written. No true record of those who were killed, died of disease or wounds, or starved in Southern prisons can be had, for the reason that the company books of record were lost and captured at different times. Of this, on one occasion, I am sure, for on the night of June 14, 1863, at Winchester, Va., when we were forming in line to cut our way through the enemy's lines, Captain McAteer handed to me an old fashioned carpet bag, saying, "These are our company books of record, and I want you to get them through and not lose them." You who were there well know how in the dark we charged into the woods where the Rebs had stretched telegraph wires from tree to tree and we struck it. There was confusion and mix up. My horse went down by bullet or wire. I was stunned for a few minutes, then I located myself and the company books in the hands of the Johnny Rebs. The next day with many others I started for Libby Prison, and I have never been able to find out what became of those books. Bates' History of the Pennsylvania Soldiers was supposed to be correct, but it is far from it. I know to my own knowledge of many comrades in my own company and in the regiment who were killed, died from wounds and disease, and in prison, are only recorded "not on muster out roll." Of the forty-three engagements in which our regiment took part our greatest loss at any one time was at Second Bull Run, our first battle, where we sustained a loss of 200 killed, wounded and prisoners. At Winchester, Va., June 14 and 15, 1863, the loss was 223;

at Hamilton, Va., on March 22, 1865, the loss was 17 killed and 27 wounded in ten minutes. There fell the brave and gallant Delos Chase, who was lieutenant commanding company K, and at this engagement Lieutenant John N. Black, of company G, was shot through the body and has been a living sacrifice to his country for almost forty years. He was paralyzed from the hips down. About a month ago, along with Major Jenkins, Comrades Daugherty and Walters, I visited him. We found him cheerful and glad to see us. Although he cannot walk his mind is bright. He lives at Duncansville, Pa. And now I think of that handsome and brave Lieutenant Milton Funk, who led a charge at Winchester, and fell dead in the enemy's lines. No braver ever lived. I would speak of Captain David Irwin, who was wounded at Cunningham Cross Roads, on the 5th of July, 1863. He was in command of 300 of the Twelfth Pennsylvania, and 100 of the First New York Cavalry, who captured 640 of the enemy, 500 horses and mules, 125 wagons and 3 pieces of artillery. The next day captured 60 prisoners and 25 wagons, between this battlefield and South Mountain. Company G and M, captured over 100 prisoners on the 15th day of September, 1862. Comrades do you remember that dashing Captain Morgan McDonald, who led the charge through the streets of Frederick? He went down with two bullets in his body, but recovered and is living to-day at at Ebensburg, Pa. We do not forget our brave Lieutenant Colonel W. H. McCalister, who led us in a charge at Hamilton and was badly wounded; he lives at Erie, Pa. And now comrades I would speak of one whose memory we all cherish; no braver ever drew sabre in defense of our starry banner—he who commanded the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry on this field. Lieutenant Colonel William Bell, who was badly wounded at Charlestown, Va., in 1864, and discharged by general order. Did time allow I would like to tell of brave deeds done by non-commissioned officers and privates who gave their lives for their country. I would speak of Sergeant William Stiffler, Co. G, who refused to surrender at Bunker Hill and was cut down, but lived to reach Andersonville prison and starve to death; of Sergeant Levi Valentine, who fell at Bull Run; of Edward Sharp, Co. N, who carried a message through the enemy's lines from Martinsburg to Winchester, back again to Berryville, afterwards killed at Boliver Heights; David Tyler, of Co. G, killed at Smithfield; John Fry, Co. G, killed at Charlestown; Sergeant Andrew J. Rhodes, the idol of Co. B, killed at Charlestown; James N. Dowd, Co. B, killed at Hamilton; John Shank, killed at Bolivar Heights; William A. Sock and Henry Smith, Co. D, killed at Charlestown; George N. Kay, Co. E, killed at Hamilton; Harry Spayd and James McHugh; two brave and daring scouts killed at Charlestown; Sergeant William Gray, Co. I, killed at Keys Ford; Peter Fetterman, Co. I, killed at Charlestown; Nathaniel C. Enos and James McAfee, Co. K, killed at Winchester; William A. Hendry, Co. L, killed at Hamilton; Abner Philips, Co. L, killed at Hancock, Md.; Sergeant August Singer, John Griffith and Frank Gallagher, all of Co. M, killed at Frederick; John Flatly, Co. M, killed at Hamilton; Patrick Murry, Co. M, killed at Winchester. And do you remember that fair young boy, Scott Green, of Co. B, who charged ahead of his company at Solomon's Gap and fell dead, pierced by a rebel bullet? His body lies here in the shadow of this monument. Wil-

liam Boley, who fell at Halltown, was loved by all for his youth and kind heart; John Hunt, of Co. B, killed at Hamilton, was a promising youth, but to tell of them all would take too long. I would not pass by our last colonel (gallant soldier) Marcus A. Reno, he who was with Custer at the Little Big Horn massacre. The 12th regiment was near his father, General Reno, when he was killed at South Mountain. A long list could be given of those who died in many southern prisons and many who crawled or were dragged away to die of wounds or disease. On this field you remember our duty was to follow up the infantry lines and drive up the stragglers, a very unpleasant duty to us. On the morning after the battle, the regiment was ordered to the right of General Lee's army on a reconnoissance, and, though suffering from fatigue and privation, it moved without a murmur. At Harper's Ferry, a few paroled prisoners from Colonel Miles' command were met and the fact ascertained that the enemy were retreating. Hastily retracing our steps we arrived at headquarters at 11 P. M., and reported to General Pleasanton, who at once conveyed the intelligence to General McClellan. Many of our comrades lie in yonder cemetery, brought there from many other battlefields; to them and to all our dead heroes, we dedicate this beautiful monument and return our thanks to the Legislature and to the government who helped us to secure the monument and our most sincere thanks to the Battlefield Commission—Colonel Joseph W. Hawley, General William J. Bolton and Colonel O. C. Bosbyshell, who worked so hard for its completion. We who stand here to-day know that years have brought us to the time when we can only say, "Hail and farewell," but we can go to our homes knowing that we are not forgotten by a grateful country. To Major D. B. Jenkins, who is with us, I would say, the old boys have not forgotten that many times you led us on scouts and raids up and down, in and out the valley, over mountains and across rivers, to meet the enemy, and you did it well.

A hearty singing of the good old army song "Rally 'round the Flag," followed, when the Hon. Martin Bell, of Hollidaysburg, President Judge Twenty-fourth Judicial District of Pennsylvania, a former member of the command delivered the following address:

Veterans of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry: Your regiment was composed of the yeomanry of Pennsylvania. Some of the members of your organization came from the larger cities, but the majority of your number came from the country; from the farm; hence my designation of your regiment as the yeomanry of the Keystone State.

You received your baptism of fire at Second Bull Run. Then next came the defeat of Milroy at Winchester. Then in the spring of 1864 the unsuccessful campaign of Sigel and Hunter.

But brighter, if more bloody, days came to you when the peerless Sheridan became your leader. The old Roman was wont to boast to his sons that in his young manhood he had been a member of the famous Tenth Legion. You men whom I see before me, now growing gray and old, with equal pride can say to your sons: "I was a member of Sheridan's Cavalry."



And it is a great honor to have belonged to that famous cavalry corps; the finest body of horsemen the world ever saw. Sheridan was at Worth and Gravelotte, as an observer of said battles, and he stated that if he had been in command of the French army, and had with him his old cavalry command and the Sixth Corps, the course of history would have been changed, and the French would have marched to Berlin, not the German's to Paris.

It is but justice then that Pennsylvania should erect a monument in commemoration of the bravery of the Twelfth Cavalry. And it is right that such monument should be located on the line you held at Antietam, the bloodiest single days battle of the Civil War. And it is befitting that the veterans of your gallant regiment, and their wives and children and friends should meet here, within cannon sound of the bloody Shenandoah Valley, on this beautiful September day to dedicate said monument.

Mouldering in the dust are now the faithful horses which bore you on many a long march. Tarnished with many years disuse and rusting in their scabbards are the swords which you flashed in sun on many a battle morn. Silent now are the bugles which sounded reveille and tattoo for three long and weary years and blared forth the shrill call to "charge" on a score of battle fields. But this beautiful monument, enscribed with the names of the battles in which you were engaged, will stand for ages as a memorial of the heroic sacrifices and gallant deeds of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Mansfield Avenue.

The Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry are fortunate indeed in having chosen an entirely new treatment of a volunteer cavalryman, a sturdy, rugged, rough and ready horseman, every inch a soldier boy with strong American features, ready for a dash into the enemies' lines, or for any hazardous undertaking where duty calls.

With right hand lightly clasping the barrel of the short cavalry carbine, which rests against his right leg, and with left hand gracefully resting on his hip, he is all he appears to represent, the fearless, dashing cavalry boy, courage and self-reliance marked in every detail of pose and dress. It is a well designed and cleanly cut granite statue. The model is by Mr. E. L. A. Pausch.

Another pleasing combination of details and treatments are used in the composition of the pedestal for this cavalry memorial. A wide-spreading lower base supports a solid, rough quarry-faced plinth stone of much greater thickness, then a die stone, whose surface is fine hammered save

for two narrow strips of rough surfaces, one above and one below, deftly treated so as not to show any hammer marks, giving a very strong, as well as a very finished effect. An overhanging cap stone whose castellated treatment is peculiarly effective, crowns the top of this pedestal. It is 6 feet square at the base, and 9 feet high, making a total of 16'-4" high over all.

On the front of the die stone is placed a neat bronze tablet, as follows:

12TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY

113TH OF THE LINE

4TH BRIGADE CAVALRY DIVISION

RECRUITED IN PHILADELPHIA

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

SECOND MANASSES	FISHER'S HILL	CLARKSBURG
SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN	MONOCACY	CHARLESTOWN
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	FREDERICK	MARYLAND HEIGHTS
ANTIETAM	NEWTOWN	HAMILTON
MOOREFIELD	WINCHESTER 1-2-3	BUNKER HILL
WOODSTOCK	CEDAR CREEK	SMITHFIELD
	SLEEPY CREEK	BOLIVAR HEIGHTS
	CUNNINGHAM CROSS ROADS	
SOLOMON'S GAP	CRAMTON'S PASS	HAMILTON
PLEASANT VALLEY	KERNSTOWN	HALLTOWN
	EDENBURG	BOONSBORO



PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO., NEW YORK.

"WATCHING EFFECT OF SHOT"
DURELL'S BATTERY OF ARTILLERY
BRANCH AVENUE

DURELL'S BATTERY "D," PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER
ARTILLERY.

THE survivors of Durell's Battery, present on the 17th September, 1904, assembled about the monument near ten o'clock in the morning, when Lieutenant Charles A. Cuffel, chairman of the Committee on Monument, called the meeting to order, introducing the Rev. Benjamin D. Albright, who offered the following prayer:

Almighty and most merciful Father! Thankfully do we acknowledge Thy great love and mercy which has overshadowed us unto this day.

We bless Thee for the privilege of meeting here to-day, to dedicate this beautiful monument so kindly erected by our beloved Commonwealth, to commemorate the valor and patriotism of our beloved battery. Bless, we beseech Thee, this dear land of ours. May it ever be the land of the free and the brave, and Thy chosen country for the uplifting of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Bless, we pray Thee, all in authority over us, and may they be so strengthened in body, mind, soul and spirit as to maintain obedience to Thy laws, so that peace and virtue may dwell ever in our midst.

We would ask Thy blessing upon the absent ones, those who have been prevented by sickness, death or any other unavoidable circumstances from being present with us to-day. And now, O God! enlighten our minds with truth; inflame our hearts with love; inspire our wills with courage; enrich our lives with service.

O God! pardon what we have been; sanctify what we are; order what we shall be, and Thine shall be the glory, and ours the eternal salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Samuel H. Rhoads, late Captain of the Battery, was then introduced, and he delivered the following address:

Comrades and Friends: I began the arrangement of this address with some misgiving, but the thought that for us of the Battery time is growing short, and that this would be an opportunity for the expression of good will and hope that may not again soon occur, made the laborious comparing of differing accounts and the careful measuring of distances but a labor of love. The work of every minute had its full and immediate recompense in the thought that it might be another means—Lieutenant Cuffel's ably and carefully prepared "History of Durell's Battery in the Civil War" was one, and a good one—of forwarding the record of that splendid Battery and of the many good and true men who helped to make it such.

We have met for the purpose of unveiling, accepting and dedicating a monument, which has been erected by the great State of Pennsylvania

as a memorial to, and a recognition of, the patient, faithful and patriotic services rendered by Durell's Battery "D," Pennsylvania Volunteer Artillery, from September 24th, 1861, to June 13th, 1865.

The ground upon which this monument is erected is a portion of a great historic battlefield of the Civil War—Antietam.

The battle of Antietam, the bloodiest one-day engagement of that war, was fought on September 17th, 1862.

This monument is designed, and has been erected, to stand on this place through the long ages which its massive foundation and enduring granite may survive the processes of nature and the decay of time, to especially commemorate to remote posterity the battle record of this Battery, the position it held and the part which it so effectively performed on this field, on that day, forty-two years ago.

Durell's Battery, officially entered on the military records "Battery D, Pennsylvania Volunteer Artillery," was recruited by George W. Durell, of Reading, Pa.

When the Ringgold Battery, of Reading, responded to the first call for troops on April 15th, 1861, and moved towards Washington, D. C., within two hours of the receipt of that call, Durell was its first Sergeant. At the expiration of its three months' term of service, he returned with it First Lieutenant Commanding, its original commissioned officers having been taken into the Regular Artillery, then being increased.

Durell's Artillery Company was recruited and encamped at Doylestown, Pa., from September 6th to November 6th, 1861. The first recruits in that camp consisted of seven young men from Amity and three from Earl township, Berks county, who arrived at the Ringgold Armory, in Reading, from their homes, thirteen miles away, before 7-A. M. on September 6th. They were "sworn in," and in charge of Captain Durell and Lieutenant Silvis, proceeded to camp via the train leaving Reading at 7.30 A. M., arriving at Doylestown in the evening. The next morning they went into camp on the Fair Ground, and during the day were supplied with tents, camp equipage and rations, after which Durell and Silvis returned to Reading to push recruiting.

On September 24th the company was mustered into the service of the United States for three years "or the war." The organization of the original company dated from this day and was. Captain, George W. Durell; Senior First Lieutenant, Lemuel Gries; Junior First Lieutenant, Howard McIlvain; Senior Second Lieutenant, George W. Silvis, all from Reading. The non-commissioned officers appointed were one First Sergeant, one Quartermaster Sergeant, six Duty Sergeants and twelve Corporals. There were also appointed at the same time one Color Bearer, two Buglers and two Artificers. The total enlisted leaving Doylestown on November 6th was 128.

The command arrived at Washington, D. C., the next day, and by December 13th was completely equipped as a Field Battery, and on the 18th became a part of McDowell's Artillery Brigade, and under the command of Captain John Gibbon, Fourth Regular Artillery. On March 10th the Battery moved with the army on the advance to Centreville, and later

performed its part in all the movements of McDowell's Corps up to August 12th, 1862.

During May, the Battery was augmented by the arrival of Second Lieutenant Christopher Leoser, from Reading, and a detail of 18 men from the infantry of our division.

Through all of this period advantage was taken of every opportunity by the officers and non-commissioned officers to perfect themselves in tactics and the performance of their several duties. During the latter part of this period the Battery had the benefit of two battery drills given it by Lieutenant Campbell, of Battery "B," Fourth Regulars, which "finished" it, and the command, in every respect, was ready and equipped for the hard-campaign it entered upon when it marched off on the evening of August 12th a part of Reno's command, in the "Pope campaign." In this it bore an active part, being engaged at Kelley's Ford, Bristoe, Second Bull Run on the 29th and 30th of August, and at Chantilly.

Next followed the September Maryland campaign, with the Battery's engagement at South Mountain and Antietam. Then came the advance to Fredericksburg, during which the Battery had the severe and unfortunate artillery duel at the Sulphur Springs, near Warrenton, where Lieutenant McIlvain met his heroic, gallant and untimely death, and participated in the first battle of Fredericksburg.

Early in February, 1863, the Battery moved with the Ninth Corps to Newport News and from there, in the latter part of March, via boat and rail, to Cynthiana, Ky., arriving at the latter place on April 1st. From then until June 6th it saw much of the "Blue Grass" region, and some of the rougher part of Kentucky. On June 6th, the Battery moved via steamboat down the Ohio and Mississippi, arriving in camp not far from Snyder's Bluff on the Yazoo, about the 18th, within some six miles of Grant's lines investing Vicksburg. The Battery performed considerable duty in this vicinity, facing Johnson's army, then threatening Grant's rear, and after the surrender of Vicksburg, it participated, under Sherman, in the Jackson campaign and siege.

On June 19th, Lieutenant Gries resigned on account of ill health. On August 10th, the Battery left Snyder's Bluff per steamer, arriving at Cairo on the 16th, where the men of the Battery were divided into three classes—those who, too sick to care for themselves with the assistance of their stronger comrades, were sent to the hospital; next, those who, not quite so ill, were sent up the river on a hospital boat, and the remainder who, assisted by a detail of infantry, loaded the battery, and what horses remained, on cars and went by rail to Cincinnati, to which point the hospital boat also proceeded.

On about August 19th, the Battery, with its wreck of horses and men, was in camp about a mile and a half south of Covington, on the commons. Twenty-seven men were reported present for duty, but about half of them were down with chills and fever of the most severe character, every other day. By the beginning of November, a number of the men had returned from the various hospitals, and the command was getting into stronger condition. During the election excitement in October in Ohio, for a num-

ber of days the Battery did fatiguing service, considering the condition of the men.

In November, the Battery was equipped with six 20-pound Parrotts and sent to Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, during a rough spell of weather, and performed continuous service of the hardest kind for a number of days. By about the middle of February, forty of the Battery had "veteranized" and gone home on furlough, preparatory to "three years more," and soon after the remainder of the men and the Battery, except the Battery horses turned in at Covington, moved to Annapolis, Md. By about April 4th, 1864, the re-enlisted men had about all returned and the Battery had been recruited to its maximum, 150 enlisted.

On the 25th of April, Samuel H. Rhoads, of Amity, Berks county, was promoted to Senior Second Lieutenant, vice Silvis, promoted to Senior First Lieutenant, and Henry Sailor, of Reading, was promoted to Junior Second Lieutenant, Vice Leoser, promoted to Junior First Lieutenant. Rhoads was promoted from 6th Duty Sergeant and Sailor from 3d.

On the 28th the Battery exchanged its old 2 9-10 guns for the newer 3-inch Parrotts, and the same day marched from Washington Arsenal into Virginia, the next few days passing over the old familiar roads and fields—Fairfax, Centreville, Manassas, Bristoe, etc.—following the Ninth Corps.

During the campaign from May 4th to June 16th, 1864, the Battery accompanied the colored division, and although all the time within sound of the firing, only several times came into "Battery," expecting to engage. On June 20th the Battery took its first position on the firing line in front of Petersburg, during the long siege of which it occupied numerous important positions, fired tons of ammunition and performed every duty required of it with courage, skill and faithfulness.

On July 21st, Captain Durell was sent home on sick leave and the Battery came under command of Lieutenant Silvis. Captain Durell returned to the Battery about September 20th and on the 23d was mustered out with those whose term of service expired that day, leaving the Battery again under command of Lieutenant Silvis. The men remaining were the 40 veterans, about 60 men who had joined in the spring and 9 new recruits who had joined on the 16th.

On October 3d, 1864, Samuel H. Rhoads, then and for some time previous, Acting Second Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Artillery Brigade, Ninth Army Corps, was mustered in as Captain of the Battery and took command of it on the 4th. On the 8th, Lieutenant Silvis was mustered out, by reason of his term of service having expired on September 23d, and Lieutenant Leoser resigned on October 12th on account of physical disability. First Lieutenant Sailor was mustered on his commission on October 17th, and First Lieutenant Adley B. Lawrence on November 24th, and Second Lieutenants Charles A. Cuffel and James L. Mast on theirs on the same day.

About this period recruits were arriving almost daily, and by the 20th of November the aggregate of enlisted, present for duty, was 139, and present and absent, 164. From May 4th, 1864, to October 6th there was but little opportunity for battery drill; there had been opportunity for only two or three in September. On October 6th there were but 40 members

of the Battery who had ever been on Battery Drill more than about three times, and as opportunities now began to occur more frequently, every one was taken advantage of.

About the 10th, the Battery had its monthly inspection by Major Miller, A. A. Inspector General of the Artillery Brigade, and although much of the Battery equipment had been condemned and exchanged for new within the preceding five days, yet when the inspection was over, the Major kindly remarked, "Everything is nicely cleaned, but in equipment, drill and discipline your battery is sixth." As there were but six batteries in the brigade, we could easily see our rating. After the November inspection, Major Miller was "Happy to say that the Battery was third," in December "Second," and in January "First," and first it remained until the end of its service in the Brigade.

The Battery had many opportunities for drills of all kinds during the winter. The officers and non-commissioned officers had learned their business by the books and by hard experience; and, as a rule, the men were an active, intelligent, noble set of fellows, who vied with each other in the performance of their varied duties. And when the Battery started on the last campaign, it was second to none in the army in equipment, drill, neatness and the ease and promptness with which it responded to every call, all of which were timed by the watch. The Battery was in the Grand Review in Washington on May 23d, 1865, and was mustered out of the service on June 13th, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pa. From Lieutenant Cuffel's carefully prepared "History of Durell's Battery in the Civil War," I find that the Battery was moved by marches about 1,800 miles, by water 3,000 miles, and by railway 2,900 miles—total, 7,700 miles. It participated in nine combats and battles, and, in addition, in numerous battles along the lines about Petersburg, from June 20th to the capture of the place, April 2d, 1865. Many of the affairs on the line in front of Petersburg were more severe than even Second Bull Run.

I would have much preferred to take the time expended in giving this chronological history of the Battery in describing the exciting and thrilling incidents connected with its combats and battles, the examples of the patience of the men under adverse circumstances, their heroic conduct in critical moments, and the patriotic fortitude of the fever or bullet stricken dying.

The stubborn, desperate and deadly Battle of Antietam was waged over a space of ground embraced within a rectangle about four and a half miles long and three miles wide, its length extending due north and south.

The Snively house, about three-quarters of a mile south of this monument, marks, approximately, the center of the southern line of this rectangle, and the right flank of the Confederate line on the morning of the battle. From thence, this line extended in a northerly direction for about two miles, and from thence, in something like a long, flat curve, toward its left rear for about another mile and a quarter, and from thence about another mile and a quarter, in almost a straight line, to near the Potomac at a point about west of northwest from the beginning of the curve. About the first three miles and a half of this line, beginning at the

right, was held by infantry and artillery, and the remainder by cavalry and horse artillery.

The initial movement of this invasion began with the march of two divisions of Confederates from the vicinity of Richmond, Va., on the 13th of July, 1862, followed by another on the 27th, and by the remainder of the Army of Northern Virginia on August 13th.

The serious fighting of the campaign began with the Battle of Cedar Mountain, on August 9th. From the 21st to the 27th, a series of skirmishes and artillery combats occurred along and across the Rappahannock, from Kelley's Ford to Waterloo Bridge. On the afternoon of the 27th, the spirited little action at Bristoe took place. On the evening of the 28th, the stubborn, and, for the numbers engaged, bloody little battle of Gainesville was fought. On the 29th and 30th, the Second Battle of Bull Run was carried on—one of the fiercely and desperately contested sanguinary great battles of the war—and on the evening of September 1st the affair at Chantilly was carried on amid lightning, thunder and torrents of rain, ending the fighting, in Virginia, of this campaign, and leaving a path of bloodstained fields, 3,750 hastily buried dead and 18,551 wounded, to emphasize the deadly and determined character of the contest.

On September 14th the Battle of South Mountain was fought, and, as it was preliminary to Antietam, we may properly accord it a slight description. The higher portions of the mountain, where the battle occurred, have an elevation of about 1,000 feet, and the gorges or passes are about 400 feet lower. The acclivities over which the Federals advanced to attack the Confederates, posted along the eastern edge of the crest, were steep, rough, heavily wooded, and rendered especially difficult for the movement of battle lines by a number of abrupt breaks and several deep ravines.

As a consequence, the advance was frequently made in broken lines of regimental or brigade fronts, as the nature of the terrain compelled. This phase of the action continued from about 7 o'clock in the morning, until, by about 3 o'clock, the Federals gained ground beyond the eastern edge of the crest, formed something like a continuous line and developed the action into a considerable battle. By nightfall the Confederates were defeated, and barely holding on to the western edge of the crest.

The Confederates had about 19,000 effectives engaged, and lost in killed and wounded about 1885, and in prisoners about 1,500. The Federals had about 28,400 effectives in the battle, and lost in killed and wounded 1,728, and in missing 85.

Durrell's Battery was engaged in this battle, at Fox's Pass, and did excellent service, preventing the enemy from bringing several batteries into action at a critical period, and especially harassing their infantry lines advancing across its front to oppose the Federal right attack. The guns of Durrell's Battery were never more effectively used than on that afternoon.

During the night of the 14th, the Confederates abandoned their lines on the mountain and retreated to the Antietam, beginning to arrive on this field early on the 15th, and by early afternoon made no claim to any ground on the eastern side of the stream, by virtue of personal occupation, but stood ready, with cannon and rifle, to resent any attempt of the Federals to view them closely.

When the Confederates arrived upon this field that hot September day, they found this rich and beautiful farming district, with its honest, thrifty and industrious inhabitants engaged in their usual vocations, much as we find conditions to-day. The fields intended for the fall seeding had their plowing about completed, the low-lying fields in grass, and the corn was yet green.

Many trees, in almost continuous lines on either side of the stream, marked its winding course, and, with numerous woods, of large and small extent, added beauty to the scene and comfort to their new and tired occupants. Yonder Red Hill, and the higher South Mountain beyond, in the full glory of their rich foliage, framed the peaceful scene on the east, and over all shone a bright and burning sun.

About 1,000 yards east from this point is a depression, through which flows the Antietam from north to south. About 800 yards a little north of east from this point is the Burnside Bridge; about 2,100 yards above it is the Sharpsburg Bridge, and about two miles and a half above that is the Keedysville Bridge. There is a ford a short distance on either side of this bridge, one west of the Pry House and one about 600 yards below the bridge in our front. The stream was not fordable between the ford in front of the Pry house and the one in our front. From a few hundred yards north of the Burnside Bridge, a ridge, the crest of which may be traced from this point, extends in a northerly direction for about two miles. On the eastern side of this crest is a declivity leading to a valley between it and the hill beyond. This valley varies in width from a half a mile to a mile and a half, and extends from below our front to north of the Pry house. It was in this valley and the hills adjoining on the east that the Federal Army bivouacked on the night of the 15th, and maneuvered or massed during the 16th and 17th, out of view of the Confederates.

Before 6.20 P. M. of September 13th, the Federal Commander, by a most remarkably strange accident of chance, was favored far beyond the bounds of the most improbable expectation by a coincidence which was the fortune of but two or three commanders, of whom record is made in the military history of the world. He obtained possession of a copy of General Lee's special order No. 191, of September 9th, from which he learned that General Jackson had been sent with six divisions to besiege Harper's Ferry, leaving General Lee with four divisions to do with in his immediate front. That this order was being carried out to the letter was confirmed by the advices of his signal officers on the 13th, by the thunder of McLaw's guns, on Maryland Heights, from about 2 P. M. on the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th, for about one hour, beginning after daylight, by the air vibrant and the hills shuddering from the rapid and continuous reports of the more than one hundred Confederate guns, firing from the surrounding heights upon the doomed garrison of Harper's Ferry, and by the more than half that number of Federal guns in reply, for about one hour, then an ominous and absolute silence for about ten minutes, followed by a terrific outburst of salvos, intermingled with a general artillery fire of the utmost rapidity possible for that number of guns, manned by energetic and expert artillerymen, for about five minutes; then, the final silence of Harper's Ferry. Comrades, those of you who were arrayed

upon the crest of South Mountain that morning, can you ever forget the calling of those guns?

At dawn of the 15th, there was on the Federal line on South Mountain and within close support thereof, 35 brigades with artillery complete, all of whom should have been, and probably were, ready to march at the roll of the drum. Fourteen brigades of Confederates were all they would have to do with before 8 A. M. of the 16th.

This was a time and a condition that surely indicated that the operations of this day, in any event and at every hazard, should be fierce, headlong and relentless pursuit, with commanders of heads of column under extreme pressure, to instantly assault any obstruction between them and close contact with the main body of the retreating enemy, with all the force they could command; in fact, to gain the object of the movement by sheer weight of numbers, should it seem that a more orderly attack would consume more time. The courage, stubborn determination and sustained heroic effort of the Federal troops on the 17th proved what they could have accomplished on the 15th, if they had been properly led and supported.

I have often pondered over the operations of that day, and have always come to the conclusion that the Almighty Power who rules the destinies of nations and of men, for some wise purpose of His, had decreed the result; otherwise, the overwhelming advantage of the Federals should not have failed of accomplishing the absolute destruction or capture of all upon this field that day.

Major General George B. McClellan, in his conduct of the operations of September 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, to my mind, did not come up to what might have been expected of him. Outside of his unfortunate letter writing, it appears that he was improving as a commander. He seemed, almost always, to take advantage of opportunities, and when he put his troops into battle, whether on the offensive or defensive, the enemy, as a rule, suffered the greater loss.

General Lee was held, and I believe justly, to have been a great scientific commander, whose skill enabled him to accomplish results at a minimum loss. On the other hand, some have claimed that General Grant never was influenced by the thought of the possible losses in his command when he believed fighting desperately might destroy something like an equal number of the enemy. And yet, from the time the Confederates took the offensive on the Peninsula, in front of Richmond, on June 26th, 1862, to the close of the Battle of Antietam, their loss in killed and wounded was 43,794, and the loss of the Federal Army under Grant, from the time of taking the offensive on May 4th, 1864, to the crossing of the James, on June 15th, in killed and wounded, was but 36,563.

General Lee lost, in fighting the troops under command of General McClellan, on the Peninsula, at South Mountain and Antietam, 33,348 in killed and wounded, while the loss of the troops with which McClellan opposed him in these operations, in killed and wounded was 23,191, and in Pope campaign, Lee's loss was 10,446 and the Federal loss 11,855 in killed and wounded.

At earliest dawn of the 15th, by 5 o'clock, or earlier, the Federals discovered that the Confederates had retreated. The Federal commander, it

appears, had directed the operations of the preceding day with considerable skill and energy. The co-operation of his immediate subordinates, generally, was worthy of praise, and the conduct of the troops was magnificent. But now, and during at least this and the three days next ensuing, it seemed as though some baleful magic of the preceding night had wrought a miraculous blight, for it was not until 8 o'clock that the heads of column debouched from the western ends of the blood-stained and death-encumbered Boonsboro and Fox's Pass gorges in pursuit. Three fateful hours lost! And through almost all of that time the calling of the guns at Harper's Ferry, and their memory, yet a vivid reality!

The gallant and energetic General Pleasonton was then far in advance with his cavalry. Early in the forenoon he came up with the Confederate cavalry rear guard at Boonsboro, instantly increased his pace to the charge, captured about two hundred and fifty of their number and drove the remainder through the place on the run, never halting until he had his skirmish line established on the eastern borders of the Antietam, from about in front of the Pry house to north of Keedysville.

The distance from the Federal line of battle on the mountain to Antietam was between seven and eight miles, and to come square across both Confederate flanks was but two miles farther for the Federal right column and three for the left. The roads were good, the day was clear, and the time from dawn to twilight that day was about fourteen hours. There was no resistance, except that at Boonsboro, which accelerated rather than retarded the advance, until the heads of column came within range of the Confederate batteries posted on the high ground west of the Antietam. And yet, all that was accomplished by the Federal army that long day was to establish, by about 5 P. M., a line of battle astride the Sharpsburg road, the First Division of the Second Corps, which led the Boonsboro column on the right, and the Second Division, Fifth Corps, which led the Fox's Pass column, on the left, between yonder crest and the stream, and push their skirmish line into contact with the enemy beyond it, and to place several batteries on the crest, on the rear of the right division and on its right.

As the columns arrived in the valley during the evening, they were massed and bivouacked in it and the adjoining hills on the east. The Battery moved with the Fox's Pass column, entered the valley a little southeast of the Pry house and moved slowly, with occasional halts, a short distance down the valley. While on nearly the last of these halts, the sun, red and threatening in appearance, sank below the horizon. It seemed but a moment and twilight had turned into darkness over us in our rough bivouack, and very many of the priceless hours of that long day seemed wasted, at the cost of frightful losses and unsatisfactory results two days later.

On the 16th, from daylight until about 11 o'clock, the weather was intensely sultry, and during much of that time there was a dense fog, which caused the suspension, from time to time, of the artillery fire, and probably interfered somewhat with the moving of troops into position. Had the preceding day been properly used, however, the lines of approach and attack would then have been selected and the fog might have been an ad-

vantage. About 11 o'clock, a slight breeze came up, the fog dispersed, the sky became slightly overcast with thin clouds and the heat became more bearable.

On the morning of the 16th, fourteen divisions of infantry with artillery complete and the cavalry division, an aggregate of between 50,000 and 60,000 effectives, were in hand within proper distance of the front for prompt and sustained attack. By about 2 P. M., the First Corps was formed with heads of column near the Keedysville crossings; the Twelfth Corps was within close support of the First, and the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps stood ready to follow the Twelfth. The Ninth Corps, four divisions, was moved into position bearing on the Burnside bridge, bivouacking in yonder hills, its centre about east of this point. During the day several batteries of long range guns were placed in position added to those placed the previous evening, on the crest between the Pry house and the Sharpsburg road, south of which several Fifth Corps batteries also were placed about the same time.

About 4 P. M. the First Corps began to cross the stream. After marching about two miles, having formed the line facing south, it came into contact with the enemy, developed their line and, about 5.40 o'clock, attacked. The action that followed was brief and partook more of the nature of a reconnoissance in force than of a sustained battle, and ceased at night-fall. The lines passed the night not far apart, with the picket lines very close together.

During the night, the Twelfth Corps crossed and bivouacked about a mile and a quarter in the rear of the First. The First Division of the Fifth Corps arrived and went into bivouack in the valley on the evening of the 16th.

On the forenoon of the 16th, Durell's Battery moved south in the valley, and during the afternoon, the Centre Section was in battery in a little triangle of woods, the point of which extended to near the Porterstown road. The guns were bearing in the direction of the Burnside bridge and were about 1600 yards northeast of it. At dark, the section, with the remainder of the Battery, went into bivouack in the south end of Thomason's field, almost on the Porterstown road, and several hundred yards north of its afternoon position.

On the forenoon of the 16th, Jackson, with two divisions, joined Lee, and during that day and night, three more divisions drew near to the rear of Sharpsburg, coming on the line early the next morning. About 41,000 effectives of all arms were engaged on this line on the day of battle, and at dawn all were on or within close support thereof, with the exception of one division then to march from Harper's Ferry, seventeen miles distance, and due to arrive on the field by 3 o'clock. It arrived! Later we may have something to say of what it did after its arrival.

The Confederates on this line were the flower of the Army of Northern Virginia. The weak, the faint-hearted and the indifferent had fallen out before their better comrades entered Maryland, leaving only the strong in physique and determined in spirit with the colors—the fellows who, at that period of the war, welcomed battle with a fierce joy, in the hope of better food, better clothing and equipment—the spoils of war. I distinctly

recollect that at that period of the war, I always mentally pictured them as hungry wolves in pursuit of prey, and in saying this I do not wish to imply a reproach. I feel that it is appropriate for me here to say, after pondering over this theme through the almost forty years since the close of the war, that the Army of Northern Virginia, taken as a whole, and considering the heat and bitterness of the relations between the embattled sections, in their respect of the rights of peaceful inhabitants, of the sanctity of homes and of non-military institutions, and in their bearing toward women, lived up to a standard as high and chivalrous as that of any true and manly men that ever campaigned upon the face of the earth.

Their stubborn and determined attempt to sunder this glorious nation and country aroused in the hearts of all its loyal citizens the utmost abhorrence and condemnation and a realization of the inexpressible and overwhelming disadvantage and ruin their success would entail upon the almost universal mass of the people of both sections; and upon their untold posterity, by the aggrandizement of a small slave-holding and office-holding aristocracy, whose arrogant aggression, encouraged by success, would render a peace between the sections sundered as uncertain and insecure as that which generally obtained between our neighboring South American States, instead of the security and strength and prosperity of a united country, cemented in the bonds of an absolute, national brotherhood and a true, fraternal regard of all for each and each for all within its limits, confirming their determination that our erring brethren must be kept within the fold, in any event and at every hazard, even to that of leveling towns and cities, sweeping our fair fields with flame and iron and lead, and require unheeded years to secure the victory for "One Country and One Flag."

The people of the North, naturally and in practice, were averse to violence. But when this issue and the leaders of the South forced the war upon them, our truest and best comrades volunteered by the hundreds of thousands, with the conviction that there must be no halt short of the utmost limit of effort, feeling then what we now know—that the result would justify the action and recompense the sacrifices. If, however, the dreadful contest had been protracted to the limit of extremity, the survivors would perhaps have enjoyed but little physical recompense, but the land would have remained, and the sentiment of "One Country and One Flag" would have been over all of it, and their posterity would glorify it down the ages. With them, there was no looking backward, and no thought but of the end in view. They realized the privations and the deprivations before them; the sickness, wounds and death. But for them the die was cast! and they submitted themselves to learn the hard lessons of desperate war with the same steadfastness of purpose with which they had applied themselves to acquiring their vocations in happier times.

Our dominant sentiment was of but slow and, perhaps, precarious growth among a portion of our late rebellious brethren, from the close of the war until about 1885. No doubt, much of this was due to the improper and undiplomatic conduct of a number of the persons assigned to the reconstruction work, their subordinates and hangers-on, Northern bigots, inconsiderates and wielders of the "Bloody Shirt" on the one side, and the

"Fire-Eaters and Irreconcilables" on the other, all of whom gradually and slowly passed from the scene, or ceased from troubling.


From about 1885, the sentiment grew with increasing certainty and regularity up to the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, the most comforting spectacle of which, to my mind, next to that of the magnificent work of our army and navy, was that of Major General Joseph Wheeler and Major General Fitzhugh Lee—and so much do I feel that they are now of us and with us that I was on the point of saying General Wheeler and General Lee—clad in the United States Army blue uniform of that rank, and performing the duties of their high office shoulder to shoulder, as it were, with the surviving veterans of the Union Army holding similar rank, and all of them showing by their superior work that they had not forgotten the lessons so hardly learned from 1861 to 1865. I feel that Major General Joseph Wheeler, at San Juan Hill, Cuba, nobly earned more than forgiveness for the part he had taken in the Rebellion, and that Major General Fitzhugh Lee did the same in Havana before the outbreak of the war, and in Cuba during and after the war.

A few minutes ago, before I digressed to tell our friends—our opponents of long ago—what we thought of them while doing the work they made so hard for us, I had told you my estimate of their rank and file as part of their fighting machine on this field. Now I will try to give my estimate of its armament and of the people who ran that machine, their general officers. The general officers commanding this force were probably not then excelled in military knowledge and the ability to apply it by any equal number of officers of similar rank in any army on the face of the earth. All were graduates of West Point, some of the elder ones having performed distinguished service in the Mexican War, ready and quick to use every detail of their training and experience to the best advantage, and singularly free from any personal desire, except the success of their cause and the scientific performance of their duties.

Their infantry arms and ammunition were equal in efficiency to those of the Federals. The guns of their artillery, with the exception of those of a few batteries were about equal to those of the Federals, several batteries of 20-pounder Parrotts, of which they had none. They claimed that their artillery ammunition was inferior to ours. It was always quite good enough for me. This force, thus commanded, enumerated and equipped, stood upon this line at dawn of September 17th, 1862, ready for and awaiting attack.

And now night had closed upon the field. The sounds of battle had subsided, save an occasional picket's gun and, later, several alarms in front of the wary First Corps away off on the right. Within something like a space of five miles square, the hills and valleys, fields and woods, as fair and beautiful to look upon as to-day, served as the couch of an hundred thousand American soldiers, as true and brave as any that ever awaited battle upon any field, whilst other thousands vigilantly guarded their lines and place of rest. The darkness, the silence and the soft night air lulled the tired host to sleep, while in splendor the bright stars shone upon the doomed and the exempt alike.

The few hours of rest and reprieve swiftly pass. Up from the eastern



horizon along the tree-topped summit of yonder dark South Mountain appears the first faintest sign of approaching dawn, seemingly but a slight shade of darkest gray upon black. One by one the silent stars fade from sight. The sleepers awake and, as the mind resumes its sway, start from their places of slumber, realizing the tremendous possibilities of the opening day. The victims of the coming day hastily perform their brief toilet for the fast approaching feast of death, and at earliest dawn all have had or are having their brief and frugal morning repast, and with arms and equipments to hand, await the signal to begin the deadly struggle.

The weather on the 17th was clear, and the waiting lasts but until the increasing light enables the eager First Corps men to find and see their equally alert foe over the front sights of their guns. Our ever ready and reliable Meade, with his Pennsylvania Reserves, the Third Division, gets the first sight, and with a rattle, a crash, and a roar, the battle is on, promptly joined by the other two divisions and the batteries on the crest.

Now, a moment with Durell's Battery. Before it was possible to see beyond a few hundred yards, its breakfasting men and feeding horses were brought into activity by the intrusion of shot and shell overshooting the crest in its front, and quickly as possible it was "In Battery" on that crest, east and slightly south from the National Cemetery, 1,200 yards south of the Sharpsburg road. As the first rays of the morning sun began showing along the tree tops on the mountain it opened fire, directing its guns on the more important bodies of the enemy, which from time to time came within its range, and for a short time, from about probably 6 o'clock, giving its best attention to large numbers of scattered Confederates fleeing across a large plowed field from in front of the First Corps' attack.

A detailed description of the battle would take more time and space than we can afford, and for our purpose the story will be brief.

The Federal commander and some of his immediate subordinates caused the battle to be fought with, practically, but about 45,000 to 50,000 men in actual contact—the effectives of the First, Twelfth, Second and Ninth Corps, part of the cavalry and all of its batteries, and Hancock's Brigade of the Sixth Corps—which incurred a loss of over 20 per cent. The remainder of the Sixth Corps, the Fifth Corps and Couch's Division were so slightly engaged on the edges of the battle that their losses, including that of Hancock's Brigade, was but 2 per cent. of their aggregate of 29,550 on their morning reports.

The First Corps fought its desperate battle alone, and by 7 o'clock was exhausted and in fragments, the largest of which consisted of probably about 500 men under command of the stubborn General Ricketts of the Second Division, and all of them but barely able to hold on until over their debris, the Twelfth's 7,000 was led into action by the gallant and aged Mansfield, hat in hand, his white hair streaming in the smoke and the iron and leaden storm of battle, while the watch of time was rapidly ticking off the remaining minutes of his noble life.

The Twelfth Corps also fought its desperate battle alone, except for the slight assistance of the scattered portions of the First yet holding on to a few points of vantage, until by about 9 o'clock, it was fought to a stand and barely able to hold on while the three divisions of the Second came

into action separately and at varying intervals, both as to time and the distance between them on the field.

About 10.30 o'clock the Second Division, Second Corps, the first to get into action, met with a serious disaster while alone and three-quarters of a mile to the right of the right flank of the Third Division, the next to its left, losing about 2,000 men, shot down in a moment, and by promptly retreating by the right flank, barely escaped being surrounded. About 10 o'clock, the Second Division, Sixth Corps, came upon the field, by brigades, to different parts of the line. Hancock, commanding one of the brigades, performed brilliant and effective service.

During this piecemeal attack on the right, the battle was carried on continuously on some part of that line, and never more than 15,000 Federals engaged at one and the same time. The lines generally were within very close range of each other, and frequently riddled and tore each other to pieces. Every Confederate soldier on that field was engaged in the battle, and kept in, so long as he could stand, to the end of the fight. Brigades were fought until in fragments, out of ammunition or driven off; then the fragments were gathered together, supplied with cartridges and again taken into action.

The battle upon this part of the field generally ceased about 1 o'clock, leaving hundreds of acres of those fair fields and woods torn with shot and shell, reeking with blood, fragments of what once were men, the stench of battle, and strewn with the many thousand of killed and wounded of both sides.

Now, a moment with Durell's Battery. At about 9 o'clock it was ordered from its position on the crest to report to the Ninth Corps, and moved by way of the Porterstown road, and through fields, to a point about 300 yards northwest from the J. F. Miller house, where it came into line overlooking the Burnside bridge about 1,200 yards away.

The Burnside bridge and the ford below it were defended by about 500 infantry and two batteries, assisted by the fire of some guns on the high ground about 800 yards northwest from the bridge, which had an accurate range of it and its nearer approaches. For a time at least, during the afternoon, these guns had not less than one shell exploding or hurtling over the bridge, or close to it, every five seconds, and sometimes at closer intervals. It is claimed that Burnside, as early as 8 o'clock, was ordered to carry the crossings, but it was not until after 11 o'clock that the first attempt was weakly made and repulsed. Soon after, another attempt also failed, with heavier losses.

About 12.15 P. M. the Centre Section, under command of Lieutenant Silvis, was ordered to a position about 500 yards north of the bridge, on the southern slope of the crest facing it. The section left the Battery in front of the Miller house and moved down through the fields to a point on the branch of the Porterstown road, about 120 yards east of the position assigned it. On the side of this road, between it and the position, was a very steep and heavily wooded uprise for about forty yards, and as many infantrymen as could lay hold of carriages, horses or harness, almost literally lifted the guns up the hill, after which they were immediately moved forward, in column of pieces, about eighty yards, and came into "action

left," bringing the guns to bear across the bridge just as the rear of the two regiments, the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and the Fifty-first New York were on the south half of the bridge, and the smoke of the last volleys of the Confederates in the woods, on the high bank about fifteen yards in front of, and about fifteen feet above the south end of the bridge, still partly hid the trees. The gunners of the section were intently scanning that smoke-covered piece of woods to find their target, when some guns, about 700 yards on its right flank, opened fire on it from beyond a wood so dense that even their smoke was not visible from the section, but their range was so accurate that not a shot struck more than fifteen yards beyond either flank. The smoke quickly disappeared from the trees beyond the bridge—so had the Confederates over their little hill—and the section limbered to the front, moved down to and across the bridge, the first guns to cross.

When Lieutenant Silvis, riding two yards in advance of his column, reached the far end of the bridge, Captain McKibben, a staff officer, directed him to take his guns up the Sharpsburg road, which leads in a north-westerly direction for about 300 yards, parallel with the stream, and then turns short away from it and directly southwest towards Sharpsburg. When Silvis got around the turn, he found himself in a narrow road leading up an acclivity of about 30 degrees for about 175 yards to a smooth, rounded face at the top. This road was scarped down from four to eight feet from yet higher slopes. A glance showed that it would be impossible for the unsupported section to go over that face and survive the concentrated fire which its appearance would immediately subject it to long enough to get into "battery" and fire a single shot, and it would have been impossible to chock a piece on that face to bear over the top. The Lieutenant, therefore, very wisely reversed the section, to do which it was necessary to unlimber the guns and run one wheel of each gun carriage up the steep scarp to enable the limbers to pass.

The Lieutenant, with his section, immediately returned to the bridge, where he was joined by Captain Ravolle, Chief of Artillery of the division to which the battery belonged, and, without halting, the little column moved along the road south from the bridge, about 100 yards; then turning to the right into a field, back of the little wooded hill south of the bridge. It moved in a direction a little north of west over some low ground, and then up along the north side of a little ravine, to a point about 500 yards a little south of west of the bridge. This point was in the southeastern corner of a grass field, adjoining a plowed field on its south. The western fence, through which the section had come, ran at right angles with the fence between the plowed field and the field in which the section was halted.

Officers and Chiefs of Piece dismounted and took a survey of the situation. The section stood in a little basin, bounded by a quadrant of crest with a radius of about 70 yards from the southeast angle of its field. The top of this crest was not less than 12 or 15 feet higher than the ground on which the section was halted, and screened it completely from the enemy. At this moment, this was a delightfully quiet place. The air was pleasant and the day bright, and every countenance in that little

party of 27 officers and men bore a calm and peaceful expression. Looking directly east from this point, they could almost see into the muzzles of Benjamin's, McMullin's, Cook's and Muhlenberg's guns as they stood "In Battery," bearing on the batteries of the enemy, in position near Sharpsburg, and firing an occasional shot at them which would pass over the section at an elevation of probably two or three hundred feet; and looking down the acclivity over which the section came, for about 300 yards, the advance of the infantry was at halt, generally lying down.

This breathing spell lasted but a few minutes, when the Captain and Silvis cautiously advanced along the worm fence toward the crest, first upright, then stooping, and at last crawling prone, until they could look over it. Corporals Buckman and Carver also got a view of the situation, and all returned in the reverse order of their advance, reporting several stacks about 200 yards in our front and some guns in position about 700 yards in front of the stacks.

Captain Ravolle said: "Their guns are there and they, too, are there. Action front, load with 2 second case, 2 degrees elevation; we will load and move the guns by hand to the front until they bear and get the first shot anyway." These orders were quietly and promptly executed up to inserting the fuse. The Sergeant of the sixth piece cut a fuse, took a case from No. 6. took out the tow plug and turned the case to see whether the exploding charge was free. The powder looked pasty and he tried another, and a third with like result. Inserting the blade of his knife and finding the powder a paste, two paces brought him beside the Captain to know whether he thought it would "go." Incidentally, every one of those case shot exploded as desired later that day. May not this seeming defect have been a condition Providential for those isolated 27 officers and men? Had those guns opened fire from that crest they would certainly have immediately received the concentrated fire of artillery and infantry then quietly awaiting the appearance of Burnside's line of battle!

The Captain looked and, turning to Silvis, said: "Lieutenant, on second thought, we will not open fire until we get up the other four guns; send some one with my order to Captain Durell to bring the balance of his battery."

The Sergeant was directed to carry the order, and, as he was passing out of that quiet little basin, two skirmishers crossed the fence into the plowed field, about twenty yards south of the dividing fence, and advanced toward a standing and fallen tree about forty yards in their front. They had not advanced more than fifteen paces, however, before the enemy's bullets began to cut the earth about them, appearing to come in a glancing, downward direction, presumably from the tops of the stacks in their right front. How the two skirmishers fared is for some one else to tell.

At this moment, Captain Durell was about 800 yards northeast of the bridge, leading his guns to the front. The bridge at that time was crowded with troops being hurried to the front, with a guard stationed at the south end to prevent any but accredited officers and orderlies from passing north. About the time the Sergeant began to wonder how he was to get to the Captain with the order, he was relieved to see him approaching, leading his guns into the bridge road, and about 300 yards distant. He was soon

piloted over the route that the section had taken and to within about 100 yards of its advanced position. In the meantime, the section had fallen back about 50 yards, and when the Battery came to a halt, rejoined it. During the first ten minutes the section occupied the advanced position, it was at least 300 yards in advance of all other Federal troops south of the bridge.

A regular battery had preceded Durell's four guns, and was at a halt in line about 50 yards east of the plowed field and about 80 yards south of the section's line of advance, and a line of battle had advanced to near the fence, along in front of that battery, when suddenly a heavy artillery fire was opened on both. This artillery fire was gradually re-enforced by their infantry. Durell's battery was then ordered to its last position on this field, and about this time the Sergeant returned to the bridge in an effort to get the caissons over, his gun moving into position under command of its very efficient gunner, Corporal I. Cary Carver.

This position of the battery was about 500 yards in an easterly direction from this point, on that little round-crested ridge, which it took under a heavy fire of infantry and artillery. The batteries were frequently silenced and always troubled, but the rifle balls ever were with us.

I distinctly remember the experience of the Sergeant upon his return to the battery, accompanying the Captain from the bridge, after failure of the final efforts to get the caissons over. Leaving his horse with his wheel driver, he walked towards his gun, about 20 yards in front of the limber hanging on the declivity in its rear, and while walking this distance through the dry, standing timothy, which appeared to be alive with wriggling, hissing, whizzing rifle balls, his most prominent thought was of how to avoid stepping in their way, until the ludicrousness of finding himself walking on his toes changed his line of thought, and a few strides brought him to his gun.

On approaching the crest, the most prominent feature of that sky line was the Napoleonic figure of Lieutenant Loeser, clad in a large military overcoat, pacing back and forth between his guns. The Lieutenant had a severe attack of jaundice, and a dark, saffron complexion. When he was first taken with the complaint, the Surgeon wished to send him to the rear, but the Lieutenant said: "This is no time for sick leave, and so long as I can crawl I propose to remain with the battery."

This was a warm place, but, as was always the case when the battery got down to hard pounding, the "boys" were as cool as if on battery drill and as full of business as nailers. The guns stood about fifteen yards in the rear of a parallel fence which, beginning in front of the right of the battery, on ground about five feet lower than that upon which the guns stood, gradually descended toward the left of the battery, where it was about fifteen feet below the guns. Lying and crouching along this fence was a skirmish line on the lookout for any sharpshooters who might try to pick off the men of the battery. At one time, during the warmest part of the action, one of the gunners of McIlvain's section, I think, called for cannister, but was overruled by the Lieutenant because it might endanger the men along the fence. While in this position two men of the left section were each struck with a bullet from the same case shot—Isaiah J. Sellers

was pierced through the lung, the ball passing through his body, and John C. Sherwood was shot through the calf. Sherwood died in the hospital from the effect of his wound several months later, while Sellers lived for many years after, but with many painful reminders of Antietam.

About the time that the Battery began moving to this position, near 3 P. M., the Ninth Corps was formed and began its attack. The right wing progressed more rapidly than the left, had won its way almost to the outskirts of Sharpsburg, and was rapidly overcoming and demoralizing the enemy in its front, when the advent of Hill's division on our left front and left flank changed the fortune of the afternoon, gradually forcing back the Federal line, especially on the left, and when twilight began, it was but fairly holding the crests from which it had advanced to the attack.

Had the Ninth Corps been promptly moved to the attack when ordered in the afternoon, and had it assaulted the bridge and ford with sufficient force, as it did three or four hours later, and then promptly pushed the advance on Sharpsburg, there is no reason to doubt that it would have rolled up the Confederate right beyond its line of retreat and incited new effort on the part of some of our commanders on the right and centre. This would have cleared the field of resistance before the appearance of Hill's division, and would have taken care of it after its arrival. Longstreet said that "they were so completely crushed at the close of the day that 10,000 fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything it had." And from 10 o'clock in the morning of that day there were arrayed within close striking distance more than twice 10,000 Federal troops, who were not brought close enough to the enemy to fire a shot in line of battle; yet all that was needed to put that powerful and efficient body of troops into the battle was the word of command.

This was the longest continuous close-range fire, from infantry and artillery combined, to which the Battery was ever subjected in the open field. The conformation of the crest, upon which the guns stood, was so narrow and round that they had to be placed in front of the crest to prevent their recoil down the declivity in their rear, thus fully exposing everything connected with them, except the limbers, horses and drivers, and no doubt many of the latter from time to time went up to the guns, "just to see what was going on."

The Battery was certainly fortunate as to its losses, considering the exposed position in which it was subjected to that continuous and heavy fire. When it became doubtful about getting the caissons over, the remaining projectiles in the limbers were generally expended in the most careful and deliberate manner. Had the caissons been permitted to take their places with the Battery within forty minutes after it took its last position, I believe that end of the line would have presented a different appearance during the last hour preceding sunset. The ammunition chests and wagons of the Battery were filled at the Washington Arsenal less than two weeks preceding that day with the best projectiles and charges the Battery ever fired. The men were in such thorough condition and perfect drill, and the gunners had had so much firing practice in the engagements of the preceding month, that, with a full supply of that superior ammunition in hand

and their command of the different ranges in their front, the Battery would have been a veritable little volcano.

With only the caunnister remaining, the Battery was ordered to recross the bridge. It left its position just as twilight began, rejoined the caissons, and after dark went into bivouack on about the same ground it occupied the previous night.

After nightfall, the firing along the lines gradually subsided to an occasional picket's shot; the great battle was over, and night shrouded the hideous field upon which lay 4808 dead, and upon which had fallen 18,573 wounded, very many of whom were not removed until well on in the 18th, and some not until the 19th.

We, the representatives of Durell's Battery, accept from our great Commonwealth this appropriate and substantial Memorial Tribute, with grateful appreciation.

And now, how may we most worthily dedicate this monument?

Upon a somewhat similar occasion, almost forty-one years ago, Abraham Lincoln, one of the noblest and best of the great men of the earth, in a classic which will be read and admired as long as English literature shall exist, said in part:

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

"We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

"It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground.

"The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

But different conditions prevail to-day. This monument has already been dedicated, by our great State, to the memory and services of this Battery, and it has also been dedicated by the devotion of the members of this Battery, and by the suffering and blood of its wounded upon this field on that day forty-two years ago.

And now, to me, it seems appropriate that we, the active members of our rapidly diminishing Durell's Battery Survivors' Association, here assembled, should, by the expression of the sincere sentiment of our hearts, also dedicate this monument to be our Symbol of Desire for "One Country and One Flag."

And, standing so near that once portentous line I feel that we should also dedicate it to be our token to all south of that line, that it was that sentiment and the desire to have them to be of us and with us which nerved

our hearts and the hearts of the hundreds of thousands of our truest and best comrades who continued in the dreadful contest to the bitter end, always hoping that the day might soon come when our brethren of the South would know us better and be reconciled to accept our dominant sentiment, and would learn to appreciate that it was for these two objects, and these only, that we struggled with a fervor like unto that of Jacob when wrestling with his God.

Then followed the address of Lieut. Charles A. Cuffel:

Comrades of Durell's Battery: We read in the Bible how the Lord parted the waters of the Jordan, and the children of Israel passed over dry shod. In commemoration of this event the Lord directed Joshua to have one man from each tribe take up a stone from the bed of the river, and having come to the other side, build there a monument. And the purpose of it was this: "So that, when your children ask, in time to come, 'What mean these stones?' it shall be told them that the Lord showed His favor to the children of Israel."


The monument set up at Gilgal was to tell the story to the children in time to come.

We, my comrades, are here to-day to set up a pile of stones, as did Israel at Gilgal, to tell the story to those who may come after us, and who will ask, "What mean these stones?"

The Lord has indeed showed His favor to us, in crowning our cause with victory and preserving a united country; in sparing our lives and permitting us, forty-two years since last we met here, to dedicate this monument—a very appropriate memorial to the services rendered by Durell's Battery upon this battlefield. As we offered our lives to the protection of our State and the preservation of the Union, so we now and here dedicate this pile of stones, surmounted by a statue of an artillerist, to mark the advanced position held by the battery in the sanguinary battle of Antietam.

If there is any field of all the battle-grounds upon which the Battery fought, where it is appropriate to erect a monument to commemorate its deeds of valor, it is upon this crest, where it stood so firmly and delivered crushing blows upon the Confederate artillery opposing it. The field upon which it fought three days previous, upon yonder South Mountain, may well be accorded second place, for there it also subdued strong resistance from the enemy's batteries; but, for stubborn fighting, giving and receiving terrific showers of shot and shell, the contest at this point was supreme in raging fury.

In the struggle to force a crossing of the Antietam and the subsequent advance to this position, the battery had the distinguished honor of being the first artillery to cross the bridge in the valley below, so gallantly stormed and captured by Colonel Hartranft and his indomitable Fifty-first regiment. It was no small degree of honor to have followed where the intrepid Hartranft led. Commanded to charge the bridge and effect a crossing where others had failed, he advanced his command to the attack and swept away all opposition. His victory made it possible for the Ninth Army Corps to cross the stream and establish its line along this crest. Had



the movement failed the battle would have been prolonged and possibly lost, and General Lee would have been enabled to carry out his cherished plan of invading Pennsylvania. Moreover, instead of the result of the battle paving the way for President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, it would have deferred the promulgation of that immortal decree which broke the shackles from millions of slaves.

In meditation upon the stirring scenes which occurred at this point, I have speculated as to what might have been the result if our gunners—Conrad, Burden, Dunlap, Bender, Buckman and Carver—had not been the excellent marksmen that they were; or if the cool, sagacious, gallant Durell and his efficient lieutenants had not been able, on the instant, to note the distance to the point to be aimed at. The result might have been a scene similar to that which took place on yonder crest—cannoneers driven from their guns, artillery carriages crushed and the battery horses cut down. But the dexterous handling of the guns and accuracy of the shots enabled Durell's Battery to withstand the superior number of the enemy's guns, which bore upon this point from three different quarters—Wise's Battery in front, the Washington Artillery from the Cemetery, and the Battery upon the heights above Snavelly's Ford—until Clark's Battery came to the support and the enemy's fire was weakened.

Then followed that spectacular scene enacted by the Hawkin's Zouaves, who passed through the line of our guns and advanced to charge Wise's Battery. How steadily and strenuously the well-nigh perfectly aligned ranks moved forward, the regimental flags proudly floating in the hot September breeze, the landscape here and there dotted with the red-trousered heroes who fell as the line advanced up yonder higher crest, the men closing up, shoulder to shoulder, as fast as a vacancy occurred in the line, until within a hundred yards from the enemy's battery, when the pace was increased to a rush, the battery was captured and its guns turned upon the foe. Alas! the Zouaves received no infantry support, and were soon driven back by superior numbers, pouring an enfilading fire into their line such as no troops could face.

The artillery fire again waxed hot, in which Durell's Battery acquitted itself with credit. The enemy's infantry advanced and a shower of bullets flew through the battery. The gallant Schuylkill miners—the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania—held the line of the stone wall in the ravine in our front, while the battery hurled time shell and shrapnel over their heads into the advancing enemy. His advance was checked and our line was substantially maintained when night came on and stopped further operations.

It was no meagre service, my comrades, that you rendered upon this ground on September 17, 1862, and you are to be congratulated that you had the exalted privilege of performing a part in a work that resulted in such great good to our country. May your years be lengthened much beyond the allotted span of three score and ten, and may you be privileged to make many pilgrimages to this your Gilgal, where we, too, now dedicate a monument to tell the story, to those who may come after us, of service to our country by Durell's Battery.



DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Branch Avenue.

One of the most interesting subjects to be found in this collection of thirteen statue monuments is the statue of a batteryman selected by the Committee from Durell's Battery. An entirely new pose is here depicted, and the statue has attracted much attention and favorable comment. It represents a young artilleryman stripped to the waist, sponge-staff in left hand, a moment after he has rammed home the charge, and it has been hurled into the ranks of the foe, and as the smoke clears, eagerly scanning the enemies' position with right hand, unconsciously elevated above the level of the eyes to aid his sight, to see what the result may be of the last shot. The anxious, serious expression of the face, the unusually fine treatment of trousers, and undershirt, together with the "abandonment" of the treatment of the figure and drapery is especially noticeable. This model was also from Mr. E. L. A. Pausch's studio.

The pedestal especially lends itself to the pose of the statue and is essentially an Artillery Memorial in its details and conception. Two wide lower bases, rough quarry-faced, support a wide scotia lined plinth, which in turn supports an exceptionally well proportioned die stone, which tapers finely to the cap stone. The cap stone, with its finely carved members, and rounded edges give a finish to the whole that is entirely new and original. On the raised pediment of plinth stone is cut in full relief the Ninth Army Corps Badge and on each of the four corners of the second lower base stone is a large finely polished cannon ball, symbolic of the Artillery arm of the service.

A bronze panel on front of die furnishes the command's inscription and it's record in this action, as follows:

DURELL'S
INDEPENDENT
BATTERY "D"
PENNSYLVANIA
ARTILLERY
2ND BRIGADE 2ND DIVISION
9TH CORPS
POSTED 375 YARDS SOUTH
70 DEGREES EAST
CASUALTIES AT ANTIETAM
WOUNDED 3
RECRUITED IN BERKS AND BUCKS COUNTIES
BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN
KELLY'S FORD JACKSON
BRISTOE STATION WILDERNESS
SECOND BULL RUN SPOTSYLVANIA
CHANTILLY PETERSBURG
SOUTH MOUNTAIN THE CRATER
ANTIETAM REAM'S STATION
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS POPLAR SPRING CHURCH
FREDERICKSBURG FORT STEDMAN
VICKSBURG
ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG

APPENDIX.

REGIMENTAL COMMITTEES IN CHARGE OF MONUMENTS.

- 45th Regiment—John I. Curtin,
John B. Emery,
James A. Meyers.
- 48th Regiment—Robert A. Reid,
James May,
George Farne.
- 50th Regiment—Samuel K. Schwenk,
H. T. Kendall,
J. D. Johnston.
- 51st Regiment—John Bunner,
J. B. Brooks,
George W. Foote.
- 100th Regiment—Norman J. Maxwell,
John W. Morrison,
J. L. McFeeters,
John C. Stevenson.
- 124th Regiment—Robert M. Green,
John Pugh,
John D. Howard.
- 125th Regiment—William W. Wallace.
Thomas McCamant,
Josiah D. Hicks.
- 128th Regiment—Frederick M. Yeager,
William A. Goranflo,
Joseph S. Richards.
- 130th Regiment—Dr. Samuel M. Whistler,
John Kirk,
Michael W. French.
- 132d Regiment—John Fern,
Frederick L. Hitchcock,
A. H. Sharpless.
- 137th Regiment—David A. Gilland,
John O'Neil,
Roger Morgan.
- 12th Cavalry—Malden Valentine,
J. A. Walters,
D. B. Jenkins.
- Durell's Battery—Charles A. Cuffel,
George Douglas,
Charles M. MacCorkle.

into action separately and at varying intervals, both as to time and the distance between them on the field.

About 10.30 o'clock the Second Division, Second Corps, the first to get into action, met with a serious disaster while alone and three-quarters of a mile to the right of the right flank of the Third Division, the next to its left, losing about 2,000 men, shot down in a moment, and by promptly retreating by the right flank, barely escaped being surrounded. About 10 o'clock, the Second Division, Sixth Corps, came upon the field, by brigades, to different parts of the line. Hancock, commanding one of the brigades, performed brilliant and effective service.

During this piecemeal attack on the right, the battle was carried on continuously on some part of that line, and never more than 15,000 Federals engaged at one and the same time. The lines generally were within very close range of each other, and frequently riddled and tore each other to pieces. Every Confederate soldier on that field was engaged in the battle, and kept in, so long as he could stand, to the end of the fight. Brigades were fought until in fragments, out of ammunition or driven off; then the fragments were gathered together, supplied with cartridges and again taken into action.

The battle upon this part of the field generally ceased about 1 o'clock, leaving hundreds of acres of those fair fields and woods torn with shot and shell, reeking with blood, fragments of what once were men, the stench of battle, and strewn with the many thousand of killed and wounded of both sides.

Now, a moment with Durell's Battery. At about 9 o'clock it was ordered from its position on the crest to report to the Ninth Corps, and moved by way of the Porterstown road, and through fields, to a point about 300 yards northwest from the J. F. Miller house, where it came into line overlooking the Burnside bridge about 1,200 yards away.

The Burnside bridge and the ford below it were defended by about 500 infantry and two batteries, assisted by the fire of some guns on the high ground about 800 yards northwest from the bridge, which had an accurate range of it and its nearer approaches. For a time at least, during the afternoon, these guns had not less than one shell exploding or hurtling over the bridge, or close to it, every five seconds, and sometimes at closer intervals. It is claimed that Burnside, as early as 8 o'clock, was ordered to carry the crossings, but it was not until after 11 o'clock that the first attempt was weakly made and repulsed. Soon after, another attempt also failed, with heavier losses.

About 12.15 P. M. the Centre Section, under command of Lieutenant Silvis, was ordered to a position about 500 yards north of the bridge, on the southern slope of the crest facing it. The section left the Battery in front of the Miller house and moved down through the fields to a point on the branch of the Porterstown road, about 120 yards east of the position assigned it. On the side of this road, between it and the position, was a very steep and heavily wooded uprise for about forty yards, and as many infantrymen as could lay hold of carriages, horses or harness, almost literally lifted the guns up the hill, after which they were immediately moved forward, in column of pieces, about eighty yards, and came into "action

left," bringing the guns to bear across the bridge just as the rear of the two regiments, the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and the Fifty-first New York were on the south half of the bridge, and the smoke of the last volleys of the Confederates in the woods, on the high bank about fifteen yards in front of, and about fifteen feet above the south end of the bridge, still partly hid the trees. The gunners of the section were intently scanning that smoke-covered piece of woods to find their target, when some guns, about 700 yards on its right flank, opened fire on it from beyond a wood so dense that even their smoke was not visible from the section, but their range was so accurate that not a shot struck more than fifteen yards beyond either flank. The smoke quickly disappeared from the trees beyond the bridge—so had the Confederates over their little hill—and the section limbered to the front, moved down to and across the bridge, the first guns to cross.

When Lieutenant Silvis, riding two yards in advance of his column, reached the far end of the bridge, Captain McKibben, a staff officer, directed him to take his guns up the Sharpsburg road, which leads in a north-westerly direction for about 300 yards, parallel with the stream, and then turns short away from it and directly southwest towards Sharpsburg. When Silvis got around the turn, he found himself in a narrow road leading up an acclivity of about 30 degrees for about 175 yards to a smooth, rounded face at the top. This road was scarped down from four to eight feet from yet higher slopes. A glance showed that it would be impossible for the unsupported section to go over that face and survive the concentrated fire which its appearance would immediately subject it to long enough to get into "battery" and fire a single shot, and it would have been impossible to chock a piece on that face to bear over the top. The Lieutenant, therefore, very wisely reversed the section, to do which it was necessary to unlumber the guns and run one wheel of each gun carriage up the steep scarp to enable the limbers to pass.

The Lieutenant, with his section, immediately returned to the bridge, where he was joined by Captain Ravelle, Chief of Artillery of the division to which the battery belonged, and, without halting, the little column moved along the road south from the bridge, about 100 yards; then turning to the right into a field, back of the little wooded hill south of the bridge. It moved in a direction a little north of west over some low ground, and then up along the north side of a little ravine, to a point about 500 yards a little south of west of the bridge. This point was in the southeastern corner of a grass field, adjoining a plowed field on its south. The western fence, through which the section had come, ran at right angles with the fence between the plowed field and the field in which the section was halted.

Officers and Chiefs of Piece dismounted and took a survey of the situation. The section stood in a little basin, bounded by a quadrant of crest with a radius of about 70 yards from the southeast angle of its field. The top of this crest was not less than 12 or 15 feet higher than the ground on which the section was halted, and screened it completely from the enemy. At this moment, this was a delightfully quiet place. The air was pleasant and the day bright, and every countenance in that little

party of 27 officers and men bore a calm and peaceful expression. Looking directly east from this point, they could almost see into the muzzles of Benjamin's, McMullin's, Cook's and Muhlenberg's guns as they stood "In Battery," bearing on the batteries of the enemy, in position near Sharpsburg, and firing an occasional shot at them which would pass over the section at an elevation of probably two or three hundred feet; and looking down the acclivity over which the section came, for about 300 yards, the advance of the infantry was at halt, generally lying down.

This breathing spell lasted but a few minutes, when the Captain and Silvis cautiously advanced along the worm fence toward the crest, first upright, then stooping, and at last crawling prone, until they could look over it. Corporals Buckman and Carver also got a view of the situation, and all returned in the reverse order of their advance, reporting several stacks about 200 yards in our front and some guns in position about 700 yards in front of the stacks.

Captain Ravolle said: "Their guns are there and they, too, are there. Action front, load with 2 second case, 2 degrees elevation; we will load and move the guns by hand to the front until they bear and get the first shot anyway." These orders were quietly and promptly executed up to inserting the fuse. The Sergeant of the sixth piece cut a fuse, took a case from No. 6. took out the tow plug and turned the case to see whether the exploding charge was free. The powder looked pasty and he tried another, and a third with like result. Inserting the blade of his knife and finding the powder a paste, two paces brought him beside the Captain to know whether he thought it would "go." Incidentally, every one of those case shot exploded as desired later that day. May not this seeming defect have been a condition Providential for those isolated 27 officers and men? Had those guns opened fire from that crest they would certainly have immediately received the concentrated fire of artillery and infantry then quietly awaiting the appearance of Burnside's line of battle!

The Captain looked and, turning to Silvis, said: "Lieutenant, on second thought, we will not open fire until we get up the other four guns; send some one with my order to Captain Durell to bring the balance of his battery."

The Sergeant was directed to carry the order, and, as he was passing out of that quiet little basin, two skirmishers crossed the fence into the plowed field, about twenty yards south of the dividing fence, and advanced toward a standing and fallen tree about forty yards in their front. They had not advanced more than fifteen paces, however, before the enemy's bullets began to cut the earth about them, appearing to come in a glancing, downward direction, presumably from the tops of the stacks in their right front. How the two skirmishers fared is for some one else to tell.

At this moment, Captain Durell was about 800 yards northeast of the bridge, leading his guns to the front. The bridge at that time was crowded with troops being hurried to the front, with a guard stationed at the south end to prevent any but accredited officers and orderlies from passing north. About the time the Sergeant began to wonder how he was to get to the Captain with the order, he was relieved to see him approaching, leading his guns into the bridge road, and about 300 yards distant. He was soon

piloted over the route that the section had taken and to within about 100 yards of its advanced position. In the meantime, the section had fallen back about 50 yards, and when the Battery came to a halt, rejoined it. During the first ten minutes the section occupied the advanced position, it was at least 300 yards in advance of all other Federal troops south of the bridge.

A regular battery had preceded Durell's four guns, and was at a halt in line about 50 yards east of the plowed field and about 80 yards south of the section's line of advance, and a line of battle had advanced to near the fence, along in front of that battery, when suddenly a heavy artillery fire was opened on both. This artillery fire was gradually re-enforced by their infantry. Durell's battery was then ordered to its last position on this field, and about this time the Sergeant returned to the bridge in an effort to get the caissons over, his gun moving into position under command of its very efficient gunner, Corporal I. Cary Carver.

This position of the battery was about 500 yards in an easterly direction from this point, on that little round-crested ridge, which it took under a heavy fire of infantry and artillery. The batteries were frequently silenced and always troubled, but the rifle balls ever were with us.

I distinctly remember the experience of the Sergeant upon his return to the battery, accompanying the Captain from the bridge, after failure of the final efforts to get the caissons over. Leaving his horse with his wheel driver, he walked towards his gun, about 20 yards in front of the limber hanging on the declivity in its rear, and while walking this distance through the dry, standing timothy, which appeared to be alive with wriggling, hissing, whizzing rifle balls, his most prominent thought was of how to avoid stepping in their way, until the ludicrousness of finding himself walking on his toes changed his line of thought, and a few strides brought him to his gun.

On approaching the crest, the most prominent feature of that sky line was the Napoleonic figure of Lieutenant Loeser, clad in a large military overcoat, pacing back and forth between his guns. The Lieutenant had a severe attack of jaundice, and a dark, saffron complexion. When he was first taken with the complaint, the Surgeon wished to send him to the rear, but the Lieutenant said: "This is no time for sick leave, and so long as I can crawl I propose to remain with the battery."

This was a warm place, but, as was always the case when the battery got down to hard pounding, the "boys" were as cool as if on battery drill and as full of business as nailers. The guns stood about fifteen yards in the rear of a parallel fence which, beginning in front of the right of the battery, on ground about five feet lower than that upon which the guns stood, gradually descended toward the left of the battery, where it was about fifteen feet below the guns. Lying and crouching along this fence was a skirmish line on the lookout for any sharpshooters who might try to pick off the men of the battery. At one time, during the warmest part of the action, one of the gunners of McIlvain's section, I think, called for cannister, but was overruled by the Lieutenant because it might endanger the men along the fence. While in this position two men of the left section were each struck with a bullet from the same case shot—Isaiah J. Sellers

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

for the monument will not be required until such time as the Commission requests it.

Enclosed herewith you will find a circular which please fill up and return to me at once.

Yours respectfully,

Secretary.

CIRCULAR NO. 3.

Philadelphia, December 8, 1903.

The Antietam Battlefield Commission of Pennsylvania, at a meeting held on the 5th of December, 1903, had before it, by invitation, Mr. William B. Van Amringe, representing the Van Amringe Granite Company, of Boston, Mass., who presented a proposition for the erection of the thirteen Regimental Monuments on the Battlefield of Antietam, which, after careful consideration, looking to the best results to be obtained, the Commission unanimously accepted, and thereupon agreed to award the contract for the manufacture and erection of these monuments to the Granite Company named.

In arriving at this conclusion the Commission has been prompted by the belief that the best results to the State, the commands and itself, can be attained in that it has secured a thoroughly responsible and capable party to do the entire work, insuring greater uniformity in carrying out the scheme of statue monuments, with true artistic effect, and further, nearly all of the Committees representing the Commands interested have indicated their preference for the company named, as the party best equipped to do the work creditably.

The ideas to be typified by the statue designs submitted have received the approval of the Commission, and it is desired that the Commands who have submitted drawings other than those of the Van Amringe Company put themselves, without delay, in communication with the Company, with a view of securing a drawing embodying the statue idea chosen, which drawing shall be satisfactory to themselves and the Commission, in order that the entire work can be pushed to as speedy a conclusion as possible.


J. W. HAWLEY, President,
O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
WM. J. BOLTON,

Attest: Antietam Battlefield Commission of Pennsylvania.

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,

Secretary, pro tem.

P. S.—Please send inscriptions to O. C. Bosbyshell per marked copy of Circular No. 1, herewith enclosed.



CIRCULAR NO. 4.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1904.

We desire to notify the Commands named in the Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, approved the 14th day of April, 1903, that arrangements are in progress for the dedication at Antietam Battlefield on Saturday, September 17 next, of the monuments provided under the same. The Trunk Line Association has agreed on a rate of one fare from all points in the State of Pennsylvania to and returning from Antietam Station, purchaseable going on the 14th to the 17th of September, inclusive, and good to return, including the 23d of September.

It is proposed that the dedication of the individual monuments will occur between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12 o'clock noon, and that the general dedication services will take place at 2 o'clock P. M. in the National Cemetery at Sharpsburg. The services for the dedication of the individual monuments will have to be arranged by the regimental organizations, and care must be taken to secure a full written report of these proceedings for publication. The general services in the Cemetery, at 2 o'clock, are being arranged for by the Commission, and it is confidently hoped that the President of the United States and the Governors of Pennsylvania and Maryland will be present. A full program of the proceedings will be sent you later.

This preliminary notification is for the purpose of your arranging for your organization to get to Antietam and its care while there. From information in the hands of the Commission an exceedingly interesting time can be promised.

Fraternally yours,

J. W. HAWLEY,
O. C. BOSBYSELL,
W. J. BOLTON.

Official:

Secretary.

THE ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, August 8, 1904.

Secretary ————— Association, Pennsylvania Volunteers:

Comrade: Kindly let me know, without delay, the hour set for the unveiling of your monument at Antietam on the morning of the 17th of September, and if possible send me the programme of exercises adopted for the occasion.

Capt. Charles B. Adams, Superintendent of the Battlefield, Sharpsburg, Md., has kindly agreed to veil all of the monuments preparatory to the

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

exercises, provided the Regimental Association will forward him flags for that purpose. In doing this be particular to have these flags properly marked with your name and address, so they can be returned.

The erection of the monuments is progressing, and the contractor hopes to have most of the work completed by the 1st prox. As soon as the railroad companies announce the train service desired, you will be promptly informed.

Fraternally yours,

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
Secretary.

THE ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 31, 1904.

The following information is given in answer to many inquiries regarding the dedication of the Pennsylvania monuments on the Antietam Battlefield. Saturday, September 17th, 1904.

Dear Sir: The Trunk Line Association has arranged a rate of one fare over the railroad lines from any point in Pennsylvania, good going from September 14th to 17th, and returning to and including September 23d, purchasable by any who desires to go.

As to the rate from your place, the train service, and the most direct way to reach Antietam, CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TICKET AGENT, who can best give you this information. The rate, as stated, is a FARE ONE WAY FROM ANY POINT IN PENNSYLVANIA. These tickets are good from September 14th to 23d, inclusive. Connections can be made so as to reach Antietam Station at 8.13 A. M., and 5.23 P. M., and trains leave that station returning at 10.34 A. M. and 9.26 P. M. It is probable that additional trains will be put on to leave Antietam at other hours.

The services at Antietam on the 17th, are as follows: 9 A. M. to 12 M. dedication by the Regimental Associations of their individual monuments. The general dedication services and transfer of monuments to the United States Government will take place in the National Cemetery at Sharpsburg at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. An interesting program has been arranged, which includes addresses by the Governor of Pennsylvania, Assistant Secretary of War, Oration on "Pennsylvania at Antietam," by the Rev. John Richard Boyle, D. D. Music by the Carlisle Indian Band and the singing of America by the entire assemblage.

Yours very truly,

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
Secretary.



THE ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, September 8, 1904.

To the Secretaries of the Thirteen Organizations Interested in the Pennsylvania Antietam Monuments:

We send herewith a lot of soldiers' certificates and rolls for the use of your organization. The former are to be filled up and signed by the party going to Antietam and returned to you. This can be done on the day of the dedication of your monument. Each blank shows the information desired, without further explanation. The rolls are to be filled up by you in duplicate and one copy forwarded to the undersigned, with all of the signed soldiers' certificates, the other to remain in your keeping. The object is to secure data upon which to base an application to the Legislature for an appropriation to cover the expense of transportation to Antietam, which the men are put to at the time of the dedication ceremonies. If the appropriation is allowed, each soldier will receive back the amount he has paid for his car fare.

Fraternally yours,

O. C. BOSBYSELL,
Secretary.

THE ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULAR NO. 5.

Philadelphia, September 22, 1904.

The Antietam Battlefield Commission of Pennsylvania desires to congratulate the survivors of the various organizations who visited Sharpsburg, Md., for the good conduct preserved during their sojourn in attendance upon the ceremonies of the 17th inst., incident to the dedication and transfer of the Pennsylvania monuments, erected on the Antietam Battlefield through the generosity of our grand old Commonwealth.

The excellent demeanor and behavior of the visitors attracted the favorable comment of the citizens, several of whom called upon the Commission to express their delight in having so orderly a gathering in their midst.

The weather, the proceedings, the character and conduct of the survivors, all combined to make the occasion notable, interesting and enjoyable.

For your hearty co-operation in contributing to this desirable result, and

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

for your generous support and assistance in the prosecution of the work, the Commissioners are profoundly grateful.

Fraternally yours,

J. W. HAWLEY,
O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
W. J. BOLTON.

Official:

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
Secretary.

Philadelphia, May 16, 1904.

Gen. E. A. Carman,
Antietam Battlefield Commission,
War Department,
Washington, D. C.:

My Dear General: I have pleasure in sending herein, for your inspection and the approval of the War Department, inscriptions to be placed on the monuments, to be erected on the Battlefield of Antietam, of the following Pennsylvania regiments, to-wit: 45th, 48th, 50th, 51st, 100th, 124th, 125th, 128th, 130th 132d 137th, 12th Cavalry and Durell's Battery.

As it is important to get these inscriptions in the hands of the contractor at as early a day as possible, I will be greatly obliged if you will give the matter your earliest attention, so they can be returned very soon.

Very respectfully yours,

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
Acting Secretary of the Commission.

Washington, D. C.,
May 18, 1904.

Hon. Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.:

Sir: I enclose for your approval thirteen inscriptions prepared for as many monuments to be erected upon the Antietam Battlefield by the State of Pennsylvania. I have examined all of them and found them correct, with a few minor exceptions, which have been corrected. If they meet your approval please return to me, as I have been requested to forward them to the contractor for the monuments.

Very respectfully,

E. A. CARMAN.

The following endorsement appears on this letter, to-wit:

The Military Secretary's Office,
War Department,
Washington, May 23, 1904.

1 enclosure.

Respectfully returned to
The Honourable
The Secretary of War.



the movement failed the battle would have been prolonged and possibly lost, and General Lee would have been enabled to carry out his cherished plan of invading Pennsylvania. Moreover, instead of the result of the battle paving the way for President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, it would have deferred the promulgation of that immortal decree which broke the shackles from millions of slaves.

In meditation upon the stirring scenes which occurred at this point, I have speculated as to what might have been the result if our gunners—Conrad, Burden, Dunlap, Bender, Buckman and Carver—had not been the excellent marksmen that they were; or if the cool, sagacious, gallant Durell and his efficient lieutenants had not been able, on the instant, to note the distance to the point to be aimed at. The result might have been a scene similar to that which took place on yonder crest—cannoneers driven from their guns, artillery carriages crushed and the battery horses cut down. But the dexterous handling of the guns and accuracy of the shots enabled Durell's Battery to withstand the superior number of the enemy's guns, which bore upon this point from three different quarters—Wise's Battery in front, the Washington Artillery from the Cemetery, and the Battery upon the heights above Snively's Ford—until Clark's Battery came to the support and the enemy's fire was weakened.

Then followed that spectacular scene enacted by the Hawkin's Zouaves, who passed through the line of our guns and advanced to charge Wise's Battery. How steadily and strenuously the well-nigh perfectly aligned ranks moved forward, the regimental flags proudly floating in the hot September breeze, the landscape here and there dotted with the red-trousered heroes who fell as the line advanced up yonder higher crest, the men closing up, shoulder to shoulder, as fast as a vacancy occurred in the line, until within a hundred yards from the enemy's battery, when the pace was increased to a rush, the battery was captured and its guns turned upon the foe. Alas! the Zouaves received no infantry support, and were soon driven back by superior numbers, pouring an enfilading fire into their line such as no troops could face.

The artillery fire again waxed hot, in which Durell's Battery acquitted itself with credit. The enemy's infantry advanced and a shower of bullets flew through the battery. The gallant Schuylkill miners—the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania—held the line of the stone wall in the ravine in our front, while the battery hurled time shell and shrapnel over their heads into the advancing enemy. His advance was checked and our line was substantially maintained when night came on and stopped further operations.

It was no meagre service, my comrades, that you rendered upon this ground on September 17, 1862, and you are to be congratulated that you had the exalted privilege of performing a part in a work that resulted in such great good to our country. May your years be lengthened much beyond the allotted span of three score and ten, and may you be privileged to make many pilgrimages to this your Gilgal, where we, too, now dedicate a monument to tell the story, to those who may come after us, of service rendered to our country by Durell's Battery.

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

Inscription for Monument of 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

In the line reading Fourth Brigade Cavalry Corps, the word Corps should be changed to Division.. In the battle list, the following changes should be made, viz: Substitute Manassas for Second Bull Run, Hamilton for Harmony, and Edenburg for Edinboro.

Inscription for Durell's Battery.

In the battle list, The Crater and Reams' Station should be inserted after Petersburg, and Poplar Grove Church should be changed to Poplar Spring Church. Assault on Petersburg should be added after Fort Steadman.

Inspection for Monument of 48th Pennsylvania.

Assault on Petersburg should be substituted for Fort Mahone.

Inscription for Monument of 51st Pennsylvania.

In the battle list. The Crater and Reams' Station should be inserted after Petersburg. Yellow Tavern, Appomattox, and the words "and twenty-four skirmishes," should be stricken out. Assault on Petersburg should be added after Hatcher's Run. •

It is recommended that the correspondent be advised of the facts set forth above.

F. E. AINSWORTH,
The Military Secretary.

Washington, D. C.,
May 25, 1904.

Col. O. C. Bosbyshell,
Philadelphia, Pa.:

Dear Sir: I return herewith the inscription for the Pennsylvania Monuments at Antietam. I made a few corrections and then turned them over to the Secretary of War. It was suggested by the Record and Pension Division that the names of battles participated in ought to be omitted but I had it waive that point. On the 125th Pa. the number of slightly wounded and not reported 84, I have not struck out, but would suggest it be done, and the other figures stand. I have made some change in phraseology in 130th Pa., but have not made the change in the wounded, as pointed out by the Record and Pension Bureau—the aggregate is correct as it is. If I can further serve you in any manner command me.

Yours truly,

E. A. CARMEN.



FORTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

FORTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY
SECOND BRIGADE FIRST DIVISION NINTH ARMY CORPS
(Ninth Army Corps Badge)
LOCATION 264 YARDS NORTHWEST

CASUALTIES

KILLED	1
WOUNDED	36
MISSING	1

Total **38**

(Coat Arms State)

RECRUITED IN CENTRE LANCASTER MIFFLIN TIOGA AND WAYNE
COUNTIES

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

CHARLESTON	SPOTSYLVANIA
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	NORTH ANNA
ANTIETAM	COLD HARBOR
FREDERICKSBURG	PETERSBURG
JACKSON	MINE FIGHT
BLUE SPRINGS	WELDON RAILROAD
CAMPBELL'S STATION	POPLAR SPRING CHURCH
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE	HATCHER'S RUN
WILDERNESS	ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG

FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
FIRST BRIGADE SECOND DIVISION NINTH ARMY CORPS
LOCATION 385 YARDS SOUTH 70 DEGREES EAST

CASUALTIES

KILLED	8
WOUNDED	51
MISSING	1

Total **60**

ORGANIZED AUGUST SEPTEMBER 1861
MUSTERED OUT JULY 17TH, 1865
RECRUITED IN SCHUYLKILL COUNTY

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

NEWBERN	SPOTSYLVANIA
SECOND BULL RUN	NORTH ANNA
CHANTILLY	TOTOPOTOMOY
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	BETHESDA CHURCH
ANTIETAM	COLD HARBOR
FREDERICKSBURG	PETERSBURG
BLUE SPRINGS	WELDON RAILROAD
CAMPBELL'S STATION	POPLAR SPRING CHURCH
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE	BOYDTON PLANK ROAD
WILDERNESS	FORT MAHONE

DUG PETERSBURG MINE

COMMENCED JUNE 25. EXPLODED JULY 30, 1864.

FIFTIETH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

FIFTIETH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY
 FIRST BRIGADE FIRST DIVISION NINTH ARMY CORPS
 BRIGADIER GENERAL BENJAMIN C. CHRIST.
 (Ninth Army Corps Badge)

CASUALTIES

KILLED	8
WOUNDED	46
MISSING	3

Total,	57
(Coat Arms State)	

RECRUITED IN BERKS SCHUYLKILL BRADFORD SUSQUEHANNA LANCASTER
 AND LUZERNE COUNTIES

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

COOSAW	CAMPBELL'S STATION
POCOTALIGO	SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE
SECOND BULL RUN	WILDERNESS
CHANTILLY	SPOTSYLVANIA
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	NORTH ANNA
ANTIETAM	COLD HARBOR
FREDERICKSBURG	PETERSBURG
VICKSBURG	WELDON RAILROAD
BLUE SPRINGS	FORT SEDGWICK
ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG	

FIFTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

FIFTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY
 SECOND BRIGADE SECOND DIVISION NINTH ARMY CORPS
 (Ninth Corps Badge)

LOCATION 385 YARDS SOUTH 70 DEGREES EAST

CASUALTIES

KILLED	21
WOUNDED	99

Total,	120
(Coat Arms State)	

RECRUITED IN MONTGOMERY NORTHAMPTON UNION CENTRE LYCOMING
 AND SNYDER COUNTIES

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

ROANOKE ISLAND	CAMPBELL'S STATION
NEWBERN	KNOXVILLE
CAMDEN	WILDERNESS
SECOND BULL RUN	SPOTSYLVANIA
CHANTILLY	COLD HARBOR
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	PETERSBURG
ANTIETAM	YELLOW TAVERN
FREDERICKSBURG	WELDON RAILROAD
VICKSBURG	HATCHER'S RUN
JACKSON	APPOMATOX
AND TWENTY-FOUR SKIRMISHES	

SERVED IN

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA	SHERMAN'S EXPEDITIONARY ARMY
ARMY OF VIRGINIA	MILITARY DIVISION OF THE TENNES-
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC	SEE
DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA	ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
ARMY OF THE OHIO	MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION
MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSIS-	
SIPPI	

ONE HUNDREDTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

ONE HUNDREDTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY
SECOND BRIGADE FIRST DIVISION NINTH ARMY CORPS
(Ninth Corps Badge)
LOCATION 495 YARDS NORTH 79 DEGREES WEST

CASUALTIES

WOUNDED	7
MISSING	1
Total	8
(Coat Arms State)	

RECRUITED IN LAWRENCE WASHINGTON BUTLER BEAVER MERCER AND
WESTMORLAND COUNTIES

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

COOSAW	SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE
LEGAREVILLE	WILDERNESS
SECESSIONVILLE	SPOTSYLVANIA
SECOND BULL RUN	NORTH ANNA
CHANTILLY	COLD HARBOR
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	PETERSBURG
ANTIETAM	MINE FIGHT
FREDERICKSBURG	WELDON RAILROAD
JACKSON	POPLAR SPRING CHURCH
BLUE SPRINGS	HATCHER'S RUN
CAMPBELL'S STATION	FORT STEDMAN
ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG	

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

12TH PA

TWELFTH CORPS BADGE

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

(On Round Bronze Plate)

FIRST DIVISION FIRST BRIGADE TWELFTH CORPS

(On Round Bronze Plate)

ERECTED BY STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA AND SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION
1904

(On Round Bronze Plate)

ANTIETAM CHANCELLORSVILLE

(On Round Bronze Plate)

(State Coat of Arms in Bronze)

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

RECRUITED IN CHESTER AND DELAWARE COUNTIES AUGUST 1862

FOR NINE MONTHS' SERVICE

(Cut in "V" letters on Granite Base)

CASUALTIES

KILLED	5
WOUNDED	42
MISSING	17

Total	64
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(Cut in "V" letters on Granite Base)

IT WAS NEAR THIS SPOT THAT THE REGIMENT WITHIN SIX WEEKS AFTER LEAVING HOME TOOK AN ACTIVE PART IN THIS STRUGGLE AND WON FOR ITSELF AN IMPERISHABLE RECORD OF GLORY

(Cut in "V" letters on Granite Base)

COLONEL JOSEPH W. HAWLEY

(Cut in "V" letters on Granite Base)

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

Front.

(To be cut in the granite beneath statue)

COLOR SERGEANT GEORGE A. SIMPSON

KILLED AT ANTIETAM

(Coat of Arms of Penna. Bronze)

125TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY

1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION 12TH CORPS

RECRUITED IN BLAIR HUNTINGDON AND CAMBRIA COUNTIES PENNA.

(Large five-pointed star to be cut in the granite.)

Second or East Side

125TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY

(Cut in granite, large letters)

(Bronze plate sunk in granite containing following)

MOVED AT EARLY DAWN FROM BIVOUAC ON FARM OF GEORGE LINE TO EAST WOODS NEAR POINT WHERE GEN. J. K. F. MANSFIELD WAS MOR- TALLY WOUNDED FROM THERE TO SUPPORT MONROE'S FIRST RHODE ISLAND BATTERY ON SMOKETOWN ROAD THEN TO WOODS THAT STOOD HERE SEPTEMBER 17 1862 WAS THE FIRST UNION REGIMENT THEREIN BEING FAR ADVANCED AND WITHOUT SUFFICIENT SUPPORT IT WAS OUTFLANKED BY THE ENEMY AND RETIRED BEHIND BATTERIES IN FIELD IN REAR AND SUBSEQUENTLY SAVED THE GUNS OF MONROE'S BATTERY FROM CAPTURE REMAINED IN LINE UNTIL CLOSE OF BATTLE MONU- MENT IS NEAR THE LEFT OF ITS MAIN LINE OF BATTLE

LOSS

KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS	54
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED	91
SLIGHTLY WOUNDED AND NOT REPORTED	84

229

Third or North Side
(Large five-pointed star cut in bas-relief, no lettering)
Fourth or West Side
(To be left blank)

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA
INFANTRY.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY
FIRST BRIGADE FIRST DIVISION TWELFTH ARMY CORPS
(Twelfth Corps Badge)
LOCATION 315 FEET NORTH

CASUALTIES

KILLED	26
WOUNDED	86
MISSING	6
<hr/>	
TOTAL	118

(Coat Arms State)

RECRUITED IN BERKS LEHIGH AND BUCKS COUNTIES

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN
SOUTH MOUNTAIN
ANTIETAM
CHANCELLORSVILLE

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

130TH PA.
Front.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY

SECOND BRIGADE THIRD DIVISION SECOND CORPS
BRONZE MEDALLION OF COLONEL HENRY T. ZINN

THIS MEMORIAL MARKS THE REGIMENT'S RIGHT OF LINE IN BATTLE ITS
LEFT EXTENDED TO ROULETTE'S LANE BELOW IT WENT INTO BATTLE
BY WAY OF THE ROULETTE FARM BUILDINGS ABOUT 9.30 A. M., AND
DRIVING BACK THE ENEMY MAINTAINED ITS POSITION ON THE HIGH
GROUND OVERLOOKING BLOODY LANE IMMEDIATELY NORTHEAST OF
THIS POINT UNTIL 1.30 O'CLOCK P. M., WHEN WITHDRAWN TO REPLENISH
ITS EXHAUSTED AMMUNITION AND THEN OCCUPIED THE RESERVE LINE

CASUALTIES

KILLED IN BATTLE	32
DIED FROM WOUNDS	14
NON-FATAL WOUNDS	123
<hr/>	
Total	178

(Second Corps Mark)

(Bronze Coat of Arms Pa.)

RECRUITED IN CUMBERLAND YORK MONTGOMERY DAUPHIN AND CHESTER
COUNTIES

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

132D PA.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

FIRST BRIGADE THIRD DIVISION SECOND ARMY CORPS

CASUALTIES

KILLED	30
WOUNDED	114
MISSING	8
Total	152

BRONZE MEDALLION COLONEL RICHARD A. OAKFORD

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

SOUTH MOUNTAIN, MD., SEPT. 14, 1862

ANTIETAM, MD., SEPT. 17, 1862

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., DEC. 13, 1862

CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA., APR. 30, MAY 3, 1863

(Second Corps Mark)

(State Coat Arms)

RECRUITED IN MONTGOMERY WYOMING BRADFORD COLUMBIA CARBON AND LUZERNE COUNTIES

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY

FIRST BRIGADE SECOND DIVISION SIXTH ARMY CORPS

LOCATION OF REGIMENT IN ACTION 435 YARDS NORTH 10 DEGREES WEST OF MONUMENT

(Sixth Army Corps Badge)

(State Coat of Arms)

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

SOUTH MOUNTAIN (CRAMPTON'S PASS) MD

ANTIETAM MD

PRATT'S PLANTATION VA

CHANCELLORSVILLE VA

RECRUITED IN BLAIR BUTLER CLINTON CRAWFORD SCHUYLKILL WAYNE COUNTIES

TWELFTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

TWELFTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY

113TH OF THE LINE

FOURTH BRIGADE CAVALRY CORPS

(Cavalry Corps Badge Crossed Sabres)

(State Coat of Arms)

RECRUITED IN PHILADELPHIA

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

SECOND BULL RUN	HAMILTON
SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN	BUNKER HILL
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	SMITHFIELD
ANTIETAM	SLEEPY CREEK
MOOREFIELD	BOLIVAR HEIGHTS
WOODSTOCK	CUNNINGHAM CROSS ROADS
FISHER'S HILL	SOLOMON'S GAP
MONOCACY	PLEASANT VALLEY
FREDERICK	CRAMPTON'S PASS
NEWTOWN	KERNSTOWN
WINCHESTER 1-2-3	HARMONY
CEDAR CREEK	HALLTOWN
CLARKSBURG	EDINBORO
CHARLESTOWN	BOONSBORO
MARYLAND HEIGHTS	

DURELL'S INDEPENDENT BATTERY D PENNSYLVANIA
ARTILLERY.

DURELL'S INDEPENDENT BATTERY D

PENNSYLVANIA ARTILLERY

SECOND BRIGADE SECOND DIVISION NINTH ARMY CORPS

POSTED 375 YARDS SOUTH 70 DEGREES EAST

(Ninth Corps Badge)

CASUALTIES

WOUNDED 3

RECRUITED IN BERKS AND BUCKS COUNTIES

(State Coat of Arms)

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN

KELLY'S FORD	VICKSBURG
BRISTOE STATION	JACKSON
SECOND BULL RUN	WILDERNESS
CHANTILLY	SPOTSYLVANIA
SOUTH MOUNTAIN	PETERSBURG
ANTIETAM	POPLAR GROVE CHURCH
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS	FORT STEADMAN
FREDERICKSBURG	

Philadelphia, May 27, 1904.

Gen. E. A. Carman,
Antietam Battlefield Commission,
War Department, Washington, D. C.:

My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of the 25th inst., returning the inscriptions to be placed on the Pennsylvania monuments, with the approval of the War Department endorsed thereon. Thank you very much for attending to this matter so promptly.

I enclose a letter addressed to the Secretary of War, making formal application for permission to erect the monuments on the Government

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

avenues, for presentation to him, with such endorsements as you may wish to place upon it.

Very respectfully yours,

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
Secretary.

Enclosure.

Philadelphia, May 27, 1904.

To the Honorable, The Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.:

Sir: Under the authority of an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, approved the 14th day of April, A. D. 1903, a copy of which is enclosed herein, Messrs. Joseph W. Hawley, Oliver C. Bosbyshell and William J. Bolton were appointed a commission to superintend the erection of thirteen monuments upon the battlefield of Antietam, to commemorate the services of thirteen Pennsylvania commands engaged in the battle.

I enclose drafts showing the designs of the 45th, 51st, 124th, 125th, 132d, 137th, 12th Cavalry and Durell's Battery. These will give you an idea of the character of the monuments to be erected. Kindly return these designs.

Similar monuments are to be erected for the other five organizations, drafts for which are in process of preparation. The designs approved for the remaining ones are as follows:

- 48th Regiment: Bronze statue of Brig. Gen. James Nagle, on granite base.
- 50th Regiment: Bronze statue of Brig. Gen. Benjamin C. Christ, on granite base.
- 100th Regiment: Bronze statue of soldier at "rest," on granite base.
- 128th Regiment: Granite statue of soldier at "ready," on granite base.
- 130th Regiment: Granite statue of a soldier at "parade rest," on granite base.

By direction of the Commission I have the honor to apply for permission to erect these monuments on the avenues laid out and belonging to the Government, upon ground to be designated by the Antietam Battlefield Commission of the War Department.

I am, sir,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
Secretary.

Enclosures.

Endorsements.

Washington, D. C.,
May 28, 1904.

Similar permission has been granted the States of Vermont, New Jersey and Ohio to erect monuments on the government avenues, at Antietam. The inscriptions on the monuments have received the approval of the Record and Pension Bureau, through the Military Secretary, and there seems to be no reason why the within request should not be granted.

E. A. CARMAN.

2d Endorsement.

War Department,
May 31, 1904.

Respectfully returned to General E. A. Carman, Washington, D. C., approving his recommendation in the preceding endorsement.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,
Acting Secretary of War.

Philadelphia, June 8, 1904.

Gen. E. A. Carman,
Antietam Battlefield Commission,
War Department, Washington, D. C.

My Dear General: The Fiftieth Pennsylvania claim the following battles, in addition to those approved on the list furnished, to-wit:

Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862.

Ny River, Va., May 9, 1864.

Bethesda Church, Va., June 1, 1864.

The Crater, Va., July 30, 1864.

Fort McGilvery, Va., Nov. 30, 1864, to March 24, 1865.

Is the Regiment entitled to have these added? They show loss of killed and wounded at each.

Very respectfully yours,

O. C. BOSBYSELL,
Secretary.

General Carman replied under date of June 14, 1904:

Yours of 8th received, forwarded from Washington. Regarding the additional inscriptions for the 50th Pa., I would say that if the regiment already has Second Bull Run on its list, I would not add Centreville as it is considered a part of that engagement. The same as to Ny River May 9, 1864, that is generally included in Spotsylvania. However, there will be no objection to this, if you desire to add it. Bethesda Church and the Crater are all right, and ought to be added. There will be no objection to Fort McGilvery, although it is included in siege of Petersburg. You are

Pennsylvania at Antietam.

at liberty to add the four last, but I think it would be better not to add Centreville, if you have already Second Bull Run, or Manassas.

Philadelphia, June 22, 1904.

To the Honorable the Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.:

Sir: Under an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, approved April 14, 1903, thirteen monuments are being erected on the Battlefield of Antietam to as many Pennsylvania commands, who participated in that battle. One of the provisions of the act requires that after completion these monuments are to be transferred to the Government of the United States for care and keeping.

The dedication and transfer of the same are to be made on the 17th of September next, and I am instructed by the Commission to ask that the permission of the War Department may be had to conduct these services in the National Cemetery, at Sharpsburg, Md.

Trusting you may grant this request, and assuring you that the same will be greatly appreciated, I am

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

O. C. BOSBYSHELL,
Secretary.

War Department,
Office of the Quartermaster General,
Washington, June 25, 1904.

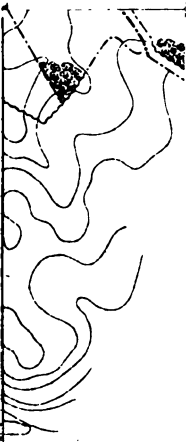
Mr. O. C. Bosbyshell,
Secy. Antietam Battlefield Commission of Penna.,
P. O. Box 1383, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Sir: Referring to your letter of the 22d instant to the Honorable the Secretary of War, requesting permission to conduct the services for the dedication and transfer of thirteen monuments being erected on the Battlefield of Antietam by Pennsylvania Commands in the National Cemetery, at Sharpsburg, Md., on the 17th of September next, which has been referred to this office for reply, I have the honor to inform you, by direction of the Quartermaster General, that your request is approved, and that the Superintendent of this Cemetery has this day been notified to offer you every facility possible for the carrying out of your programme. You will please confer as to the details which you wish to carry out with the Superintendent of the Cemetery, and as there will undoubtedly be a very large gathering, arrange in some manner to have him assisted in handling the crowd.

Respectfully,

J. B. BELLINGER,
Major and Quartermaster, U. S. Army.

BATTI



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